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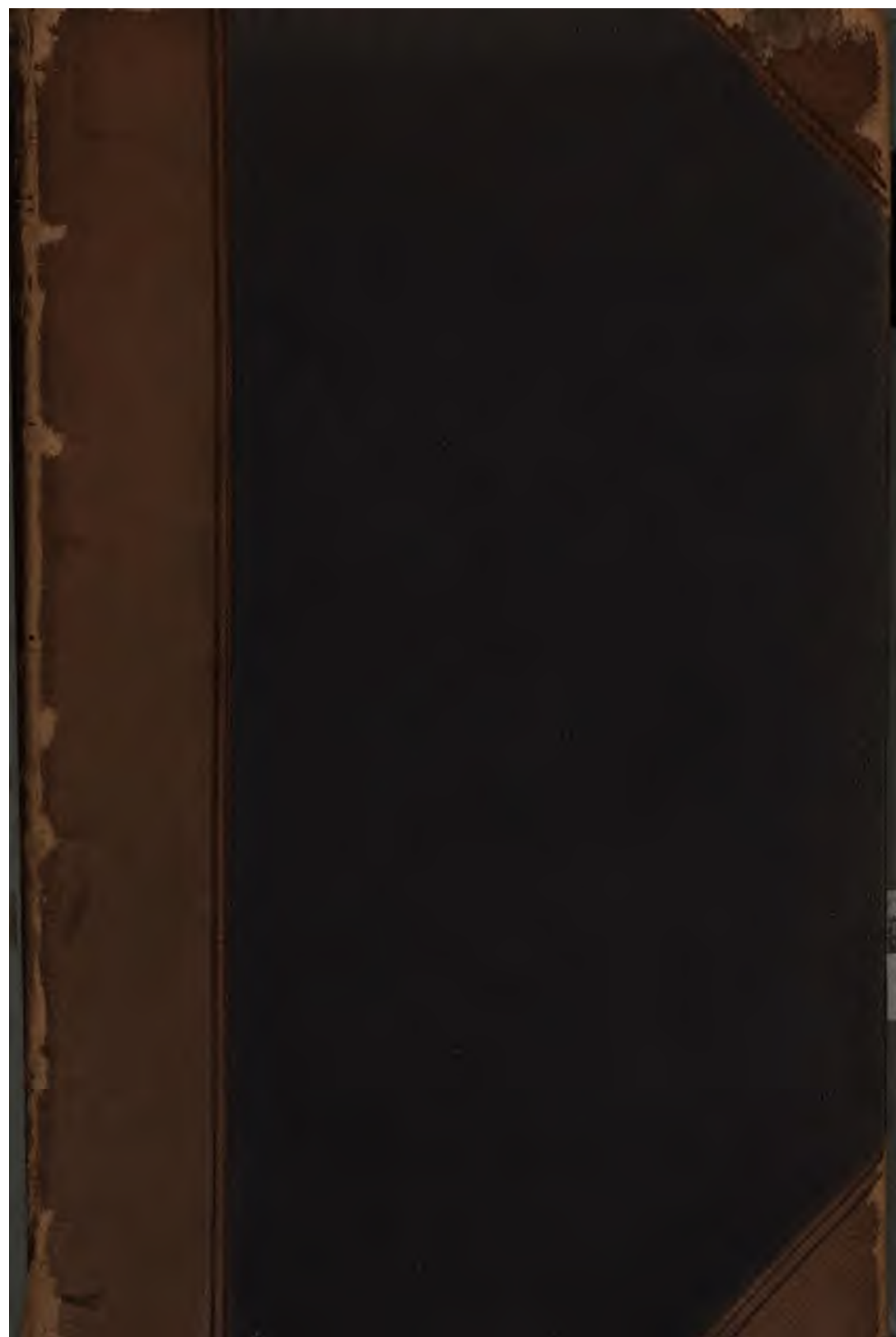
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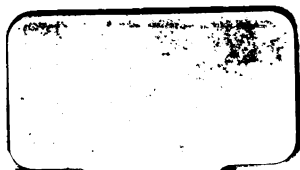
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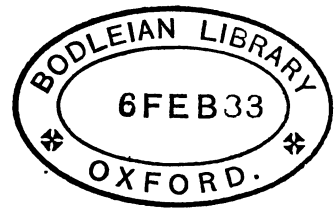
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The
Psychological Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

SPIRITUALISM & PSYCHOLOGICAL RESEARCH.



VOL. III.

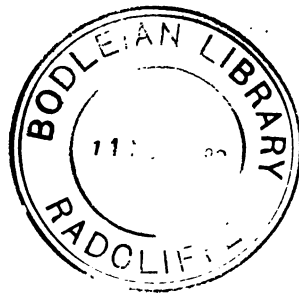
JULY TO DECEMBER, 1881.

LONDON:

E. W. ALLEN, 4 AVE MARIA LANE, E.C.,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF *THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW*,
4 NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

1881.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY HAY NISBET AND CO.,
38 STOCKWELL STREET.



CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

"Advance and Review," - - -	109	Facts <i>versus</i> Materialism, - - -	36
Apparition Seen by Two Persons at Same Time, - - -	43	Familiar Talks on Spiritualism, -	127
"Banner of Light," - 64, 105, 148, 202, 249		Farmer, J. S., - 45, 95, 185, 216, 234	
Barrett, Prof., W. F., - 127, 163		"Fiery Coats," - - - - -	138
Beard's, Dr., Experiments in Hypnotism, - - - - -	112	Form Manifestations and Weigh- ing, - - - - -	191
Belief in Apparitions, - - - - -	256	"Forms that have Passed Away," -	216
Bennett, E. T., - - - - -	32, 82	Future Life, Dr. Caird on a, - -	49
Brief Mentions, - - - - -	98	Gleanings from amongst Savage and Semi-Barbarous Nations, -	86
Brief Notices of Books and Pamphlets, - - - - -	46	"Globe" Newspaper and Spirit- ualism, - - - - -	179
British Guiana, Spiritualism in, -	2	Gods of the Classic Writers the Spirits of the Moderns, The, -	194
British National Association of Spiritualists, - - - - -	47	"Harbinger of Light," - 10, 62, 110, 152, 251	
Buddhism and Western Thought, 115, 169		Hardinge-Britten, Mrs., - - -	48
Building Funds and Spiritualist Societies, - - - - -	3	Haunted House in Brighton, -	238
Caird, Dr., on a Future Life, - -	49	"Herald of Progress," - 8, 56, 102, 147, 199, 248	
Campbell, J. A., - - - - -	91	Hindû Magic, - - - - -	181
Carlyle on his Father's Death, -	50	Hypnotism, Dr. Beard's Experi- ments in, - - - - -	112
Children of Spiritualists, Illus- trated Monthly for the, - - -	97	Immortality, A New Basis of Belief in, - - - - -	45
"Chaine Magnetique, La," - - -	103	Impossible, The, - - - - -	215
Christian Church and Miracles, Christian Saints: their Method and their Power, - - - - -	81 204	Indian Prophet, An, - - - - -	136
"Chicago Times," - - - - -	201	Indian Supernaturalism, - - -	263
Chinese, Psychological Pheno- mena amongst the, - - - - -	42	In Vision Land, - - - - -	273
Church Congress and Spiritual- ism, - - - - -	96, 185	Is Evil Good? - - - - -	128
Clairvoyance, - - - - -	29	Jencken, H. D., - - - - -	245
"Constancia," - - - - -	13	"Journal of Science, The," - -	148
Corner, Caroline, - - - - -	273	Karma, - - - - -	66
Contemporary Spiritual Opinion, Monthly Summary of, - 6, 51, 99, 143, 197, 248		Knocking Ghost near Notting- ham, A, - - - - -	260
Credentials of Spiritualism, -	215	Legal Disabilities of Spiritualists, -	94
Crosland, Newton, - - - - -	29	"Licht, Mehr Licht," - - - -	59, 103
Death not a Parting but a Re-union, -	195	"Light," 6, 53, 99, 143, 198, 246	
Denton (W.), Darwinism, and Spiritualism, - - - - -	32	Lillie, A., - - - - -	263
"De Rota," - - - - -	104, 255	Lines on which Spiritualism is Spreading, The, - - - - -	95
Douglas, Jane H., - - - - -	256	"Little Hands and Little Hearts," - - - - -	97
Early Spiritual Literature, - - -	95	"M. A." (Oxon.), 17, 115, 155, 169, 233	
Experiments in Hypnotism by Dr. Beard, - - - - -	112	Massey, C. C., - - - - -	66
		"Medium and Daybreak," - 9, 55, 101, 146, 197, 248	

"Messager de Liege," - 14, 60, 254	Spirit Indications in Holy Writ, 124
"Miller's Psychometric Circular," - 107	Spiritual Laws, - 39
"Mind and Matter," - 12, 62	— Literature, Early, - 95
"Moniteur de la Federation Belge," - 14	— Research, - 196
Monthly Summary of Contemporary Spiritual Opinion, 6, 51, 99, 143, 197, 246	— Organisation, - 37
Modern Theology and Spiritualism, - 92	— Opinion, Monthly Summary of Contemporary, 6, 51, 99, 143, 197, 246
Ministry of Spirits, The, - 259	Spiritualism amongst Savage Tribes, - 75
Miracles, The Christian Church and, - 81	—, Familiar Talks on, - 127
Myers (F. W. H.), Renan, and the Miraculous, - 82	— and Mr. Spurgeon, - 93
Mystical Death, The, - 222	— and the "Globe" Newspaper, - 179
Need of the Age, The, - 168	— and the Religious Press, - 234
New Basis of Belief in Immortality, - 45	— at the Church Congress, 96, 185
Newman, F. W., - 39	— in Norway, - 140
Notes and Comments, 1, 47, 93, 139, 185, 234	—, The Raison D'Etre of, - 46
Obituary—H. D. Jencken, - 245	—, Occultism and, - 17
Occultism and Spiritualism, - 17	—, Denton, Darwinism, and, - 32
Peebles, Dr., - 96, 126	—, in British Guiana, - 2
Philosophy of Spiritualism, - 203	—, The Week's News on, - 139
Plymouth Free Spiritual Society, 5	"Spiritualist Newspaper," The, 7, 51, 99, 145, 197, 247
Present-Day Problems, - 95	Spiritualist Societies and Building Funds, - 3
"Psychische Studien," - 15, 65	"Spectator, The," on the Resurrection, - 141
Psychography in America, - 40	Spurgeon, Mr., on Spiritualism, 93
— Amongst the Chinese, - 243	Studies in Elementary Psychology, - 91
Psychological Phenomena amongst the Chinese, - 42	Suffs, The, - 155
"Psychological Review," Revival of the, - 1	Supernatural in History, The, - 25
"Psychological Review," Public Opinion on the, - 47	"Telegraph, The," on Ghosts, - 195
Raison D'Etre of Spiritualism, - 46	Test of Authority in Matters of Fact, The, - 39
"Religio-Philosophical Journal," 11, 106, 151, 201, 250	Thought-Reading, - 163
Religious Press and Spiritualism, - 234	Thoughts Regarding the Mystical Death, - 222
Renan, F. W. H. Myers, and Spiritualism, - 82	"Theosophist, The," 110, 153, 251
Results of Seizing a Spirit Form, 183	Tuttle, Hudson, - 37
Resurrection, "The Spectator" on the, - 141	"Two Worlds, The," 140, 200, 249
"Revista de Estudios Psicologicos," - 58	Union of Friends, - 258
Revival of "Psychological Review," - 1	Vindictive Spirit Overruled by Superior Power, - 49
"Revue Spirite, Le," - 16, 59, 252	"Watchman, The," - 108
"Rots, De," - 104, 255	Watts, A. M. H., - 75, 86, 138, 222, 239, 260
Sargent, Epes, - 39, 46	"Week's News, The," on Spiritualism, - 139
Scientific View of Spiritualism, 194	Weighing and Form Manifestations, - 191
Seance with Miss Wood, - 3	Western Thought, Buddhism and, - 115, 169
	What Spiritualism Teaches Concerning Death, - 135
	Wood, Miss, Seance with, - 3
	Wyld, G., M.D., - 204

THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1881.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE REVIVAL OF "THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW."

IN introducing the *Psychological Review* afresh to the notice of those interested in Spiritualism and cognate studies, it is probably desirable for historical purposes to place on record the fact of its revival after an interregnum of fifteen months, and also to state briefly the position it will occupy with regard to the movement.

As already announced in a prospectus which has been pretty widely circulated, our main object will be to supply succinct and compendious information concerning the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, giving that word its widest meaning; and in particularising the points thereby involved, we may instance the following:—

- (1) To set forth the phenomena in such an accurately recorded form as may commend the subject to the attention of the general public:
- (2) To add its quota to the sifting and tabulation of the vast accumulation of facts already to hand:
- (3) To determine and name the subtle forces at work in the production of the phenomena in question:
- (4) To discuss the laws which govern, and the philosophy to which the facts lead up with that clearness and efficiency as may at once satisfy thoughtful readers, and stimulate investigation.

A systematic principle of arrangement will be adopted, and careful analyses made of what each fact seems to prove or

point to, and how it is related to others. This task will be undertaken by a gentleman who is eminently qualified for the purpose, he having been an habitual student of our literature, in addition to possessing a wide personal experience.

Another important feature will be a resumé of Contemporary Spiritual Opinion. Our readers will be able to judge for themselves of the value of this. We shall endeavour to embrace the cream of thought in this country, France, Australia, and America, etc., excluding rigidly the personal and the valueless, and putting in abstract what is of permanent value. This will, we believe, give readers a bird's-eye view of all that is going on, and will post them up without the necessity of taking in all the periodicals, a thing which people seem increasingly disinclined to do.

This will be diversified by some lighter notes at the beginning of each number.

Amongst those who have promised to contribute to the *Psychological Review* may be named, M.A., Oxon, C. C. Massey, F. Podmore, J. T. Markley, Newton Crosland, E. T. Benn, J. W. Farquhar, Dr. Wyld, and E. Maitland, the last two gentlemen conditionally.

We shall also emphatically insist that more careful means and methods of investigation are urgently required, and we shall do our utmost to bring about the desired result, by advising the total abolition of cabinets and dark séances, as far as public circles are concerned, and the placing of the sensitive in such a position as to preclude fraud, thereby ensuring results infinitely more satisfactory to investigators.

Inquirers and students of Psychological Science will find in the *Psychological Review* a valuable medium for elucidating their difficulties, and discussing their views and opinions. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, but readers will please bear in mind that the Editor is not responsible for opinions which may be expressed in any but the unsigned articles.

SPIRITUALISM IN BRITISH GUIANA.

Spiritualism seems, of late, to have taken firm root both in the British and Foreign West Indies, but more notably in the latter (see Monthly Summary). In Demerara (British Guiana), there are one or two Spiritualists, people well known in official circles there. Nothing, however, is done publicly, the shifting and uncertain nature of residence in that colony probably preventing the possibility of any permanent work being undertaken.

SPIRITUALIST SOCIETIES AND BUILDING FUNDS.

We believe that, at the present time, only one Spiritualist Society (that at Keighley) possesses a hall which has been built by and is the property of members, and we are, therefore, pleased to notice that the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society, which has, perhaps, been the most useful and flourishing of any organization of the same kind in the north of England, has made a start in this direction. From a recent number of the *Herald of Progress* we learn that they have about £130 towards a building fund, invested in the names of trustees for the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society (especially for the building of a new hall), being the proceeds of a bazaar inaugurated by the ladies of that Society. They hope to repeat this success by-and-by.

A SEANCE WITH MISS WOOD.

An apparently very carefully recorded account of a seance with Miss Wood is given in the *Medium and Daybreak* for June 3rd, 1881. Well attested and precisely recorded facts of this kind are most valuable, and it is very desirable to disinter them from amongst a mass of matter of only fleeting interest. (See Summary, p. 10.)

Seance at Weir's Court, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—Monday, May 23rd, 1881.

To the Editor.—Sir,—Through the kindness of Miss Wood and the friends at Newcastle, Mr. Edge, of Llandudno, and myself were enabled to attend a seance at the Spiritual Evidence Society's rooms.

The cabinet, which is a square one, is formed on two sides by the solid walls of the building. I examined the interior with a light, and found that a small patch of the mortar had been broken off the wall, doubtless by some one determined to see for himself whether the wall was solid as the committee say it is. The other two sides of the cabinet are formed by upright pillars of wood securely fastened to the walls and covered with muslin. On one side is a door, the framework of which is made of wood and covered with muslin, and all the screws and fastenings are outside, and out of the reach of the medium inside.

After Miss Wood had taken her seat in the cabinet I closed the door and fastened it with two three-inch screws. The outside of the cabinet is draped with green curtains from the top of the room to the floor. The space between the curtains and the cabinet is about half a yard, and in this space the spirits are supposed to build themselves a temporary body.

After having fastened the cabinet door I took my seat and joined in the singing for a few minutes, when we saw a form clothed in white standing at the opening of the curtain, and then she walked

into the room. Her method of answering questions was by nodding her head three times for Yes, and she shook it from left to right for No; we were thus enabled to find out that she claimed to be the mother of Mr. Edge, and going to him she gave him a kiss. I got her to stand upon a weighing machine so that we might have an idea of the amount of matter taken up. I had seen some weighed on the Sunday, but was not at all satisfied, as the drapery always hung loosely about the machine. In this case I asked the form to lift her drapery up so that we could see the machine. This she did, and taking her hands off the front bar of the machine stood clearly upon it. The weight registered was 26 pounds. I saw her lift both feet on to the machine, and as I was close to the machine I distinctly saw her stride off, one foot following the other in the most natural manner.

She retired behind the curtains, and instantly "Pocha" stepped out and asked me to go and inspect the cabinet; this I did, and found the door closed and the screws just as I had left them. Every one was then invited to inspect the screws, and expressed themselves satisfied.

After "Pocha" came a spirit known by the name of "Bob," quite a muscular fellow, who shook hands with me. I asked him to go to Mr. Edge and shake his hand, and to be sure and let him feel how material he was. This he did, and very soon made Mr. Edge cry "Hold, enough."

As I intended writing an account of the seance, I wished to be certain about everything I saw, and to be sure about the height of this male form I asked him to stand shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Thompson, a gentleman present at the seance. This he did, and from being a few inches shorter than Mr. Thompson he gradually grew at my request, until he stood some two inches taller than Mr. Thompson.

A female form tried to de-materialise outside the cabinet, but failed; in making the attempt she lost so much power that she could not get back behind the curtain, and Mr. Hare had to assist her.

Thus ended a most successful seance, at the close of which I unscrewed the cabinet door and found Miss Wood just as I left her at the beginning of the seance.

I cannot close this account without thanking Miss Wood and the Newcastle friends for the kindness shown to Mr. Edge and myself during our stay in Newcastle. These seances are not conducted like a freemason's lodge, where you have to give the sign and countersign before you can be admitted, but where they hold out the right hand of fellowship to all seeking the Truth. Mr. Haydock informs me that there are thousands in Newcastle and all over the country who have during the last nine or ten years attended these seances, and have satisfied themselves of the reality of spirit-communion.—Yours,
R. WOLSTENHOLME.

4 Preston New Road, Blackburn.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Mr. Wolstenholme, of Blackburn, has sent me a copy of his report of a seance held at Weir's Court,

Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 23rd, at which I was present, and I hereby certify to its truthfulness.—Yours very truly,

May 31, 1881.

T. EDGE.

PLYMOUTH FREE SPIRITUAL SOCIETY.

Although several Spiritualists have resided in or near Plymouth for many years, yet we believe that until recently no public action had been taken. It appears that an interest in the subject had been awakened in the place through a visit paid by Mr. E. W. Wallis, a trance medium, last year. The *Western Daily Mercury* gives the following account of the rise and progress of the public movement there:—

The members and friends of the Plymouth Free Spiritual Society, representing those who are believers or investigators of the subject of Spiritualism, held a tea and special meeting on Wednesday evening at Marrow's Temperance Hotel, the Octagon; and at the meeting that followed the large room was filled. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. T. Rossiter, of Torquay, and the meeting was addressed by gentlemen (some of them claiming to be Spiritualists of ten, twenty, and thirty years' standing) from Plymouth and neighbourhood, Oldham, Tavistock, Saltash, and other places.

The Rev. C. Ware, minister of the Society, stated that although their movement had only been publicly inaugurated so recently as the second week in March, they had a well established society and a constantly increasing congregation at their Sunday Services held in Richmond Hall; that though in October last, there was not a local "medium" known to them, there were now some half-a-dozen in various stages of development, who were being used by the invisible intelligences—their spirit friends and guides—for the communication of spiritual knowledge; and that though they had commenced with one small "circle" in a single family, there were now some six or seven well established circles in their midst. Reference was also made to the interest and inquiry that was being awakened in the deeply interesting and important subject of communication and communion between those in the body and those who had passed on before—a truth which was becoming every day more and more a glorious reality to themselves.

Three trance mediums took part in the proceedings of the evening, the controlling intelligences thus giving practical demonstration of their presence and power. Much mutual congratulation was indulged in at the result of the evening's gathering.

As this number of the *Psychological Review* will be widely circulated, the attention of readers is drawn to the subscription rates and form on the last page of advertisements.

MONTHLY SUMMARY

OF

CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL' OPINION.

"LIGHT."

This paper contains, as usual, very fair and careful descriptions of some of the elementary phenomena in Spiritualism. The leading articles are devoted to exposés of the "theological bearing of Modern Spiritualism," and to "Spiritualism and Secularism." The chief subject of interest in these numbers lies in the controversy now taking place between Mr. Newton Crosland, Mr. C. C. Massey and others, on the "origin of impressions." Mr. Massey is inclined to believe that the phenomena of imagination are not isolated, and do not belong merely to the curiosities of occult science. They relate to man's whole nature and family, and their explanation depends on principles which have the highest religious application. He suggests that we should investigate the nature and effects of our own mental activity before adopting, what he calls, the slovenly expedient of putting a disembodied personal agent behind every phenomenon which our ignorance of natural law leave, for the moment, unexplained. The controversy with respect to "Sister Dora" is at last finished, neither of the combatants having noticed the extraordinary fear of death and apprehension of future punishment that seems to have been exhibited by the deceased. Both parties are, apparently, willing to give Sister Dora credit for the very best intentions. As "Light" may be considered the semi-official organ of the B. N. A. S., a report of the proceedings at the Anniversary Meeting is given, the chief fact being that twenty-four ordinary members were elected in the year 1880, as against thirty-nine in the previous year. The number of resignations is not stated. "Light" contains some very good excerpts from the current literature on the subject, and we have no doubt that it will fulfil the function of communication between Spiritualists who are the advocates of a definite theory of spirit identity. Some of the articles have a decided theological bias. The public will, probably, ask what work the Research Committee of the B. N. A. S. is now doing, and whether the long continued series of experiments that from 1876 to 1879 bore such fruit with the outside public, are being now continued. As Mr. D. G. Fitzgerald is so accurate an observer of certain scientific facts, we trust that good, solid work, once commenced, will not be lightly thrown aside, and the accession of one of England's most exact geologists and

anthropologists (Mr. J. F. Collingwood) to the ranks of the council of the B. N. A. S., ought to induce action for the future. Miss Penny's Letters on "the Philosophy of Jacob Böhme" are very thoughtful, and just at this time may, probably, show that the earlier theosophists had a clear notion of body, considering body as equivalent to substance. To use the words of Miss Penny,—“Spirit does not gain but lose by being disembodied.” Böhme taught that it is as impossible for spirits to exist without bodies as for light to shine without the molecules which vibrate in its transit; “for there is no understanding without a body, and, moreover, the spirit itself does not subsist without a body” (J. Böhme's *Threefold Life*, chap iv. p. 5).

“SPIRITUALIST.”

One of the most philosophical articles that has ever appeared in the *Spiritualist* is the one signed “Noemon” on the “Fundamental conditions of Transcendentalism.” The author has cited many ancient Greek authorities with a view to prove that the practice of philosophy in its higher aspect requires the liberation of the individual entirely above *itself*, and that it is not until the inferior nature is altogether extirpated that the philosopher is able to show himself as a being who, although his education is Western, yet equals the recluses of India in his mastery over his own body. The two last numbers of the *Spiritualist* are almost entirely filled up by a lengthy review of Sinnett's “Occult World,” that we have noticed in another page. It is the object of the author to prove that the phenomena of Occultism and those of physical mediumship are identical. There are plenty of sneers at the Hindoo Brothers, in the existence of whom the author evidently has no exalted faith. But the implicit faith of Mr. Sinnett in their existence is corroborated by those persons in England and elsewhere who have seen persons who at least profess to be Brothers. On such subjects as these, experience is the best test of identity, and those “who know” are scarcely disposed to discuss the matter with those who are not acquainted with the precise facts. No one more strongly than the writer of the article, we presume, has advocated the theory that it is imprudent to cast pearls before swine, and to satisfy outsiders. If those persons who have tested facts somewhat similar to those described by Mr. Sinnett are satisfied, it is scarcely necessary to attempt to make proselytes from the outside public. Mr. F. Podmore contributes an article entitled “Is Darwin Right? or the Origin of Man,” wherein he criticises at some length the opinions of Professor Denton, who apparently is not a sup-

porter of the Darwinian theory in its later modifications. Mr. Podmore, like many other writers, has not given due weight to the arguments contained in the third volume of Owen's "Anatomy of Vertebrata" as to the real distinctions between the doctrines of "Darwinism" (perversely named evolution) and "derivation." A greater simplicity of argument in this case may perhaps tend to show that the views of Prof. Denton on this occasion are not essentially absurd. Mr. Podmore, however, is so graceful a writer, and so keen a logician, that we are almost inclined to pardon the references that he has made to subjects perhaps within the domain of the comparative anatomist alone. We see that a large portion of the *Spiritualist* is devoted to personal matters that will soon be forgotten by all parties. The first person who lays down his arms in the present controversy will probably confer a great benefit on the future of the movement. Still, the *Spiritualist* has always taken the lead in the consideration of the philosophical aspect of the subject, and we must never forget that it was the *Spiritualist* alone that published the original tests for action, during materialisation, and its editor, who carried on the experiments with the galvanometer through the mediumship of Mrs. Fay; and subsequently the celebrated weighing machine experiments. These have not been repeated lately—why we are not in a position to say. The experiments carried on by Dr. Purdon were also described in the *Spiritualist*, and we hope to see them continued. We watch the weekly journals for information, and generally find that there is very little to notice in new forms of research into matters of fact, or new corrections of old errors as to matters of fact. The several rôles of the *Spiritualist* weekly newspapers might be advantageously divided. Each periodical might attempt to excel in its own subject, and to the *Spiritualist* might be confided the duty of inquiry into the extraordinary phenomena of elemental research. If this is done, and dogmatic theology, bad verse, and long-forgotten topics left to more congenial publications, we have no doubt whatever that the *Spiritualist* will remain long at the head of the weekly press of England that are the interpreters of a science to which the outside press has done but scant justice, and wishes for a high class literary outlet for its thoughts.

"HERALD OF PROGRESS."

Three numbers of this excellent weekly are before us. We may say that however good the novel in the present number may be, we think that novels, or anything of the sort in weekly newspapers, are inconvenient to readers, and detract

from the merits of a paper devoted to advance a particular cause in science, and peradventure in religion. A severe attack on the finances of the B.N.A.S. fills the editorial column for June 10th. We think that the time has long gone by in the science for this sort of controversy. The whole matter is a question for the auditors; for the general meeting, and for those alone. The subject for discussion in the *Herald of Progress* for June, was initiated by Mr. J. Enmore Jones, and is on the subject of "Orthodox Spiritualism—What is it?" Mr. Jones takes the view that Spiritualism has a religious aspect, and his views have been combated by various authorities. Mr. Jones seems to have in some cases repeated arguments that he has already used in the columns of the old *Spiritual Magazine* and the *Spiritualist*, and, at the present juncture, it might perhaps be better to keep within the limits of exact science. The *Herald of Progress* has much improved in its literary tone during the past few months, and we see no reason whatever why it should not in the future become the weekly Spiritualist organ of the North. The recent centenary of G. Stephenson has given the opportunity for some of the Newcastle Spirit guides to express opinions that on the whole are representative of the thoughts of many existing Newcastle men. There is a little deficiency of unity, of place and time, in page 369, between the Inquisition and the Star Chamber. We wish that our Newcastle friends would work up definite facts, and do them well. The manner wherein weights are registered at the materialisation seances at Weir's Court, Newcastle, is as follows:—The form steps into the weighing machine, which is specially constructed, and two of the sitters watch the process, see the exact balance, and watch the form beginning (as it is said) entirely clear of the floor. The form is said, by the editor, to retire as soon as they are satisfied. Then more light is obtained, sufficient to read the scale. The society which received the valuable instrument some time ago from Mr. Charles Blackburn of Didsbury, near Manchester, are about to pay more attention to this test, and report in the *Herald of Progress*. Somewhat similar machines were used some time ago by Mr. W. H. Harrison and others, and the results duly recorded in the *Spiritualist*. None of the machines hitherto invented have satisfied all the observers, and it remains to be seen whether the Newcastle one will prove an exception to the rule.

"MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK."

The *Medium* for the last month is up to its usual level. The proprietor is now in urgent need of £200 immediately.

The useful part of the journal is the fact that a page is devoted to some very pretty hymn tunes, well arranged, and with sensible directions how to sing them. The *Medium*, like some of its contemporaries, represents a distinct class of Spiritualists who are separated from their neighbours probably by not very broad distinctions, if they only understood each other. Formerly the *Medium* used to have some valuable and scholastic articles written by A. T. T. P. and others, but it does not seem at present to possess too large a circle of contributors. This is a pity, as the past energies of the school that founded the *Medium* have been devoted to the establishment of a series of certain facts that have helped outsiders to appreciate the sound foundations of the science. There are few original facts to notice in this weekly journal that has much fallen off. But we may notice the good argument with regard to the alleged identifications of Christianity and Free Love, that Free Love is no more peculiar to Spiritualism than to Christianity. Mr. Wolstenholme gives us a very good account of one of the séances held at Newcastle, under the mediumship of Miss Wood. Some very precise facts are given respecting the height of one of the male forms evoked in the presence of the medium, and if Mr. Wolstenholme's statement is correct, we have without doubt, evidence of a form being presented that is larger in size than the medium. Such facts will always be of value, and we regret that we have to disinter them amongst a number of irrelevant facts that have no particular relation to scientific investigation, and appear to be almost indifferent to any particular subject.

"HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

This Melbourne paper contains a number of facts. The most useful article is one on the late John Tyerman, who was an active worker in the cause of Spiritualism. Some vague and inaccurate accounts had been given of his death, by witnesses who were in the garb of ministers of religion, that it is now as well to have the facts clearly before us. We see that although it is taken as a fact that the medical certificate of the cause of death was *delirium tremens*, it is clearly and emphatically shown that some of the causes that have often led to death by this malady, are the poison of lead, the habitual use of opium, and *strong mental emotion*. Exhaustion of nervous power, consequent upon long continued excitement, is also a predisposing factor, and that, according to G. Gregory, may have accounted for Mr. Tyerman's death. Still he died in a lunatic asylum, and it is perfectly possible that his death may be cited as an "awful example" a few years hence by those

persons who are unacquainted with the facts, or who do not read this article. A fund is being raised for the benefit of his family. The articles in this magazine are not deep, and we confess that we do not like second-hand Hebrew in English characters. The space that might be employed in recounting the original and valuable phenomena that must often take place at the antipodes, is wasted by vague arguments on theological matters, whereon mankind differ. Where the Editor got the statement from, that many philosophers, Plato downwards, taught the essential *pre-existence* of the human soul, we shall not pause to inquire, as possibly various persons may have various renderings of the word *pre-existence*. A very good biography of Epes Sargent, who was perhaps far more of a ripe scholar than some of his imitators and adulators, closes a magazine that if it husband its strength, and did not go in for unnecessary attacks on theology, might hold its own with the Spiritualist literature of the old world.

"RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" (CHICAGO).

The absence of the editor, Mr. J. C. Bundy, who has taken leave of absence owing to ill health, has not produced any material change in this paper. Still it is devoted to the constant exposure of the frauds that have occasionally appeared in American Spiritualism, and there is no doubt whatever of the sincerity and *bona fides* of Mr. Bundy. He appears to have incurred considerable obloquy from the advocates of some of the materialising mediums, and although his philosophical utterances give a very uncertain sound, there can be no doubt of his perfect sincerity. One of the most interesting and, at the same time, well authenticated narratives is the one that is given respecting the apparition that showed itself at Camden near Philadelphia, and was visible to two persons at separate times. Mr. W. Emmette Coleman, one of the soundest scholars that America has produced, gives an addendum to his history of Pappus and the Nicene Council. The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has also a scholarly article by Mr. S. L. Tyrrell on the results of the Revision of the New Testament. It is evidently the object of the conductors of this journal to give as much as they can of controversial theology, and some of the utterances read, to dwellers in the old world, very strongly and strangely, *e.g.*, Mr. Tyrrell states in his letter—"It is said there has not been a bank defalcation in China for five hundred years, where skinning alive is the penalty." Mr. Hudson Tuttle gives an article on Christian hymns that is amusing, though perhaps too comic for an

avowedly Spiritualist journal. Mr. Tuttle has, at great pains, raked up some of the more curious and obsolete hymns, and has managed to produce an article that is readable, though it may suggest irreverent ideas. But when he says that "mediocrity, bare, bald, senseless, presides over Christian hymnology," we wish that he had a wider experience as a basis for criticism. The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* represents the thoughts of the leading intelligent Spiritualists of America; and we regret that a greater amount of its space is not given to the record of accurately ascertained phenomena. Still, a hint as to the best future course will, we hope, be taken in good part by its conductors, who are pursuing a very conscientious course.

"MIND AND MATTER" (PHILADELPHIA).

This is a very strongly written newspaper, that verges frequently beyond all possible idea of propriety. A very large proportion of the paper is devoted to controversy on recent law cases in England. Its tone appears to be unnecessarily offensive towards persons who are prominent in the movement. The part that is of greatest value is that describing a new slate-writing medium, Mr. Crindle. An editorial article is devoted to a description of his manifestations. Two slates were produced, the medium's property, but certified by the writer as being devoid of writing. With these slates close under the eyes of the recorder, Crindle placed a small piece of pencil upon one, and laid the other slate upon it, the space between the slates being only the distance made by the two inner sides of the slate frames, less perhaps than an eighth of an inch. Without changing the position of the slates—to the under sides of which he had no possible access—he carried the slates in the open view of the recorder, and with the whole attention of the latter fixed upon them, a distance of twelve feet from the table at which they were about to sit. Then he placed them in an almost erect position on a sofa seat, their tops resting on the back of the sofa. The slates remained, without being a moment out of sight of the recorder. Mr. Crindle then returned to the table where he sat with pencil in hand and paper before him. The writing was soon heard on the slate, and the usual message written on the slate. The hand of Mr. Crindle was simultaneously controlled, and some directions given respecting a photograph that had been previously lost by a relative of the recorder. This photograph was subsequently found between the slates. Mr. Crindle's manifestations appear to be of a new order, and to indicate the existence of a duplicate force, one acting within

the medium, and one between the slates. If these phenomena are genuine (and a paragraph in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* seems to throw doubt on the identity of the mother of the medium), they indicate a new series of phenomena, higher and more complicated than those of Slade and Watkins. With such facts as these, we regret that *Mind and Matter* should occupy so much of its space with subjects that are of a personal nature and relating to matter that psychologists would wish to forget as soon as possible. *Mind and Matter* used to contain some good psychological articles.

"CONSTANCIA."

The Buenos Ayres periodical *Constancia*, which appears monthly, is before us, and comprises an account of the proceedings of the society of Spiritualists in that city. Their present great object is to establish a library. Various committees exist, some of which have received communications through various psychics who claim to be possessed with the spirits of deceased persons. The spirit of an inquisitor is said to have come through the mediumship of a lady named Navajas ("penknives"). It is not stated what tests were adopted at these sessions. Trance-mediumship through the same medium appears to have been very frequent. A general conference of Spiritualists took place on the 21st April last, when the primary questions of the science were debated. The programme gave opportunity to consider all the various hypotheses that have been emitted to account for the phenomena, and discussed at length the theories of negation, imposture, insanity, hallucination, snapping muscles, and mental prepossession. It went further, and threw out suggestions respecting the theories of the collective soul, respecting the optimist and the pessimist arguments, and the theories of the uni-spiritists and multi-spiritists, and of the material soul, that are not often ventilated in England. Señor Cosmo Marino gave a very elaborate address on the method that ought to be observed in all discussions on Spiritualism. He pointed out two classes of materialists, those by system who do not admit any existence but a material one, and those who may be termed unbelievers by indifference, or for lack of any possible conception of great things. There is a certain amount of courtesy shown by the author of this address to those who differ from him that renders this a very fair magazine, taking this article as the leading one. The Spiritualists of Buenos Ayres, so far as we can gather from the present number, appear to be less actively hostile to the religions around them than is the case

in Mexico. The object of this paper is to give an account of the ancient and modern history of Spiritualism, its character, influence, and hopes, and the editors have well fulfilled their appointed task.

"MONITEUR DE LA FEDERATION BELGE."

This is a vehemently reincarnationist journal, well edited, and well written, as is often the case with these Belgian papers. The anniversary of the death of Allan Kardec appears to have been the occasion of much rejoicing at the state of French Spiritualism, which appears, at least, since the Buguet case, to have been on the march for improvement. The text of the condemnation in the pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, denouncing the teachings of certain Spiritists within his diocese, are translated from the *Revista de Estudios Psicologicos de Barcelona* for May, and will be of importance in the history of the movement. The magazine, which is only of twelve pages, concludes with a number of facts regarding dreams, announcing decease, etc., and effects at a distance between living persons.

"MESSAGER DE LIÈGE."

The old motto, "without charity there is no salvation," is again before us. The leading article is on "Spiritism in Antiquity and in Modern Times," and is devoted to a description of the life of Sakya Mouni by Dr. Wahu. He condemns the popular theory that the Nirvana of the Hindoos was equivalent to the process of annihilation. For many Buddhists chastisement consists in being forced to live, to be compelled to renew one's-self indefinitely by the transmigration that repeats the sighs and the sorrowings of being. Recompense is only the cessation of this state of things, the absorption of the soul in a sort of undefinable condition. But is this definite transformation, the supreme object of all the efforts of the Buddhists, as has been said, the absolute destruction, the annihilation without return of the personality and the ego? The author does not consider that it is, if the reader only places himself at the point of view of the populace themselves, and not on that of certain abstract mathematicians, who are forced to deduce with certainty from given premisses, fatal and inevitable consequences. The masses are not of so rigorous a logic, and if the doctrines that they profess contain the germs of such a startling conclusion, they are very far from being prepossessed in its favour, and, on the contrary, expect a very different result. That which attracts and

seduces their imagination above all, is the possibility given to every one to arrive, by the practice of virtue, to the supernatural condition of Buddha, the last term of terrestrial existence, and which precedes immediately the entry into Nirvana, the house of eternal repose. M. Jacolliot, Vacherot, and the author, have advocated the theory of the identity of Nirvana and re-incarnation on the rather important testimony of M. Francis Garnier, who had the opportunity of watching the Laos of Indo-China with care. Amongst these, at least, there appears little ground for affirming the identity of the culminating condition of the Buddhist religion with any form of annihilation. We learn indirectly through this periodical of the existence of a Dutch review, devoted to Spiritualism, termed the *Spiritisch Tydschrift*, which appears to be filled with spirit communications on the influence of spirit on the life of man. The *Messenger* is always full of good matter.

"PSYCHISCHE STUDIEN."

Professor Aksakof's journal gives a description of some *séances* with Hansen, a clairvoyant at St. Petersburg. The Princes Vladimir and Alexis Alexandrovitch of Russia, were present at the *séances*, which appear to have been conducted with fairness on all sides. M. Ed. Merian, of Buenos Ayres, gives a description of the phenomena that were observed with respect to a somnambulist medium and clairvoyant in South America. The lady appears to be the same who is described in "*Constancia*," and the conditions of the cataleptic trance through which she passed are carefully noted. Mr. John Beattie, of Bristol, published in 1873, some experiments in Spirit Photography, as at that time the phenomena presented in the studio of Mr. Hudson attracted some attention. The controversy is perhaps revived a little too late in 1881 by the republication of the original statements in a foreign journal. Lazar, Baron von Hellenbach, continues his experiences with Mr. Eglinton at Vienna. The author, however, tells us very little about the medium, and a great deal respecting his own theories of Palingenesis. Professor Perty gives us an elaborate article on the law of continuity applied to the career of the human soul. Mr. Wittig calls attention to the astrological events that may follow the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter with the Sun on the 17th April last, which appeared even to have attracted the attention of Dr. Sigl, the editor of the "*Bavarian Vaterland*" newspaper, and had been already commented on in the *Spiritualist* (22nd April) and the *Pall Mall Budget* of April 25. The question is therefore asked by Mr. Wittig, "What truth lies in astrology?" The title of

Psychische Studien involves an assumption. For it is devoted to the record of phenomena to those which attend the life of the soul (*seelenlebens*). Now if the definition of soul is restricted to the condition presented by the $\psi\chi\eta$ at various ages, those that are associated with pneumatology are entirely ignored. And yet Professor Aksakof is probably one of the very last men to wish in any way to limit the field of inquiry, or the subjects that are extrinsic to the field of the comparative psychologist.

LE REVUE SPIRITE; JOURNAL D'ÉTUDES PSYCHOLOGIQUES MONITEUR DE LA
PNEUMATOLOGIE UNIVERSELLE.

The *Revue Spirite* gives a communication from the medium Pierre, tinctured with climatic conditions. The author believes in the seasons, the sun, the autumn, the winter, and by a study of final causes, he arrives at a knowledge of the Supreme Being. Through the same medium we have, given to a French audience, a communication from the spirit of Czar Alexander II, who warns his son against following in the steps of his father. There is much in the spirit of this communication that reminds us of what Alexander II. must have thought. M. René Caillié continues his "Free Thoughts." The article, "Spiritism and the Teaching League," gives us some accurate information as to the number of the French newspapers that have in past days ridiculed Spiritualism, and have been opponents not merely of the school of Spiritists brought to the front in France, but also of the general tenets of the spiritual body. A very careful description of the general rules that govern M. Macé's teaching league follows. We see that at Leghorn there is already founded a society for the establishment of a "pneumatological" organization. Apparently the French society, that on the whole considers itself, perhaps, more advanced than the one of Leghorn, declines to enter into friendly relations with the Italian organization. Even at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, a society seems to exist that is dependent, apparently, on the experiences of one clairvoyante. At Havana, permission to establish a journal, entitled, "Light beyond the Grave," has been refused; and the Spiritualists of the Foreign West Indies scarcely seem on good terms with their neighbours. This fact is significant, as it shows that the Romano-Latin race have, almost to a man, adopted the views of the Reincarnationists, and pursue the science from a different point of view to that adopted by the Spiritualists of the Teuton races. The *Revue Spirite* is the acknowledged organ of the French school, and is well and accurately edited.

OCCULTISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY M.A. (OXON.)

THIS little book *—the importance of which is by no means to be measured by its size—sets forth the points of contact between the Occult World and the author, who is at once a cultured man of letters and a cognate person in the best Anglo-Indian society, through the intermediary agency—I dare not say mediumship, lest I be misunderstood—of Madame H. P. Blavatsky. It is characterised by simplicity and sincerity of purpose throughout: written in a charmingly clear style, with directness and thoroughness of aim, and with much force. It is impossible for the candid reader to doubt that, whatever may be the portentous nature of the claims made by the Occult Brotherhood, Mr. Sinnett, in himself and for his own mental qualities, no less than for the sake of his social and literary position, is a man eminently worth convincing, and that he has been thoroughly convinced.

I. The book is concerned with a record of certain phenomena, some of which are familiar to students of this subject from their previous publication in the *Pioneer of India*, and subsequently in various other journals. These are detailed with a fulness that leaves nothing to be desired, and the testimony adduced seems to be complete. The names attached to the record of one of the most remarkable displays of occult power must, indeed, command in India such respect as would the names of eminent politicians—say Lord Hartington and Mr. Bright—attached to a similar document in England. For the study of the evidence the reader must be referred to the book itself (p. 60 sq.), no summary compatible with a due regard to space being possible. A very remarkable instance of the transmission of a solid object from one place to another by occult agency, and of its introduction, in defiance of the accepted laws of matter, to the inside of a cushion belonging to and regularly used by Mrs. Sinnett is worth noting (p. 108 sq.), as being an exact parallel to a group of phenomena which are well known to Spiritualists. To this question I shall have occasion to recur, and content myself here with noting the exact and conclusive character of most of the experiments recorded—of all, indeed, on which any reliance is placed in the way of evidence. I have more important work to do than to amuse or astonish my readers by quoting these narratives. They must be read, if at all, *in extenso* and with the author's analysis of objections as their pendent.

* *The Occult World*: by A. P. Sinnett. London, Trübner & Co., 1881. 5s.

II. Another part of the book is concerned with various letters from Koot Hoomi, an Adept, and one of the members of the Occult Brotherhood, of whom Madame Blavatsky is the outward and visible representative, addressed to Mr. Sinnett in reply to questions propounded by him. Koot Hoomi, to whom Mr. Sinnett dedicates his volume, is a native of the Punjâb who was attracted to occult studies from earliest boyhood. He was sent to Europe, received a course of Western training, and since then has been fully initiated in the secrets of Eastern Science. The tone of his letters is extremely striking, but they, like the records to which I have referred, must be studied at length. In no other way can the reader gain any sort of appreciation of the mental attitude they reveal, or estimate the arguments which they contain. They would seem to emanate from some far distant Kashmere valley, or from the slopes of one of the Thibetan mountains, where, though not "the world forgetting" yet "by the world forgot," the Adepts breathe a purer air, and lead the higher life which soon unfits them for long contact with our lower world. "I had come down," says Koot Hoomi in one of his letters, "emerging from a seclusion of many years, . . . but I find that I myself cannot endure for any length of time the stifling magnetism even of my own countrymen. . . . I turn my face home-wards to-morrow."

The letters are characterised by that same sort of elevation and simple disregard for ordinary worldly motives that I have observed as pervading the communications which have been made to me from a very different source. There is the air of one who enters with difficulty into the thought-atmosphere of a lower world; the same sublime disregard for the standards of worldly opinion, and the ideas of orthodox science, except within its own legitimate sphere; the same setting forth of the difficulties that must beset the upward path; the same desire that the postulant should know that it rests with himself whether he pass safely through the grade of neophyte till, in orderly process of eventual development, he blossoms into the Adept—"the rare efflorescence of a generation of enquirers."

In the midst of all this impressive superiority to the ordinary man there are the same little human touches which remind us that we are dealing with one who at any rate has been, if he is not wholly still, a man of like passions with ourselves. We none of us wish to be classed with well-preserved specimens of an age that is past, even though we be made thereby more venerable. It is quite refreshing therefore to find Koot Hoomi protesting against being considered one of "the heartless, morally dried-up mummies some would fancy

us to be." "Believe me," he says with refreshing vigour, "few of us would care to play the part in life of a desiccated pansy between the leaves of a volume of solemn poetry. . . . Few of us (except such as have attained the final negation of Moksha) can so far enfranchise ourselves from the influence of our earthly connection as to be unsusceptible in various degrees to the higher pleasures, emotions, and interests of the common run of humanity." Let us be thankful that Koot Hoomi at any rate has not "attained the final negation of Moksha," whatever awful pinnacle that may imply.

III. That part of the work on which it chiefly concerns me to dwell is occupied with the author's own comments and explanations. These strike me as of high value, especially as throwing a light on what Occultism claims to be, and on its relations to Spiritualism. I am anxious to put the former in a brief compass, so that my readers may know what is meant when Occultism and Adeptship are mentioned. And I find so close a parallel between the phenomena recorded as Occult, and those known as Spiritual, that I am impelled to draw it out, and to take up once more the not unfamiliar rôle of defender of my faith. In using this expression I do not for a moment imply that Mr. Sinnett has attacked Spiritualism. He has indeed protested against being identified with that vulgar Spiritualism known chiefly through the police reports, and by various exposures of fraud. With these he and we have nothing to do here and now. When I speak of Spiritualism I have in my mind that higher development of it which is concerned with the training of the Soul, its education and instruction. Perhaps I shall think more of *instruction*, while he will have *education* rather in mind. But we shall both of us view the phenomenal evidences of spirit-power not in themselves but as proofs of what underlies and is behind them. It is of this Higher Spiritualism that I venture to come forward as a very humble exponent. But first let us see what Occultism and Adeptship are.

1. What, then, are the claims that Mr. Sinnett makes for Occultism and Adeptship?

The question may best be answered by a series of quotations gathered from various parts of the book. While "modern Metaphysics, and, to a great extent, modern Physical Science have been groping for centuries blindly after knowledge, Occult Philosophy has enjoyed it in full measure all the while" (p. 1). It is of extreme antiquity, this Occult Philosophy. "It is impossible to form a conjecture as to the date or time at which it began to take the shape in which we find it now. The proficiency of initiates, belonging to the earliest

periods with which history deals, appears to have been already so far advanced . . . that we must assign a very great antiquity to the earliest beginnings of occult knowledge on this earth" (p. 157).

This knowledge has been handed down from remote ages, and enshrines the accumulated wisdom of the past. "The wisdom of the ancient world—science and religion combined, physics and metaphysics combined—was a reality, and it still survives. . . . It was already a complete system of knowledge that had been cultivated in secret, and handed down to initiates for ages, before its professors performed experiments in public to impress the popular mind in Egypt and Greece. . . . Adepts inherit from their great predecessors a science that deals not merely with physics, but with the constitution and capacities of the human soul and spirit. Modern Science has discovered the circulation of the blood: Occult Science understands the circulation of the life-principle. Modern physiology deals with the body only: Occultism with the soul as well—not as the subject of vague, religious rhapsodies, but as an actual entity with properties that can be examined in combination with, or apart from those of the body" (p. 4).

This being so, the further claim follows as of course:—From it "at different times and places very different mythological efflorescences have been thrown off for the service of the populace; but, underlying each popular religion, the religious knowledge of the initiated majority has been identical" (p. 154). "If there can really be a Science of Religion, it must necessarily be Occultism" (p. 17). "It is an illumination cast over all previous speculation worth anything, of a kind which knits together some apparently divergent systems. It is to spiritual philosophy much what Sanscrit was found to be to comparative philology: it is a common stock of philosophical roots. Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism, and the Egyptian theology are thus brought into one family of ideas" (p. 6).

The author, further, makes it clear that he claims for the Magi, skilled in this august science, a power that almost paralyses imagination. "Secluded Orientals," he says, "may understand more about electricity than Faraday, more about physics than Tyndall," though their "main study has been devoted to metaphysical inquiry, and to the latent psychological faculties in man; faculties which, in their development, enable the Occultist to obtain actual experimental knowledge concerning the soul's condition of extra-corporeal existence" (p. 5). Shades of the mighty ones of the Royal Society! A secluded Oriental in the intervals of the scrutiny and develop-

ment of his own inner self, finds time to eclipse in actual experimental knowledge your Faradays and Tyndalls!

But this is nothing to what comes after. The Adept has "control over various forces in Nature which ordinary science knows nothing about, and by means of which he can hold conversation with any other Adept, whatever intervals on the earth's surface may lie between them" (p. 15).

Moreover, his "clairvoyant faculties are so perfect and complete that they amount to a species of omniscience in mundane affairs. The body is the prison of the soul for ordinary mortals . . . the Adept can project his soul out of his body to any place he pleases, with the rapidity of thought" (p. 15).

With these powers, it may be conceded that the Adept need not resort to hypothesis for the purpose of demonstrating the existence of the soul. "Occult philosophy has ascertained that the inner ethereal self, which is the man, as distinguished from his body, is itself the envelope of something more ethereal still." Whereas the majority of civilised people believe in Soul, though the most highly civilised of all have grave doubts on the subject, "Occult philosophy does not speculate about the matter at all; it knows the state of the facts" (p. 18). The Adept "knows that he has a soul just as another man knows he has a great-coat. He can put it from him, and render it manifest as something separate from himself. But . . . *he* is the soul, and the thing put off is the body; and this is to attain nothing less than absolute certainty about the great problem of survival after death" (p. 20).

If it be asked how are these tremendous powers to be attained, the answer is not of a kind to encourage presumption. "The Adept is not *made*, he *becomes*; and the process of becoming is mainly in his own hands" (p. 25). Seven years of probation is the smallest time before he is admitted to the very first of the ordeals that bar his entrance, and there is no security that the seven years may not be extended *ad libitum*. "He has no security that he will ever be admitted to any initiation whatever." "The trials through which the Neophyte has to pass are no fantastic mockeries or mimicries of awful peril. . . . It is inherent in the nature of the science that has to be explored, that its revelations shall stagger the reason and try the most resolute courage." He must lead a life of absolute physical purity, "be perfectly chaste, perfectly abstemious, and indifferent to physical luxury of every kind." There is no fantastic discipline, no necessary withdrawal from the world; only steadfastness of purpose, fixity of aim, perfect purity of life. And even then his courage must be tried before the irrevocable step is taken, so that failure may be impossible.

He is not admitted into the penetralia till he has been tried and proven as by fire.

Few, I take it, will deny that this is a stupendous picture of what the author has satisfied himself to be really and actually true. Few will refuse to recognise the moral beauty of the aims: to marvel at the results said to be arrived at. I shall have occasion to shew presently how that which is true of the Adept is also true of him who aspires to relations with the higher spirits who visit this earth. Meantime, the claims put forward for Occultism and its Adepts, must, for most of us, be matter of faith; as the power of Spirit is to the vast mass of mankind. Those who are familiar with the higher aspects of Spiritualism know that the power that spirits have to interfere with the recognised laws of nature (*i.e.*, such laws of nature as are imperfectly understood by physicists) is very great. Perhaps they have learned to fear such a power when unrestrained and untempered by a high moral consciousness. Such, no doubt, have found their consolation in reflecting that there is order in God's universe, and that above the irresponsible company who rush in helter-skelter when the gates are set ajar—the counterparts of those spirits in the body who have acquired the lower occult arts by “the loathsome asceticism of the ordinary fakeer”—there are the pure and progressed spirits who guide, and warn, and teach—the counterparts, these, of the unselfish, pure, and wise souls who have developed their inner faculties by that “discipline of the mind which leads to the higher altitudes of Occultism.” Whether in the body or out of the body, there is little distinction. Spirit may be in prison, but it is spirit still, and its inherent powers are susceptible of good or evil development.

2. It remains to draw out the instructive parallel between the phenomena which our author describes as Occult and those known as Spiritual. It is important to remember that the former are claimed as the product of knowledge gathered by a still incarnated Spirit; the latter are alleged to be produced by disembodied spirit-agency. If in elaborating my argument I draw upon my own experience, I trust I may be pardoned. “I speak that I do know, and testify that which I have seen,” and I can at least vouch for my facts, be the interpretation of them what it may. Ten years of intimate and uninterrupted experience, of day and night communion with Spirit, such as constitutes a mass of knowledge which might well have been spread over a life-time, enables me to speak with no uncertainty. While I fully recognise the value of the facts collected by Mr. Sinnett, while I bow in simple

reverence before the ideal that he has depicted, I should be false to my deepest convictions if I did not point out that Spiritualism has its unimpeachable facts too, and its aspects of moral beauty that deserve more recognition than Theosophists—probably because they are unfamiliar with them in their best form—are usually willing to accord them. Let me not be understood as one who complains. They are generally acquainted only with the outer aspects of Spiritualism, and these are mean and unlovely. There are others which are perhaps not so difficult of attainment as the heights of Adeptship, but which present to the medium who would reach up to them no slight difficulty, no short probation, and no unworthy aim. Such results, when obtained, are jealously guarded; revealed, if at all, to the esoteric few, and usually locked within the breast of the aspirant who knows and can communicate of his knowledge only to such as have been disciplined to share it. There is Spiritualism and Spiritualism, as there is the Adept who, by the higher discipline of *Ragi Yog*, has reached his goal, and the “*Yogi* of the woods and wilds, disciplined by the physical development of *Hatti Yog*, whose dirt accumulates with his sanctity,” and who earns a precarious living by astonishing his gaping fellow-creatures by displays of psychic conjuring. All are not of the same order. “One star differeth from another star in glory,” and one spirit, in or out of the body, may be more earthly than its mate. It is not safe to include in one sweeping condemnation any large class. *Distinguendum est!*

“Occult Phenomena,” says our author, “must not be confused with the phenomena of Spiritualism. The latter, whatever they may be, are manifestations which mediums can neither control nor understand. The former are achievements of a conscious, living operator comprehending the laws with which he works” (p. 12).

This statement requires some modification. It is true that the Medium does not understand all the laws (or any law perfectly) that govern the phenomena with which he is familiar. Passivity being a necessity in his case, as active energising is in the Adept, he obviously cannot “control” phenomena. But he can tell under what conditions they are likely to be procured; he can tell what causes will surely prevent their manifestation, and with certain surroundings he can almost certainly be the “medium” for their evolution. What of the Occultist? Mr. Sinnett details the circumstances under which raps were produced by Madame Blavatsky: circumstances precisely similar to those familiar to myself in such experiments. But how was it done? “It was out of Madame Blavatsky’s power to

give an exact explanation as to how these raps were produced" (p. 45).

We have details of the power of the Adept to be "present in spirit" in distant places, a power with which I am not unfamiliar. What is the *modus operandi*? Mr. Sinnett says frankly, "I am not pretending to give an explanation of how he produces this or that result, nor for a moment hinting that I know" (p. 53). That may well be, for he is no initiate; but *these things cannot be explained*, unless to those on a similar plane of intelligence. The pearls must be reserved for those who can appreciate them; and even these are scattered with a sparseness that seems often as curious as it is depressing. Mr. Sinnett points out a further difficulty: "It must be remembered that one can never have any exact knowledge as to how far her [Madame Blavatsky's] own powers may have been employed, or how far she may have been 'helped,' or whether she had not been quite uninfluential in the production of the result" (p. 53). Precisely so. I never know when my own powers are supplemented, or when they are superseded—unless I take pains to ascertain, *which I can do*. The external aid is often given only by way of drawing out my own faculties, though at times it supersedes them altogether. A person "quite uninfluential in the production of" a given result is what Spiritualists call a Medium. But Madame B. boasts that she is *not*, denies almost fiercely that she *is*, a medium. The distinction, I presume, is intended to be drawn between the embodied spirit who uses her, and the disembodied one who uses a medium. The distinction is very fine.

It is obvious, therefore, that so far the instructed Spiritualist and the Occultist are very much on a par. The Occultist can indeed produce certain phenomena, as he claims, by his own powers, though these are aided, and, it seems, at times superseded. The Medium, who receives from progressed spirits what the Adept evolves from his own, can equally aid in the production of phenomena which modern Science cannot explain. The Occultist has his "Akaz," "a force for which we have no name" (p. 23). The Spiritualist, his Psychic Force, which seems to be indistinguishable in effects from its Hindû parallel. Both Adept and Medium are wisely enjoined to abstain from mere displays of psychic tricks. If the Medium do so, he sinks surely to be the vehicle of spirits who perform them. Mr. Sinnett tells us that "as a general rule, the display of any occult phenomena for the purpose of exciting the wonder and admiration of beholders is strictly forbidden" (p. 28). It has been one of the annoyances of my life since I became familiar with these psychic phenomena that they have been so fenced

round that I have found myself unable to demonstrate their reality to some whom I would willingly have sacrificed much to convince or gratify. Most complaisant and courteous in other respects, those with whom I have had to do are inflexible in this. They know their own business, and will brook no interference with it, though they are always ready to bow to my better knowledge of the world. Of that they know little, and for its opinion they care less. In this respect, too, they bear, as I should expect, a resemblance to the Brothers. Mr. Sinnett says, "If the picture of the Brothers that I have endeavoured to present has been appreciated rightly, it will shew them less accurately qualified, in spite of their powers, than persons of lesser occult development, to carry on any undertaking which involves direct relations with a multiplicity of ordinary people in this commonplace world" (p. 29). Precisely. It must needs be so. Whether the human spirit has gained its progress in or out of a body, it seems to be conditioned similarly in respect of those who live in this lower world of ours.

"Broadly speaking," says Mr. Sinnett, "there is scarcely one of the phenomena of Spiritualism that Adepts can not reproduce by the force of their own will, supplemented by a comprehension of the resources of nature" (p. 12). He instances the production of raps under what he appears to consider circumstances not favourable to a medium, *i.e.*, without a circle, without a table, on a window-pane, or on a glass clock-shade set on the hearth-rug. These are ordinary experiments, familiar to me. I have heard sounds suggestive of a carpenter's shop in full work proceed from a table which no one was touching. I have heard knocks, that caused the wood to vibrate violently beneath my hand, produced on a half-open door. I have heard the tiny sounds on a sheet of paper suspended from a pin and held in mid air. I have heard them on floor, walls, ceiling, chandelier, in the open air, in church, in public meetings, anywhere and everywhere, and each one characteristic of the Intelligence who made it, so that we never had the least doubt as to who was present when a certain knock was heard.

Mr. Sinnett further describes how at Simla Madame Blavatsky produced raps on a little table without contact. "After charging it with some influence, she would hold one hand about a foot above it and make mesmeric passes at it, at each of which the table would yield the familiar sound" (p. 46). I have repeatedly conducted a similar experiment. It was, indeed, habitual with us, after the table was "charged" to remove all hands from it, when the sonorous raps, some of

them like blows from a fist, would continue with equal vigour. Serjeant Cox, in his work on the *Mechanism of Man*, details how a large and very heavy dining table, capable of seating a dozen or more people (twenty would be nearer the mark), rose up to the hand held above it, creaking and groaning as though in pain. I have over and over again caused a large table to rise and follow the passes of my hands at a height of a couple of feet from its surface. These are experiments, many of them detailed in my *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*,* which were to us eight years ago matters of daily constant experience. But we never thought of attributing them to the exercise of any unaided powers of our own. We knew well enough that such was not the case. This is the interesting point in comparing Mr. Sinnett's experiences with my own.

I pass over the production of flowers within a closed room, the transmission of solid objects from one spot to another in spite of material obstacles—the passage of matter through matter (as it is crudely called) is, the author well says, for “thousands of people who have had personal experience of it in Spiritualism, as certain a fact of nature as the rising of the sun” (p. 141)—and I go on to notice a very beautiful manifestation of occult power which is frequent with Madame Blavatsky, and of which I have had large experience also. It is the sound in mid air of a bell, sometimes striking a single note, at others a succession, and (in my experience) sometimes ringing violently. To Madame B. it is the signal that attracts her attention to some one of the Brothers who desires to converse with her. To me it was the signal of the presence of a spirit who used the generic name of MAGUS. I believe there were several of these, and I know less about them than I do about any other spirits who regularly communicated with me. The spirit who originally used the name came to me when I first became interested in the study of Occultism, and he was extremely skilful in producing manifestations of occult power. Under his guidance I made a long series of experiments which satisfied me of three things. First, that the powers claimed by the Occultists are real, *eg.*, the projection of the soul, the effect of an energising will, and the like. Secondly, that they are of another order from Mediumship, though the results are very similar. Thirdly, that their exercise is incompatible with ordinary life in the world. I therefore abandoned the experiments, but not before they had done me a certain amount of physical mischief from which I believe that I have never fully recovered.

* Published in *Human Nature*, and soon, I hope, to be re-published, with additions, in a small volume.

Magus of those days yielded to a different Intelligence, and he (I suspect) to others; but the bell was always the distinctive Magus-sound. And its sound, when I was alone, usually preluded a conversation which conveyed to me some information, or request, or warning. The voice, clairaudiently heard, seemed to be borne on a breeze as though from a distance. It was always clear, never loud, and was (with very rare exceptions indeed) impassive, calm, and quite passionless. It gave me the idea of coming from a peaceful retreat which the gusts of human passion, and waves of earth's turmoil could not reach. I never, however, satisfied myself as to the exact identity of this Magus-group of spirits.

I could fill many pages with examples of parallelism between what I have seen and known in my communion with the world of Spirit, and what Mr. Sinnett records of his communications with the Occult Thibetan Brotherhood through Madame Blavatsky. Even in little things this is very manifest. One of the common orders to us when "power" was weak, was to warm our hands by friction and so generate force. Incidentally Mr. Sinnett says, in detailing a remarkable instance of occult power, "Madame Blavatsky was absently warming her hands. Now, the production of raps and bell-sounds we had noticed sometimes seemed easier and the effects better when her hands had been warmed in this way" (p. 78).

There is, I think I may submit, an exact parallelism externally in these experiences which is very suggestive. When I come to the teaching given there is a divergence, though perhaps not greater than may be reconciled or explained by my difficulty in comprehending some things told to me; by my studious adherence to my own methods; or by my own carefully preserved individuality; or, last not least, by the circumstances of my daily life. Had I been secluded from the world, I do not doubt that much would have been clear that is now dark and perplexing. But all divergences admitted, the curious parallelism remains, and is worth more than a passing thought.

Even in the methods of preparation there is much similarity between what I have found required of me before intromission into a higher state, and the preparations enjoined on the candidate for initiation. "The trials through which the Neophyte has to pass are no fantastic mockeries, or mimicries of awful peril." The Dweller on the Threshold is no figment of Lord Lytton's brain. No one, so far as I learn, can venture to cross the boundary between the world of sense and of spirit without encountering trials which will prove his courage as well as purge away the dross that is in him. What proportion our asylums contain of those who, under the nameless, formless

horrors of spiritual conflict, have found Reason waver and fall, I do not know. I should not be surprised to find it large. But when the ordeal is past, a new state is entered, and what the Mystics call Regeneration has taken place. (I am less familiar with English Mysticism than I ought to be, but I find, as might be expected, a parallelism there too.) Even when ordeal after ordeal has been passed, leading up to higher spiritual development—I do not speak now of objective physical mediumship: that has been left behind—the words of Mr. Sinnett are as true in my experience as in his own: “The candidate for initiation accepted as a probationer has no security that the seven years [probation time] may not be indefinitely extended. He has no security that he will ever be admitted to any initiation whatever” (p. 24). I would even go further, and say that such may retrogress and fall into the merely objective physical mediumship which he ought to have left behind. He may be assaulted and succumb. He may be obsessed, and become the vehicle of earth-bound spirits. He may be the victim of fleshly lusts and unconquered passions that war against his soul, and be unfit for use by any advanced spirit.

But of these things I must say no more. Enough has been written to show the singular parallelism that exists between the higher spiritual training that unquestionably proceeds from disembodied spirit, and that which our author describes as proceeding from adepts still in the body. Students of English Mysticism may be able to supply another parallel: and some who peruse what I have been impelled to write may find a niche in their own experience into which my words will fit.

What is the explanation? Is it that Spirit acts in diverse ways, and adapts its means to the desired end in ways astonishing to us? Is the human soul developed by kindred methods, whether the development comes from a lonely teacher on a mountain-side in Thibet, from a Spirit that has spurned the earth in heavenward progress, and returns only on a mission of love, or from silent and solitary meditation whereby the germ within is nurtured till it fructify? Is it true that at the close of an epoch when Faith is dull, Religion dead, and the Creed “outworn,” Spirit energises among men, and stirs them to sow the seed that a coming age shall reap? Who knows? Who shall presume to say? He is wisest who says least, thinks most, and strives hardest to gather up the crumbs of knowledge from every likely source. To such a student this book will be a valuable aid, for it will open out to him a vista of possibility that most probably has not presented itself before; and, if he be really wise, it may lead him to ponder deeply on the godlike powers of that Divine Spirit, a portion of which is enshrined within him.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY NEWTON CROSLAND.

ABOUT thirty years ago, some gentlemen, well-intentioned but evidently unacquainted with the subject which they thus endeavoured to investigate, placed in a metal cash-box a bank note, and offered it as a prize to any clairvoyant who could read through the box the number and value of the note. Directly I heard the conditions fixed by these sapient experimentalists, I felt sure that no clairvoyants with whom I was acquainted, and who had apparently in their time done much more wonderful things, would ever succeed in accomplishing the particular feat thus submitted to them as a practical test of their powers. Why? I shall endeavour to answer this question, and I hope I shall succeed in making my explanation as clear as the abstruse nature of the subject will permit. Before we can understand what a clairvoyant is, we must first comprehend what a human being is, and when we have mastered this idea the other will be more evident to us.

A human being is a threefold creation or organisation, composed of body, soul, and spirit. The body is the physical frame-work or shell of the soul, and is the seat of the physical senses, faculties, and powers.

The soul is the spiritual body, possessing in a more subtle and higher degree senses, faculties, and powers, corresponding with those manifested in the physical body.

The spirit is the principle of life and intelligence to which the soul and body are subordinate: it pervades and sustains them both. The spirit gives to the body a temporary and physical existence here, and to the soul an immortality hereafter.

Now, although the soul and body are intimately united in this life, it is quite possible to detach them temporarily; and in sleep we *know* that the soul often leaves the body and leads a kind of semi-independent existence, which accounts for the phenomena of dreams. But the soul while thus occupied is still retained to the body by an elastic tether, and death does not take place till this tether is absolutely ruptured. During life the soul envelopes the body in a sort of ethereal, luminous, magnetic, or electrical atmosphere; and it is through the instrumentality of this atmosphere that so many spiritual manifestations are produced; and those exceptional persons whom we call mediums have this atmosphere in such excess, or retain it so imperfectly for their own special use, that other souls or spirits besides their own can avail themselves of its assistance

for the production of miraculous phenomena. Now, let us bear in mind that as the soul possesses the same senses as the body—sight, hearing, feeling, etc., if we can succeed naturally or artificially—say by Mesmerism—in detaching the soul from the body, the soul may exercise its sense of sight or feeling independently of the physical sense of sight or feeling which appertains to the body; but in order to accomplish this feat upon material objects, the soul must preserve and utilise the assistance of that atmosphere with which the physical body is invested: a co-operating spirit aiding the medium will be unable to accomplish any material manifestation without the help of this *tertium quid* or magnetic atmosphere.

We must studiously observe that no human being, however mediumistically gifted, is in any degree omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, or omnivoyant: such attributes belong only to Deity. The faculty of clairvoyance is as limited and as much subject to definite laws and conditions as anything in creation; and we can only bring it into play by obeying the terms of its existence and nature.

On one occasion I procured from an invalid, a relation, a lock of hair in order to obtain from a clairvoyante some advice respecting the management of the invalid's health. When the lock of hair arrived the clairvoyante could make nothing of it, because it had been through the hands of so many persons, who had all smudged it with their atmospheres, that the clairvoyante could not even, without great difficulty, discover to whom it belonged. My instructions were to procure another lock of hair to be cut by the sufferer herself; the lock was to be dropped from the head direct into a piece of silk and to be at once folded up and sent in a letter by post. When the silken packet was given to the clairvoyante she opened it, and finding no other atmosphere but the invalid's clinging about the hair, she was at once enabled to tell me the name and residence of the sufferer, the whole history and diagnosis of the case, and to prescribe the remedies. Through the atmosphere thus conveyed she was enabled to place herself *en rapport* with my invalid-relative, and give me all the required information.

Now, with the light of this exposition to guide us, let us notice how difficult, if not impossible, it was for any clairvoyant to read the bank-note concealed in a locked metal box. What *rappor*t could be established between the clairvoyant and the bank-note? A metal is one of the most difficult things for a clairvoyant to overcome: it absorbs and conducts away the magnetic atmosphere, which is the necessary condition for the exercise of the clairvoyant-vision, and, under these circum-

stances, to fill the box with the necessary amount of magnetic atmosphere would probably be impracticable or so fatiguing to the clairvoyant as to render the result abortive.

It is, however, possible to conquer the difficulty thus: Let the person who placed the bank-note in the box fix the date and number clearly in his mind; then let him take the clairvoyant's hand, and in this manner place the clairvoyant *en rapport* with the bank-note: through the atmospheric clue thus created, the clairvoyant will be able to read the number and date to the satisfaction of the experimentalist. This result may be mistaken for "thought-reading," which it is not.

The exercise of clairvoyance is just as toilsome and exhausting as any other occupation to which a human being may devote himself; and his labours may be either lightened or rendered insurmountable according to the conditions with which he has to contend. In fact, clairvoyants differ as much in their faculties of perception and power of endurance as any other specimens of humanity. If we give a child a number of threads in one mass of entanglement, the job of sorting, matching, and arranging them will be tedious and perplexing. So if we set a clairvoyant a task which is complicated with a confusion of atmospheres, we must not be surprised if our test proves to be a lamentable failure.

The reader must pardon me if in discussing this subject I have indulged in more assertions than proofs. To demonstrate the accuracy of my statements, it would be necessary for me to lay at his feet a mass of evidence which I have accumulated during the experience extending over the third of a century, and I am sure the public would not thank me if I thus encumbered my argument with heaps of laborious records of minute investigation.

I THINK the Spiritualists' standard and idea of life ought to be far higher than that which we understand by the term morality. If we realise the truth of immortality, the wisdom and the duty which it inculcates are the sacrifice of the temporal self. It is a specious but shallow objection of those who argue against the elevating tendency of a belief in personal immortality that it merely substitutes a selfish aspiration for selfish indulgence. You sacrifice, say they, some present enjoyment for the prospect of greater enjoyment hereafter—which is your heaven. But to the theosophist—and Spiritualism only attains to religious significance when it passes into theosophy—the temporal is altogether suppressed, hereafter as well as now. Not the future life, but the higher life, is that which he represents to himself, and of which he ever strives to become conscious.

W. DENTON, DARWINISM, AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY EDWARD T. BENNETT.

It is somewhat singular to find a proposition as to the origin, not only of animal and vegetable life, but also of man himself, stated by one who calls himself a Spiritualist in terms which, so far as we can see, would be accepted by the most pronounced materialist of the German school. The writer of the volume before us* says in his introduction, that he took part in a public debate twenty-two years ago, in which he maintained the affirmative of the following proposition:—"Man, animals, and vegetables are the product of spontaneous generation and progressive development, and there is no evidence that there was any direct creative act on this planet." He informs us that nearly, or quite, every argument used in the twenty speeches made in that debate are given in the present volume, to which he says his opponent was utterly unable satisfactorily to reply, and to which he ventures to say neither he nor his friends can now reply.

The book is divided into two sections—(1) Man's Natural Origin; (2) Man's Spiritual Origin. The first division is an elaborate argument in support of the theory that all organic existences may be ascribed to the operation of natural law. We will pass over for the present the earlier stages of progress, and quote the author's exposition of what he conceives to be the origin of man, and so far as we understand his words, the origin of spirit also.

"Here is a green apple: we take out its undeveloped seeds, and plant them, but they die, and are resolved into dust. Here is a ripe apple: we take out the seeds and bury them; they do not die; sending rootlets downward and shoots upward, they grow into perfect trees. Between those seeds that did not grow, and those that do grow, there is an infinite difference, and yet what makes it? A little more sunshine, a longer connection with the tree and its vitalising sap, and life has obtained a hold on the seed that can bid defiance to the wet of the autumn, the cold of the winter, the wind of the spring, and even make helpers of these to enable the seed to develop into the tree. In like manner I can imagine a pair of anthropomorphous apes, somewhat superior to the gorilla, brutes, if you please, that would cease to exist at death, under favourable conditions giving birth to a being superior to themselves, with a more expanded front brain, born of necessity a brute, but

* *Is Darwin Right? or, The Origin of Man.* By William Denton. Wellesley, Massachusetts, U.S.A.: Denton Publishing Company. 1881.

ripening into the man, so that at death his spirit bids defiance to the elements, and enters into the spirit realm, the first of earth's inhabitants to occupy the fair abode" (pp. 108, 109).

Reserving comments for a few moments, we will pass on to the second section of the book—"Man's Spiritual Origin." Pages 116 to 133 are devoted, under the title of "Manward progress of our planet," to a graphic sketch of the progress of the earth from the time when it was a "boundless furnace" surrounded by a "smoky atmosphere" down to the time when it became inhabited by the most honoured of the human race. The result, we are told, is "only, however, in consequence of THAT CONTINUOUS TENDENCY which infinitely more than all else has made us what we are" (p. 131). Again we are told, in very explicit terms, "As the tadpole remains a tadpole, unless there is a sufficient light to give the stimulus necessary to push it on to the frog stage, the tendency to which lies within it, so it appears that living beings, WITHIN WHICH LAY THE TENDENCY TO ADVANCE TO HIGHER FORMS, have developed from age to age as rapidly as the surrounding conditions became sufficiently favourable for a forward step to be possible. Better conditions have laid the higher steps of the organic ladder from one age to another, enabling life to climb to the summit" (pp. 142, 143).

It is only fair to quote one more sentence in this connection, and which at first sight appears to convey teachings of another kind. The writer asks—"Why, then, this steady, continuous advance through the ages to man?" and continues in reply—"Start an ant from Boston to the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, and the chances would be greater of its arriving there than of life arriving at man, from its first organic start, . . . without a guide" (p. 133).

What "guide" does our author mean? After careful reading and re-reading of his somewhat diffuse arguments and illustrations, we believe he means merely that which he elsewhere calls the "internal tendency." It is true, he says, speaking of successive horse-like animals—"The man who saw an artist making a statue could not be more certain that he was following an ideal, as the block became more and more like a man, than we can be that Nature was following an ideal as she brought into existence these successively more and more horse-like forms, till the animal appeared as he is known to us to-day. What caused these forms to approach nearer and nearer to the horse in a direct line for millions of years?" (pp. 134, 135). No explicit answer is given to this question, but we are left to infer that nothing more is implied than the "tendency within."

In direct reference to a Supreme Intelligent Spirit, our author does not say much; but what he does say is to the following effect:—

“If by God is meant Nature, all that is, or the ever-present and operative spirit of the universe, then man was doubtless made by God, and made out of dust” (p. 98). “There is a spirit in the universe, and what, for want of a better word, we must call an intelligent spirit: without this it is inconceivable that we could have had this living growing intelligence-permeated planet. . . . If intelligence is necessary to build a house and to construct a watch, how much more to produce a man! . . . Infinite unseen intelligent spirit, life of our life, spirit of our spirit, to understand thee we need to be infinite as thou art. ‘Nearer to thee’ will be our prayer as the ages of the future bear us on” (pp. 109, 110).

We have endeavoured, with considerable pains, to present a concise but still adequate resumé of our author’s philosophy, sufficient to enable us to give its principles and his reasoning fair and impartial consideration. It appears to us that in several of his arguments and illustrations there is so much defective analogy, and even sophistry, that their value is to a great extent destroyed. This, we think, can easily be shown by taking various points in the order in which they occur. Gravitation, crystallisation, organic life (including animal and vegetable), sensation, reason are given as steps in the same series, and it is stated that there appears to be no greater step from crystallisation to the simplest forms of life, than from amorphous matter to crystallisation (p. 12). This is brought forward in support of the spontaneous generation hypothesis, in connection with which a number of the well-known experiments of Bastian and others are quoted. We venture to remark that the argument as implied above seems to us to be very defective. As to crystallisation, we are able at will to change many kinds of matter from their amorphous to their crystalline form whenever we please, and in any quantity; but the alleged facts as to the production of life from dead matter are surrounded with obscurity, and the number of scientific men who have been convinced of their reality is very small. Again, it is a very significant fact that in all the alleged facts of spontaneous generation, the presence of previous organic matter (either animal or vegetable) is essential, and that it is not asserted that life is generated from the inorganic world.

Proceeding to the apple-seed illustration, we cannot but express surprise, that its extreme sophistry was not apparent to the writer. If the seed of the green apple had developed

or grown of itself, the argument would have had some force, but seeing that, so far as we know, the previous existence of a fully ripened seed was essential to the production of the green apple itself, the whole illustration falls to the ground. There is no evidence of advance. There is absolutely no foundation for the flight of "imagination" in the next sentence, in which it is supposed probable that a mortal brute can give birth to a being possessed of a spirit which shall survive the death of the body! Again, the illustration of the tadpole fails as that of the apple-seed did. We have no evidence of the possibility of the existence of the tadpole, except as the descendant of a fully developed frog. Again we are reminded of the circle, as an illustration of the true law of Being, rather than a line, either spiral or straight.

Notwithstanding a few expressions, which are intended to be more poetical and metaphorical than logical, we are forced to conclude that the writer we are considering believes in no intelligent spirit as having any influence in the progress of things save that which he also calls the "inward tendency." The only sentence in the whole volume which would lead us to suppose the contrary, is the one which we have quoted:—"If intelligence is necessary to build a house, and to construct a watch, how much more to produce a man!" We are, however, precluded from attaching much value to this sentence, or from accepting as the author's meaning that which it appears to convey, on account of the tenour of most of the book. A house is built and a watch is made by outside mechanical intelligence, not by "inward tendency"! Our author expressly ridicules such an idea in regard to man:—"If by God is meant a mighty mechanic, who manipulates dust or mud, moulding it into a man, as a sculptor his clay model, there is no single fact in the history of the planet or of man that indicates the existence of any such being" (p. 98).

We think, therefore, that we are warranted in summing up William Denton's Philosophy of the Universe thus—Matter exists with an inward tendency to development, whence result life, sensation, reason—man in material life, man in spiritual life. Outside this there is no spiritual life or intelligence.

We are anxious to do justice, but this seems to us the only legitimate conclusion.

Is this "Spiritualism"? Is it "Spiritualism" in any sense in which we speak of "Spiritualism" as essentially distinct from "materialism"? We think not. But we do think, on the other hand, that the teaching of the writer in this book is essentially of that utter materialistic character with which personally we have no sympathy, and which has nothing

really in common with that Gospel of Spiritualism, which is, as we believe it to be, in its higher aspects, a message of glad tidings from the spiritual sphere to those who are still living in the material plane—a message from a higher life, an “Intimation of Immortality,” intended to aid us, who are spirits, who came from a spiritual sphere, and who are passing through time, space, and matter, to return again, when, possibly after repeated trials, the intended lessons are learnt. We do not believe that we,—that is, our spirits—are children of clay.

We have not adverted to the title of the book before us—“Is Darwin Right?” It has never seemed to us that what is usually called the Darwinian theory meets the difficulties of the case, inasmuch as among all the beautiful and interesting facts which Darwin has so carefully collected and arranged, he has given us no instance of the development of one species from another. Nature draws a distinctly marked line between two closely allied species, which does not exist among the greatest variety of individuals within the same species. And, so far as we know, the chasm from one species to another has never been bridged by development. But if Darwin is thus not “Right,” or rather, we should say, if his theory does not offer a complete solution of the case, in no way does Denton do anything to supplement the deficiency. He does not supply any of the missing links, and he makes far larger demands on us than Darwin does.

The extent to which Professor Denton’s works are read, especially on the other side of the Atlantic, and the influence which they presumably exercise, is our apology, if our readers think one is necessary, for the space we have devoted to an analysis of this his latest book. If it is thought that we have been somewhat severe, it is in no unfriendly spirit, but from a conviction of the inadequacy of the teaching, and from the regret we should feel at the widespread diffusion of such a soulless philosophy.

FACTS *versus* MATERIALISM. — Give materialistic sceptics some tangible evidence, bring it home to the evidence of their senses, let them feel assured that, contrary to their reasoning, it is a fact in the present day, that a hand belonging to mortal can present itself as in the days of Belshazzar, and write a sentence visible to all, and you at once tear away the film which has previously secluded them from seeing the truth, and you force an acknowledgment that, after all, the Bible may be a reliable history, and not the fiction which they have been accustomed to think it is.—BENJAMIN COLEMAN on *Spiritualism in 1862*.

SPIRITUAL ORGANISATION.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

WHATEVER good has been and is being accomplished by local organisations of Spiritualists, it must be admitted that the protracted efforts made in behalf of a central association has been in the United States a most humiliating failure, so far at least as permanency or the accomplishment of any stated work is concerned. Never in the world's history has a belief gained ground more rapidly, ranking its receivers by the million and the tens of millions. From the beginning it has been leaderless, at least so far as mortal aid is concerned, and has met the bitterest opposition from the ignorant and the learned. Yet it has extended its influence everywhere, and become a mighty power: and this because the grand minds of the Spirit-life breathe into the gigantic movement the divine harmony of their lives.

All this has been accomplished without aid from any central organisation. It has flowed spontaneously, like a golden shower, and the thirsty souls have drunk and been refreshed.

The constitution of the movement renders an overshadowing organic power impossible. It is really the ultimate of Protestantism, carrying to legitimate conclusions the enunciations of the Reformers. If they had the right to protest against Rome, every individual has the right to protest against them, and the result is individuality, not association.

What is regarded and lamented over by many, as the instability of all associations of Spiritualists, even of local societies, I regard as the surest sign of advancement and ultimate success. There is no fear that every associative effort will not live and flourish as long as it is useful, and when it ceases to be of use to its members it should cease to exist. The curse of the present is the lingering life galvanised into organisations once beneficial but now effete. They assert themselves above the individual, whereas they are but the creatures of his pleasure.

Not the Church, but the Scientific Association is the model for the Spiritualist and liberalist. I say this without intending disparagement to the former, but my meaning will be understood when the aims of each are considered.

The Church extends itself by means of proselyting. Missionaries can preach its doctrines, whatever they may be, of unity or trinity, and their acceptance by faith is all that is required. Spiritualism cannot extend itself in such manner. A Spiritualist must become such by intellectual growth. He

accepts not *belief* but knowledge on the evidence of bald facts. He must be a close and careful thinker, earnest, self-reliant, and independent, thus forbidding even the mention of a proselyte.

As Spiritualism, the new science of the soul—or broader, the science of life—opens a new and almost untrodden field of research; as it scorns to accept any belief, however venerable, by the sanction of great names or antiquity unless proven by facts, it is apparent that association of its receivers must be that of students aiming to increase their knowledge and understanding rather than of zealots desiring to augment the strength of their cause by union for the purpose of conversion.

These ephemeral local associations are by no means failures because they were not permanent. They have successfully accomplished their task, and something better adapted to present wants is allowed unimpeded growth.

The spiritual shower has fallen, refreshing the sons of men. Shall we sorrow and sigh because we have not power to put all its vast waters in some huge cistern, and by means of a fixed order of mediums, or priests, deal it out by the measure to thirsty souls? That is a past order, and we should rather rejoice that no reservoir can be constructed large enough and broad enough to contain its flood. Not into one huge tank of a "spiritual organisation" will flow the gathered waters, but in rills murmuring with glad voices it will flow into the various reservoirs of Catholicism, of Episcopalianism, Methodism, Lutheranism, Presbyterianism, and the countless others, bringing new spiritual life and energy.

What is to be done? The rappings, with the attendant train of phenomena, physical and psychological, have opened a new field for exploration. The *definition* of Spirit has been changed. All that had been written on Spirit the first rap rendered obsolete. The point of view suddenly and completely changed. Spirit, no longer a will-o'-wisp, became amenable to law, and a profound subject for observation and study. The verbiage of metaphysical treatment no longer met the demand, becoming as much out of place as in the realms of physical science. A new science, with its infinitely extended fields, is revealed, as yet dimly, at early dawn. It is to be conquered only by the closest observation and thoughtful study; its vocabulary is to be constructed, its subtle forces determined and named, its phenomena accurately recorded, and the intricate relations sustained to physical matter determined. This field is not only new; it is most difficult of exploration, and is vastly greater in extent than the combined realms of all the physical sciences.

The Spiritualist has no time to waste in vain endeavour to vindicate his *belief*. He is in search of knowledge which, when found, is its own vindicator. He does not wish to found an organisation on the truth of spirit-existence more than Newton did a Universal Gravitation Society, or Franklin a Church on the Principles of Electricity. The only permanent union is that which arises in the Grand Freemasonry of similarity of tastes and harmony of views, which claims freedom of thought and cheerfully gives the same, bowing at no shrine but truth's, and accepting nothing without evidence.

THE TEST OF AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF FACT.—Because a man is proficient in one branch of science, it does not follow that his authority is of much value in another with which his acquaintance is superficial. He may be an excellent geologist, and yet unqualified to decide a question in regard to the habits of bees. He may be a subtle logician like Mill, or an accomplished physiologist like Huxley, and yet a poor authority in musical science, and a mere blunderer when, after a slight examination, he would throw discredit on certain psychical phenomena, to which others, who have given to the subject the study of half a lifetime, may testify.—EPES SARGENT.

SPIRITUAL LAWS.—Time may disclose Laws in the actings of God towards the Soul; nay, none imagine that he acts capriciously, except a remnant of a school which veils caprice under the word *sovereignty*. There can be no objection to science exploring spiritual action with purely scientific ends, provided that it ascertain the popular facts correctly on which it is to refine. But this proviso includes, first, that the men of science shall treat with thoughtfulness the facts alleged by the unscientific men who have felt them, and shall cease to shower on them vague phrases of contempt, as mysticism and fanaticism; secondly, that the would-be scientific classifier of facts shall not strangle the facts in their birth. . . . The active part of man consists of powerful instincts. Some are gentle and continuous, others violent and short; some baser, some nobler; all necessary. A moral control over them all is desirable; and by all means let any vagaries of the soul (as in all fanatical religion) be severely checked by our moral principle. With this limitation the instincts have an inherent right to exist and to act, and the perfection of man depends on their harmonious energy. As operating alike on all ages, perhaps the instinct which seeks after God and the Infinite is the most powerful in man. Let us follow out this great and glorious tendency. Let us give free play to our nature, without fear of the critics: we shall get holiness, peace, and joy; and may haply bequeath facts for some future man of science. If we drink the heavenly nectar ourselves, others may analyse our juices when we are dead.—*The Soul: its Sorrows and its Aspirations*. By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

PSYCHOGRAPHY IN AMERICA.

IN the Summary of Contemporary Spiritual Opinion (p. 12) we have referred to a new medium, Mr. Crindle by name, for slate-writing, who has appeared in Philadelphia, and who is the subject of an editorial in *Mind and Matter* for 4th June. The account before us seems to indicate a new phase in this class of phenomena, and the following extracts may prove of general interest:—

“For the past three or four years, Mrs. Elsie Crindle, of San Francisco, has been creating wide-spread interest in the Spiritual movement, by the wonderful spiritual manifestations that have taken place in her presence. The power of the spirit band that have adopted her as their medium, seems to have no limitation, each succeeding séance resulting in some new and different manifestation of their power to demonstrate the truths that it is their mission to teach. The one unusual feature of Mrs. Crindle’s mediumship is, that the manifestations are produced in a full and strong light. Those who have never witnessed those manifestations of spirit power, cannot possibly imagine the occurrence of this fact; and even those who witness it are overcome with astonishment. That Mrs. Crindle is a natural medium for spirit control seems very evident, from the fact that her son Henry, now just coming to man’s estate, has been developed in a comparatively short time to be one of the most remarkably gifted mediums we have ever met with, or whose mediumistic capabilities we have ever tested. The facts which we are about to relate will suffice to show that we do not over-state or over-value his remarkable traits as a medium.

“On reaching the residence of the medium—1128 Vine Street, this city—he produced two slates, every surface of which we examined, to see that there was no writing upon them. He then said: ‘I propose to try an experiment this morning. I do not know whether it will succeed or not.’ With the slates close before my eyes, he then placed a small piece of pencil on one of the slates, and laid the other slate upon it, the space between the slates being only the distance made by the two inner sides of the slate frames, less perhaps than an eighth of an inch. Without changing the position of the slates, to the inner sides of which he had no possible access, he carried the slates, in my open view, and with my whole attention fixed upon them, a distance of twelve feet from the table at which we were about to sit. Then he placed them in an almost erect position on a sofa seat, their tops resting

against the back of the sofa. The slates remained without being a moment out of our sight. Mr. Crindle then returned to the table, where he sat with pencil in hand and paper before him. Soon we heard the sound of writing upon the slates. Mr. Crindle's hand was then controlled by his chief spirit guide, a Mr. Gordon, who wrote as follows:—

'There is a lady spirit here who is writing to her husband, who lives in Chicago, and it will be a grand test to him if he should see it.

'GORDON.'

"A short time after he wrote:—

'Lily is also writing to you.

GORDON.'

"Lily is the pet name by which our daughter, Eliza B. Roberts, was called when in earth-life, and the name she now bears as a spirit.

"A moment or two after Mr. Gordon wrote as follows:—

'Star Eye says that she has a picture of one of your daughters, and your daughter does not know it. It is a card picture. She has on a white cap.

GORDON.'

"Star Eye is one of Mrs. Crindle's band of spirits who does so much to add to the interest of her medium's seances, at one of which she had some week or ten days previously told us to ask our eldest daughter whether she had not missed one of her photographic pictures. Mrs. Crindle and myself urged Star Eye to bring us the photograph, if possible, and drop it upon the table, telling her that we would not deprive her of it. To this we received the reply, through the medium's hands:—

'We cannot now; after awhile.'

"This was signed by an excellent representation of a calla lily, the chosen emblem of our spirit daughter. When we heard the writing on the slates Mr. Crindle was so delighted that he called his mother, who was in another room, to come and see the success of his experiment. When Mrs. Crindle came into the room we told her that we were waiting for Star Eye to bring our daughter's photograph, which she claimed to have, and which Mr. Gordon and Lily had promised she would try and bring. Mrs. Crindle suggested that perhaps Star Eye could place it between the slates, near which Mrs. Crindle had not gone. After conversing a few moments and hearing no further writing, Mr. Crindle went to the slate, and in my constant view brought them to me in the same position to each other as they were in when he placed them on the sofa. On opening them we found the underside of the outer slate entirely written over, and between the slates the photograph picture of our daughter Susan. The latter was a photograph

taken of her when dressed in the Revolutionary costume of our female ancestors of a hundred years ago. Those communications and that photograph were placed between those slates in the broad sunlight of day, the sun shining directly into the room through the open windows. The communications were written in legible female hands."

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA AMONGST THE CHINESE.

It is a well known fact that many of the different phases of psychological phenomena known amongst Western nations at the present day have had their counterparts in China for centuries past. The following is a curious instance of this, and is extracted from "Fourteen Months in Canton," by Mrs. Gray, the wife of an English clergyman resident there. She says on page 75:—"I think you will be somewhat surprised to hear that we have had a small séance in the chaplaincy, given by a Chinese spiritualist. He called upon us and asked to be allowed to give a performance at our house. . . . On our assenting he requested that a large round table should be brought from the servant's room, and this was then placed feet upwards on a small basin of water. Four of our servants were now called in, and each was told to place one of his hands on a foot of the table. The performer then began to walk round and round the table, first with slow and measured step, lighted joss-sticks in his hands, and his lips employed in using words of incantation. After about four minutes' delay, the table began to turn slowly, but on the performer quickening his step, it increased its speed, until both table and performer were running round and round. The incantation was continued the whole time in an undertone. It was a strange sight, and one not to be accounted for. There was no connection of hands on the part of the four servants, and one of the latter turned literally green from fright, as the table whirled round and round. When the performer, out of breath, stood still, the table also rested from its labours. We asked him how he had accomplished this feat, and in a subdued voice he answered, "It is Joss [God or spirit: the latter undoubtedly is meant here.—ED.] that does it. I pray to him." He wished much to show us how he could call up the spirits of the departed, and make them answer him. This table-turning, clairvoyancy, spirit communion, etc., have been practised in China for many centuries past."

AN APPARITION SEEN BY TWO PERSONS AT THE SAME TIME.

In the Monthly Summary we casually notice in our review of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, an account of an apparition taken by that Journal from the *Philadelphia Press*. We give the narrative *in extenso* below. The facts are clear, although recorded in the usual sensational style peculiar to American journalism—even to money articles. It is an instance of an apparition being visible to two persons at the same time.

“Camden takes another step forward in the path of civilisation, and this time with a well-appointed, awe-inspiring ghost, whose chilling presence has been the means of frightening a young couple out of their home.

A plain two storey brick dwelling situated at No. 1128 South Third Street, that was until Monday filled with the household goods of a young man named Wesley Smith, and his wife, is the scene of the ghostly manifestations, and, to the credit of the uncanny visitor be it said, his several appearances have been made in the most approved fashion known to the Spirit world. No clanking chains or sulphurous fumes announce his coming, nor does he vanish in a blaze of fire. The Camden ghost is headless, and while he usually appears close to the time when graveyards yawn, he has been polite enough to signify his presence by touching Mrs. Smith on her arm, and after awakening her, glide silently out of the bedroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who are exemplary members of the Methodist Church, took possession of the house in August last, and for the first four or five months lived happily enough, without interference from either mundane or spiritual intruders. The young wife, who is of rather a nervous temperament, was suddenly aroused one night by feeling an icy touch on her arm, and screaming in afright, started up to see a spectral form glide through the doorway. Her husband was awakened and told of the cause of alarm, but he laughed, and bade his wife to think no more about it. She tried to follow the advice, and a few days later was almost convinced that she had been the victim of a nightmare. A week or two later Mrs. Smith was again awakened, and avers that she again saw the dim outlines of a man's body standing near her bedside. Before she could arouse her husband, the apparition faded from sight. The same performance continued to be repeated at irregular intervals during the next three months, until the young wife became utterly prostrated with nervousness, and begged her husband to move from the house. Mr. Smith felt firmly convinced that his wife was the victim of an optical delusion, and could not be made to believe otherwise. He endeavoured to reason with her, saying that if there was any supernatural appearance, he would be as likely to behold it as she would, and from that standpoint argued that the ghost could only exist in her imagination.

On last Thursday night, however, he was unpleasantly convinced to the contrary. It was a bright moonlight night, and the rays streamed into the bedroom so brightly that the gas was not lighted. Some time near midnight Mr. Smith was startled from a sound sleep by his wife uttering a piercing scream. He started up in bed, and says he could dimly see the figure of a man standing near the door. Leaping from the bed in an instant, with no other idea than it was a being of flesh and blood, he aimed a powerful blow at the intruder. Like a well-regulated ghost the spectre immediately vanished. Mr. Smith then lighted a lamp and, together with his trembling wife, made an immediate and thorough search of the house. Every door and window was found to be locked and just the same as when the couple retired, and nobody was found on the premises. Mrs. Smith was so thoroughly frightened that she dressed and went to her mother's house for the rest of the night. On the day following she was induced to visit a spiritual medium, and more from curiosity than anything else, for she knows and believes nothing in Spiritualism, she consented to go. The alleged connecting link between the spirit-world and the earth went into a trance and told her that the ghostly visitor was no other than a disembodied sea captain, whose mortal body, together with money and important papers, was buried in the cellar of the house, and instructed her to return, when the headless mariner would conduct her to the precise spot where lay his mouldering bones, and then she would find, by digging up the papers, what the uneasy spirit desired.

The couple, reinforced by one or two relatives, went to the house, intending to follow the medium's instructions, but the confusion in the neighbourhood was so great that they left the house for good just twenty minutes before the witching hour, although the term of their lease had not expired. A hardy old gentleman, named Jacob Snyder, who lived in the neighbourhood, heard of the awful mystery, and engaged several young men to go with him on Saturday night and dig up ghost, bones, and money, but as the hour grew late the courage of the younger members of the party oozed out, and nothing was done. The gossips round about are all agog, and several broom committees have discussed the matter, and it has been decided that a wicked sea captain who used to visit a wicked family, formerly tenants in the haunted house, mysteriously disappeared upon one occasion, and in all probability was decapitated by the wicked family and buried with his money and head in the cellar.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were called upon last night, but were decidedly averse to appearing in print for the reason that an injury might be done to the property by having the story circulated, and while the husband did not deny anything as related here, he declined to make a new statement. Mrs. Smith is still suffering from nervous prostration."

There is a divine principle in the thought of man, and also in the love of woman, but it only gains its full expression in a pure, natural life.—J. K. in *Spiritualist*.

A NEW BASIS OF BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.*

THIS book is the second edition of a work which was noticed in the last number of this magazine, its title then being "Spiritualism as a New Basis of Belief." The author explains his reasons for the change in the preface to the second edition as follows:—

"The term 'Spiritualism,' owing in a measure to a merely superficial knowledge of the subject, and in a much greater degree to a total ignorance of its true aims and tendencies, is associated in the public estimation only with the grossest forms of chicanery, fraud, and credulity, and it is no wonder that, under such impressions as these, nothing but feelings of disgust are generated in the minds of right-thinking people. So deep-rooted are these feelings and prejudices, and so profound the ignorance which obtains of the higher and true aspects of the question, that everything bearing the name of Spiritualism is classed under one category, and at once relegated to the limbo of imposture and credulity. As well, and with as much show of reason, might all that passes under the name of Christianity, no matter how divergent from the life and spirit of its founder, be classified together. True, there is fraud, and deceit, and jealousies, and recriminations amongst those who call themselves Spiritualists, but are they the only section of society in which these traits of our baser nature appear? One would not for an instant think of condemning all forms of Christian faith and worship because some of its followers fall short of their profession, and it is only a matter of justice that Spiritualism should receive similar consideration. Just as there is Christianity and Christianity, so there is Spiritualism and Spiritualism—the one silly and unclean, and only degrading in its form and tendency; the other (and this is the side of which the world knows but little) tending only to uplift humanity, body and soul. As will be seen on perusal of these pages, its primary aim is to furnish scientific evidence of the truths of Christianity, the need of which is felt by so many, and whose feelings are well expressed in the following observation once made by the late George Eliot:—'Deism seems to me the most incoherent of systems, but to Christianity I feel no objection but its want of evidence.' It is this evidence that Spiritualism claims to supply.

"For these reasons, then, I feel I have been justified in

* *A New Basis of Belief in Immortality.* By John S. Farmer. Second Edition. Price 8s., or 3s. 6d. post free. (See advt. on back of cover.)

changing the wording though not the sense of the title of my book; and with the hope that many more will read it under its new name, I again send it forth to tell of, and point out the evidence which exists for that future existence which the Christ came to demonstrate by his life, and death, and resurrection. It has already received commendation from not a few, and its success has at anyrate been such that I am enabled to issue the second edition at a little more than half the price of the first. My only desire is that it may thereby have, in conjunction with its changed name, a far wider sphere of usefulness."

We have nothing to add to what we said of the book in our previous review of it.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE CURATIVE VALUE OF FASTING, with the Conditions and Limitations of Safe Practice. By Dr. Alex. Munro. Glasgow: Alex. Macdougall, 66 Mitchell Street.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE BIBLE COMPARED WITH MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By F. J. Theobald. Price 2d. London: E. W. Allen. The authoress attempts "to show that the supernatural realm into which Spiritualism introduces us, is in many respects similar and in all respects analogous to that of which the Bible speaks." A useful little pamphlet.

BOB AND I; OR, FORGET-ME-NOTS FROM GOD'S GARDEN. By F. J. Theobald. London: James Clarke & Co. A pleasing little story for the little ones, and not without interest to children of larger growth.

THE WOMAN AND THE AGE: a Letter addressed to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., by sundry members, Clerical, Medical, and Lay, of the International Association for the Total Suppression of Vivisection. The arguments here advanced against the practice of vivisection on scientific, social, and religious grounds are very strong, and seem to us unanswerable. It is well worthy of perusal.

THE RAISON D'ETRE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Modern Spiritualism has its reason for being in well-established facts, not only of the past, as far back as history extends, but of the present. For these, throughout the ages, but one explanation, accounting for them in their aggregate, has yet been found: it is that which refers them to high preter-human or super-material powers, exerted either unconsciously and abnormally by a so-called *human* subject, or put forth by invisible beings, manifesting intelligence and the ability to overcome material impediment, not superable by any physical means known to science.—EPES SARGENT.

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"A valuable little work from the pen of the well-known and highly-esteemed writer whose many contributions in defence of Spiritualism have been put forth under the *nom de plume* of M. A. (Oxon.) It contains much interesting matter that every Spiritualist ought to be in possession of. . . . full of interest to thoughtful Spiritualists; evidently the result of much liberal reflection, as well as of a clear intuitive judgment."—*R. P. Journal*, Chicago, U.S.A.

"The *Chicago Times* of June 19, 1880, which highly commends the tone and style of the book in a long review of nearly two closely-printed columns, says:—"The author does not weary the reader with spiritual communications conveyed to himself alone; he writes with exceptional clearness, candour, and cogency; he is a master of strong and graphic English; his logic is unassailable, and his spirit extremely suave, manly, and straightforward. He is a high authority among Spiritualists."

E. W. ALLEN, 11 Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C.

MUTUAL INDORSEMENT OF INGERSOLL AND BEECHER.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "I am an ordained clergyman, and believe in revealed religion. I am therefore bound to regard all persons who do not believe in revealed religion as in error. But on the broad platform of human liberty and progress I was bound to give him the right hand of fellowship. I would do it a thousand times over. I do not know Colonel Ingersoll's religious views precisely, but I have a general knowledge of them. He has the same right to free thought and free speech that I have. . . . I admire Ingersoll because he is not afraid to speak what he honestly thinks, and I am only sorry that he does not think as I do. I never heard so much brilliancy and pith put into a two hours' speech as I did on that night. I wish my whole congregation had been there to hear it."

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL says: "I told him that night that I congratulated the world it had a minister with an intellectual horizon broad enough, and a mental sky studded with stars of genius enough, to hold all creeds in scorn that shocked the heart of man. . . . Mr. Beecher holds to many things that I most passionately deny, but in common we believe in the liberty of thought. My principal objections to orthodox religion are two—slavery here and hell hereafter. I do not believe that Mr. Beecher on these points can disagree with me. The real difference between us is—he says *God*, I say *Nature*. The real agreement between us is—we both say *Liberty*. . . . He is a great thinker, a marvellous orator, and, in my judgment, greater and grander than any creed of any church. Manhood is his greatest *forte*, and I expect to live and die his friend."

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THE

PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1881.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND THE PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

On Tuesday evening, the 26th July, a meeting of the "Conference Committee," comprising the whole of the Council, was held at the Association's Rooms in Great Russell St., W.C. The resolution appointing this committee was worded thus:—"That the proposal to hold a Conference be referred to a Committee of the whole Council, and any members of the Association who may be invited, to report to the next Council meeting as to the advantage of holding such a Conference, the special form it should take, and the arrangements that would be necessary." It was moved by Mr. E. T. Bennett, seconded by Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, and carried unanimously.

"PUBLIC OPINION" ON "THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW."

It may interest some of our readers to know what outsiders think of us, so subjoined we give a notice that appeared in *Public Opinion* for July 16th, 1881.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW. (New Issue.)—The memories of the old *Psychological Review* were not brilliant; and the present issue (or revival) starts with a clean bill of health. We see too much in it of mere ghosts, that are not much in request at this period of the nineteenth century, and we are heartily sick of the stock arguments in favour of some doctrine of immortality that is advocated by some writers, and which perhaps is not the same as the doctrine of immortality that is accepted by the majority of Western

philosophers. Still we ought to be grateful for the high philosophy and competent literary tone that is taken by the new issue. We have no sort of idea how such a high class literary organ of the more rational description of students of the science of mind was wanted. A careful and moderate examination of most of the problems that the next generation of metaphysicians will have to solve, shows that a reaction has already set in against the crude materialism that reached its culminating point about ten years ago. We have now before us all that is known of the phenomena of mind, and those persons who wish to study them in their entirety according to the laws that Collyer and Massey have indicated will find that the *Psychological Review* places at their disposal a sound series of accurately acquired facts, some of which are worthy the consideration of scientific men of the calibre of Crookes and Wallace.

A NEW WORK BY MRS. HARDINGE BRITTEN.

We are glad to be able to accede to Mrs. Hardinge Britten's request to give publicity to the following—

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, *to her Friends and Co-workers
in the Spiritual Movement.*

For many years past, I have been collecting materials for a compendious History of the MODERN SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT, as it has transpired ALL OVER THE WORLD in the Nineteenth Century. This Work I have been requested to undertake—no matter what other publications of a kindred character might be issued—by those beloved spirit-friends who have never deceived me, or failed to inspire me for good. Those who are most thoroughly acquainted with me will remember how often I have stated that I only obey the commands of spirits when they accord with my own judgment, especially when they relate to the Movement, of which they are the Authors and Promoters. The present occasion is one which fully meets this question.

Wise and good spirits desire to give to the age, through my instrumentality, a thoroughly exhaustive Record of the Work they have accomplished in the Nineteenth Century, and the reasons they have alleged for this charge, together with the methods prescribed for its accomplishment, having appealed forcibly to my best judgment, I have—as above stated—employed the last few years of my wide wanderings in gathering up, from every available and authentic source, the necessary materials for my great task.

As it has been furthermore made clear to me that the present time has been specially designed for its commencement, I would now solicit, from those who may be interested in it, such literary contributions, of a personal or local character, as each one may be impressed to send. I do not promise to use all that I may thus receive, because the ultimate selection of matter for publication must necessarily exclude, at least, nine per cent. of the vast mass I have

to select from. Still I should be glad to avail myself of the widest possible field of information on this deeply momentous subject, especially as I propose to add to the general History a large number of brief Biographical Sketches of such Personages as have been prominently and usefully connected with it.

Trusting that the Friends of Spiritualism will aid me as far as possible in the accomplishment of a work which gratitude to the Spiritual Founders of the Movement, no less than justice to posterity, imperatively demand,—I am ever, reverently and faithfully, the servant of God and the angels,

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

P.S.—Prepaid postal matter can be addressed to my residence—The Limes, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England. (Foreign Journals please copy.)

A VINDICTIVE SPIRIT OVERRULED BY A SUPERIOR POWER.

MR. A. S. NEWTON, an American spiritualist, who was well-known to readers of the old *Spiritual Magazine* whilst treating in a recent number of the *Banner of Light* on evil spirits and their powers, narrates a curious and instructive story as to how vindictive spirits may be overruled by powers superior to themselves. He says:—

“A medium was once, in the writer’s presence, controlled by a spirit who claimed to have been recently ejected from his body by violence—the victim of a secret and foul murder. He expressed the most intense feeling of revenge toward his murderer, and wished to expose him by name, in order that he might be “brought to justice” before an earthly tribunal. But every time he attempted to utter the name, he (or the medium’s tongue) was restrained by some power that the spirit could not understand—doubtless a wiser spirit whose presence he was unable to perceive. After repeated attempts, baffled and enraged, he uttered fearful imprecations on his enemy, and, declaring he would find another medium through whom he *could* give the name, suddenly withdrew. So far as I know this spirit never succeeded in making the disclosure. Such disclosures are rarely made, though nothing would seem easier, or, to many people, more desirable, if spirits thus wronged can communicate freely. But probably a higher wisdom sees that this would not be for the best.”

DR. CAIRD ON A FUTURE LIFE.

In the recently published volume, “Scotch Sermons,” Dr. Caird has the following:—

“It needs little reflection to perceive that the whole order of things in which we live is constructed, not on the principle that we are sent into this world merely to prepare for another, or that the paramount effort and aim of every man should be to make ready for

death and an unknown existence beyond the grave. On the contrary, in our own nature and in the system of things to which we belong, everything seems to be devised on the principle that our interest in the world and human affairs *is not to terminate at death*. It is not, as false moralists would have us believe, a mere illusion, a proof only of the folly and vanity of man, that we do not and cannot feel and act as if we were to have no concern with this world the moment we quit it. . . . *Be the change which death brings what it may, he who has spent his life in trying to make this world better can never be unprepared for another*; if heaven is for the pure and holy, if that which makes men good is that which best qualifies for heaven, what better discipline in goodness can we conceive for a human spirit, what more calculated to elicit and develop its highest affections and energies, than to live and labour for our brother's welfare? To find our deepest joy, not in the delights of sense, nor in the gratification of personal ambition, nor even in the serene pursuits of culture and science, nay, *not even in seeking the safety of our own souls*, but in striving for the highest good of those who are dear to our Father in Heaven, . . . say, can a nobler school of goodness be discovered than this?"

CARLYLE ON HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

The following stirring words, written by the Chelsea Sage soon after the departure of his father from the earthly life, will find an echo in many a heart, as they go to show that Carlyle in his highest moods rose superior to the doubts, fault-finding, and peevishness which perplexed him in his later days:—

"I shall now no more behold my dear father with these bodily eyes. With him a whole three score and ten years of the past has doubly died for me. It is as if a new leaf in the great book of time were turned over. Strange time—endless time; or of which I see neither end nor beginning. All rushes on. Man follows man. His life is as a tale that has been told; yet under Time does there not lie Eternity? Perhaps my father, all that essentially was my father, is even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. Perhaps, if it so please God, we shall in some higher state of being meet one another, recognise one another.

"All that was earthly, harsh, sinful in our relation has fallen away; all that was holy in it remains. I can see my dear father's life in some measure as the sunk pillar on which mine was to rise and be built; the waters of time have now swelled up round his (as they will round mine); I can see it all transfigured, though I touch it no longer. I might almost say his spirit seems to have entered into me (so clearly do I discern and love him); I seem to myself only the continuation and second volume of my father. Three days that I have spent thinking of him and his ends are the peaceablest, the only Sabbath I have had in London."

MONTHLY SUMMARY
OF
CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"SPIRITUALIST."

(June 24. July 1, 8, 15, 22.)

The controversy that was evoked by the publication of an elaborate review of Mr. Sinnett's work appears to have become endless. The editor of the *Spiritualist* had thrown doubt on the existence of the Hindu brothers, who Mr. Sinnett considered to play an important part in the rôle of the curious manifestations deposed to by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott. Accordingly "C. C. M.," whose initials are identifiable to friends, appeared on the scene, and in two or three letters, written with force, pointed out the real state of the case, and the manner wherein the laws of evidence were applicable to the matter. The controversy might have ended here, as the editor of the *Spiritualist* had evidently devoted no especial time to the subject, had it not been for an unfortunate "J. K.," who appears to have allowed himself, without contradiction, to have been announced as an "Adept," and to have favoured the world with a description of the mode in which the universe should be run on the fixed principles indicated by his school of theosophy. This produced one of the customary inevitable exposures, and another disagreeable subject has been added to the secret pigeonholes of Spiritualist literature. The subject has been further complicated by reference to certain alleged phenomena supposed to have taken place some years ago, through Mrs. Guppy, but which appear not to have been observed under precise test-conditions, however honest and sincere the *bond fides* of the parties may have been. Further, to render more unpleasant a controversy that can scarcely help being a personal one, we have another controversialist "Theosophist" who ventilates his own scheme of theology in terms that we should be glad to see translated into some known language. Signor Rondi continues some curious "Physical manifestations at Rome" that appear to be well authenticated. An article signed "W." on "Spiritualism in the Roman Catholic Church" appears not to be very precise, and a careful perusal of the classical work of Gurly, and the controversial essays of Pianciani, might have saved the author from speaking with authority. The "unabridged autobiography" of St. Theresa is not usually quoted, or quotable, on this subject; and perhaps the Bollandists under date (October 15) have said all that can be said on the subject. We notice

that the editor of the *Spiritualist* considers the reform of the law in England, and suggests that the distinction between barristers and solicitors should be done away with. The precise connection of this scheme with Spiritualism may be left to the barristers and solicitors concerned. The New York correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* gives two ghost stories, one of which relates to a hard-headed matter-of-fact policeman, who saw a light in one of the middle-class localities of New-York; went down the step to see if the outer door was locked, stepped through the hall into the room where the light was, and saw a phantom in white sitting in the middle of the floor. The phantom is informed that the door is open, and instead of replying, she rises and passes through a small door in the wall. This door leads to a *cul de sac*. The policeman further finds a coloured servant asleep in the neighbouring kitchen. The servant being asleep, has not seen the ghost, and alleges that she put out the light at 9 p.m. It is hardly necessary to say that from information subsequently received by the policeman, it is said that a woman had been murdered in the house years before, and that her spirit made periodical visits, some of which had been observed by the negro woman. Another case is apparently one of an *incubus*, where a woman wakes up early in the morning with a chill, and experiences for several minutes after a sense of choking. This occurred again and again, and to add to her amazement, her maid, who slept in the adjoining chamber, told her one morning that she had distinctly seen the figure of a young woman at her bedside, and that it had vanished as soon as she had spoken to it. The maid was so terrified that she refused to stay any longer, and her mistress secured another servant who saw the same ghost and was likewise frightened away. It is not said if the first servant had an opportunity of communication with the second one. Mr. A. Constantine gives a story, originally in the *Theosophist*, interesting, as showing the principle of communication between friends at a distance. It appears that the author had conceived an attachment for a friend, who was at a sanitarium at Rambagh (on the other side of Agra). Mr. Constantine visited his brother-in-law at Meerut. Suddenly a curious sensation came over him, he felt dull and melancholy, and told his brother-in-law that he must return to Agra immediately. His wife urged him to go to the intermediate station at Ghaziabad (whence the train branches off to Delhi). He did so, but no sooner was the train in motion than the longing to go to Agra recommenced. Without taking any further course, he secured on his arrival at Ghaziabad tickets direct for Agra. At Allyghur his wife left

him, and the husband proceeded to Agra where, on his arrival, he learnt the news that his friend had suddenly died that very morning from apoplexy at Rambagh, probably about the time that he was taking refreshment at Meerut. The persons at the funeral plied him with questions as to how he came to hear of the death, and who it was that telegraphed to him. He declares that no other communication or message was ever sent to him, save a depression in spirits and a desire to be present in Agra as soon as possible. A paragraph in the *Spiritualist* relates to the unforeseen reverses of a worthy and honourable man (Christian Reimers, Esq., 47 Mornington Road, N.W.) who really needs the assistance of friends in aiding him to continue his profession as a music-teacher. This paragraph is perhaps of more importance to the movement than pages of empty discussion on theosophy, a subject whereon none of the combatants, with the solitary exception of "C. C. M.," appear to have any precise knowledge. The persons who are qualified to judge have their own scientific experiments; and are very careful not to permit them to be joined in by the advocates of any preconceived theory. In fact, they have a right to their own private opinions and practices. We have also in the last number of the *Spiritualist* some memoranda of rather a loose and imperfect character, taken at some *séances* that occurred with Mr. Home a few years ago. It is a great pity that these *séances* should ever have been allowed to be unscientifically recorded; but (asking our readers to assume the veracity of this account) we may just notice that there was nothing that in the slightest way approached to test-conditions, and that the persons present at the *séance* are not described by definite names. "Rock Oil and Religion" is an article of the funny sort that we do not like to read in the present condition of the science; and to say the least such writing does not grace the pages of our contemporary.

"LIGHT."

(June 25. July 2, 9, 16.)

Light contains some thoughtful articles. Mrs. A. J. Penny continues her papers on "Böhme and Swedenborg." It is announced that the Council of the B.N.A.S. are about to initiate a Conference of Spiritualists, to be held at London during the approaching autumn. *Light* considers that it would not be difficult to find a common bond of sympathy and a common ground of united action. But experience of some of these conferences has convinced us that there has been a good deal of vinous effervescence, some of it extremely

good ; that a majority has applauded and coincided with the views of the minority, of whom each individual spoke more than once, and that the subject has not been advanced. Real workers prefer to do their own labour by themselves, each man being responsible to himself and to his Maker for the quantity and value of his labour. To take the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The money grants have been useful to workers, and hundreds of dwellers in country towns have enjoyed the spectacle of eminent scientific men capering before them, and giving their autographs gratis. But although the festival has been amusing, the real work of the scientific men has been done elsewhere. It is so with Spiritualism. A "Country Spiritualist" writes a very good letter on "Materialising Mediums," wherein the distinction between "materialisation" and "form manifestation" (originally pointed out by Miss Kislingbury many years ago in a letter in the *Spiritualist*, and since then first denied, then appropriated, and now misinterpreted by succeeding writers); and the evidence that on one occasion Mr. C. C. Massey drew the supposed materialised spirit into the room, under the gas, and saw clearly that it was the medium in an unconscious trance, is again brought forward. A "Country Spiritualist" seems to agree with "M. A. (Oxon)" in advocating the abolition of cabinets, and is of opinion that the movement of a table in the light, the production of direct writing in closed slates in full light; replying on walls, doors, or elsewhere, away from the medium; or intelligent messages spelt through the movement of the table, are more convincing, and scientifically valuable, than any number of the unsatisfactory so-called materialisation séances where the conditions are favourable to deception, and where it is impossible to decide whether the manifestations are genuine spirit efforts or the result of the action of the medium. A very useful abstract from the *Journal of Science* is given, showing the method by which the professional "muscle reader" manages to perform tricks like those of Bishop, who appears to have plagiarised his scheme from one Brown, who gave the same performance many years ago in America. There is a letter signed "Ferguson," giving an account of some good phenomena of slate-writing with a medium named Phillips, in New York. A letter appears on Spiritualism in Calcutta, giving an account of some séances attended by Baboo Pearychand Mittra, and other persons, wherein the spirit of the brother of B. P. Mittra appeared, and gave proof which was satisfactory to him. The medium was a young patient of a homœopathic physician, and is stated to have been obsessed. Professor Barrett gives his experiments in thought-reading

that appear to be very careful. They were carried on without the contact of the hands, or of any communication besides the air, between the person operating, and the subject operated upon. We see in the list of honorary or corresponding members of the B.N.A.S. the name inserted of a person who has been dead more than three months, and we wish that we could say that this was the first time that a similar "enlargement of exactitude" had taken place. *Light* contains some very fair notes of the country spiritual press, and we are inclined to consider that the "Notes by the Way" are of especial value. In these paragraphs the conductors take notice of all that concerns Spiritualism in current literature and events, and when the history of the movement comes to be written, all this will be of no small value. We consider, however, that space is wasted by the consideration (apparently with approval) of such writers as Ingersoll, whose arguments against immortality read badly in a literary point of view. The world has outgrown the style of Toland. Ingersoll would have done well in the eighteenth century, but is quite out of place now; and Spiritualists, above all others, should discuss their science with patience and good temper.

"MEDIUM."

(June 25. July 1, 8, 15.)

The *Medium* is rather good this month. Mr. G. Brown gives us a record of the materialisations obtained through the mediumship of Mr. J. Fitton, when forms appeared that have been termed "Dr. Scott," and of which the manifestations are analogous to those of the familiar "John King." The medium and the spirit appear to have been visible at the same time, but the account is not clear. The so-called cabinet merely consists of one corner of the room, in front of which are two curtains. Mr. Westgarth, of Ashington Colliery, Northumberland, also appears to be a medium of some importance. Here also, both the medium and the form, were seen standing together for fully five minutes, the form keeping the curtains of the cabinet back. It went gradually away. The *Medium* contains a discourse purporting to have been inspired by the late George Thompson, on the reception into spirit-life of the late Thomas Carlyle and Benjamin Disraeli. Mrs. Nosworthy, the daughter of the late Mr. Thompson, certifies that the style is eminently characteristic of her deceased father's estimate of Benjamin Disraeli, both as author and statesman. The communicating influence appears to have had vehement political opinions. Our own impression of the utterances of the sturdy

old Liberal M.P. for the Tower Hamlets was, that there was more precision, and less verbiage in his manner of talking. But the account wherein these utterances are permeated by the spirit of the medium (especially so far off as Chicago) makes it impossible to generalise too rapidly that Carlyle and Beaconsfield were mere assumed names of elementaries, and that if they had been evolved through some other medium in Cheyne Row, or at Hughenden, they would have uttered different expressions. Lord Beaconsfield appears, according to the *Medium*, to be having a busy time of it, as Mr. J. G. Robson of Peckham, writes out his address "to the People of England." No person apparently has yet indorsed this as in anything like the style of Disraeli, and we predict that few will. That one of the greatest masters of literary style should be in a condition to forget that a verb should agree with its nominative case, is touching. That he could have forgotten the English language is the argument which must be assumed by supporters of the identity of the present communication. The more important part of the *Medium* indicates that the subscription set on foot for Mr. Burns already assumes important proportions, and that there is no sign of it flagging for many weeks to come, when the founder of the "Spiritual Institution" will, we hope, reap the reward of his long and persevering labour.

"HERALD OF PROGRESS."

(June 25, July 1, 8, 15.)

The important article in this paper records a *séance* with Miss Wood, for the purpose of "weighing the spirit." We transcribe the statement as published apparently from the editorial pen:—

"On Sunday, June 12th, I attended Miss Wood's *séance*, held on the premises of the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society, in this town. There were twelve persons present, three of whom were strangers to the town. I weighed Miss Wood on the machine presented to the society by Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Manchester. She weighed 7st. 3lbs., after which she went into the closet, and the *séance* managers requested two of the strangers to lock the door of the closet in which Miss Wood was to be secured, which they did, and I verified for my own satisfaction. The light was amply sufficient to allow us to see each sitter in the circle, all of whom were at least from four to six feet from the closet door. Miss Wood was thereby completely isolated in a closet over which she has no control whatever. After sitting a short while, a form

in white garments, *very similar in height to the medium*, appeared in view, and presently walked round the circle, shaking hands with most present. I requested it to get on the machine, to allow me to weigh it; but by an inclination of the head it declined. It then retired behind the screen, to be followed by a very diminutive form, *considerably lower in stature than the medium, though certainly not lower assuming it were the medium's form on its knees*. After essaying to talk with us for about five minutes, it also instantly withdrew behind the screen, and almost simultaneously a form, *similar in height to the medium*, appeared at a distance of about three feet to the left of the spot where the small form withdrew. I requested this form also if it would permit me to weigh it, and it signalled it would do so after it had gathered sufficient power. The machine was placed in front, but at a distance of about four feet from the closet door. It glided to the machine, and after ascending the scale, I asked it to tuck in its garments at the feet, that we might all see that it was fairly and squarely on the scale, and that it would fold its arms across its breast, so that others around might see for themselves that it did not tamper with the register. The form complied with these conditions. I weighed it, and found it to register 37½lbs., or about 4½st. short of Miss Wood's weight. Like the preceding appearances, it also withdrew behind the screen, and in about three minutes more Miss Wood (in the mesmeric condition) intimated the séance was finished, whereupon the two strangers and myself went to the closet door, *which we found still locked*, and the medium inside. I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind of the genuineness of the facts just recorded, that is, that there were no accomplices aiding and abetting Miss Wood, that Miss Wood had no apparatus by which she could have got out of the closet and fastened herself in again without its disclosing itself, that there are no secret springs or passages connected with the closet, and that Miss Wood has no access or control over it, as it is kept locked by the society, and opened by the managers of the séance for experimental purposes only."

Such a fact as this is perhaps worth the rest of the whole paper. The eternal discussion on "Orthodox Spiritualism" progresses, Mr. Enmore Jones having apparently the best of the argument; at least he writes in the most intelligible style. He is rather satirical on the message that Dr. Hitchman has received from Zoroaster, who says "the creed of Orthodox Spiritualism is, Live a life of pure thoughts, pure words, and pure deeds." Mr. E. Jones asks, "Does Dr. Hitchman really know that Zoroaster sent the message? Was the creed in Persian?"

If not, how and when did Zoroaster learn English? And how did the message come?" He has further nailed his opponents to some definition of "What is Spiritualism?" Mr. Wallis had asked "What is Orthodox?" and Dr. Hitchman, of Liverpool, had informed us "what orthodox is," but the question under discussion was and is the "definition of Spiritualism." A. T. T. P. continues his series of "Historical Controls." This one refers to John Selden. The spirit speaks of "*De Syruso Deis Syatagmata duo*" (sic), and A. T. T. P. appends the note, "I cannot discover whether he did write such a book." Of course not; but most ordinary mortals were aware without supreme intellectual effort that Selden did write a book, "*De Diis Syris Syntagmata Duo*." The copy before us was printed at Leyden in 1629, and the book was common, popular, and cheap. Certainly the style of the control is in clear nervous English, such as John Selden may have written. But it must not be forgotten that A. T. T. P. himself writes very good English, though the fact is worthy of record that he states that his own mind has never dwelt one moment on Selden or his doings. The publication of these controls in the *Herald of Progress* forms one of the most interesting parts of the work. It also contains many fine translations from foreign magazines that are well selected, and indicate a high literary tone.

"REVISTA DE ESTUDIOS PSICOLOGICOS."

(January to June, 1881.)

Six numbers of the Barcelona monthly are before us. Perhaps the best notion of the tone of the Spanish circle of La Paz may be taken in the "hymn of the resurrection," which communication was received on the "evocation of a spirit." There is nothing in it respecting the identity of the individual, nor information vouchsafed as to his present locality, but many pious reflections of a devotional nature to the Deity. A very important article appears on a recent legal case in England, wherein Señor Luis Piocemala arrives at the conclusion, after deep investigation, that there was no real spiritualism in the matter, and gives his reasons for affirming that the convicted person was neither a spiritualist nor a medium. We would rather not have referred to this matter, though we perceive that the Spanish take an interest in the questions of the science in England. An enormous amount of space is given in this periodical to the philosophy of Allan Kardec, who occupies to Spaniards and some French a higher position even than Swedenborg in the more Teutonic countries. The

death of M. Leon Favre Clavairoz on the 10th April last, is duly chronicled. This Barcelona paper is full of useful matter, though a little verbose.

“LICHT, MEHR LICHT; PSYCHOLOGISCHES SONNTAGSBLATT.”

(June 28, July 3, 10, 17.)

The chief feature of this paper is the accurate systematisation of anecdotes, all of which are well told, and carefully arranged. The chief article in all the numbers before us is a record of the progress of the Theosophical Society in India. To European readers who have not the *Theosophist* before them, this abridgement will be of some service. The experiences of an Evangelical clergyman with the spirits are amusing, and appear to reflect a great deal of the thoughts of the recorder. He urges the uncertainty of most of the arguments that were at his disposal previously to the spirit revelation. M. Eugene Bonnemère gives us an article—“God is charity”—that illustrates his idea of the life and sayings of Christ. M. Lenker continues his series of articles on the information that a spirit gives of the things of the spiritual life, and illustrates the idea that the communicating intelligence (what, and how given, we are not told) has of the method of the spiritual propaganda. Though *Licht mehr Licht* has not the elasticity of its early numbers, and though it may, perhaps, be of a certain sameness, the conductors have a very brilliant prospect before them. A German newspaper of Spiritualism in Paris has in many respects to compete with the French journals that are devoted to the subject. And the writers in *Licht mehr Licht* have not shown the German tendency to investigate facts, but to fly at once to the conclusions of the subject. Yet we recognise in this paper a broader description of thought than is usual in some of the avowed spiritual organs, and a spirit of charity towards all parties (even the Re-incarnationists) that indicates something more than a mere surface badge-wearing of Spiritualism. The platform of *Licht mehr Licht* may not be very clear, but it is associated with thoroughly liberal scientific views.

“REVUE SPIRITE.”

(July.)

The report presented to the annual meeting of the scientific society of psychological studies by the secretary show the careful work now being done by the French society. Its attention has been chiefly devoted to mesmeric experiments, that it regards as the foundation of experimental psychology,

and of which the elementary facts have, according to the writer, been verified in the hospitals and discussed in the Sorbonne. Some experiments have been carried on of placing loose weights on the table, near the edge and the medium, and the table has been lifted as usual. It appears that the experiments of the society usually terminate with an evocation séance, in which the forms produced (who are not particularly described to us) are recognised by interested parties. M. Thomas, a municipal councillor at Agen, gives a very careful account of certain physical phenomena that he has observed through the mediumship of a young girl, Gignoux. After her hands were tied, raps were heard beating the time of popular tunes; subsequently cards were written on in the handwriting and orthography of the medium, and a stick beat on a tambourine. The bed on which the child lay, rolled in the clothes, was moved forwards, and the child thrown out on the floor. A snuff-box being placed, with a penny outside it, the penny was placed inside the box. A paper of snuff was placed near the box, and the spirit was requested to empty it into the box without letting a grain fall. This experiment was tried inversely with the same result, and repeated ten times. Action of a stick outside the child's bed was watched, and the stick obeyed the volition of the recorder by moving to and fro. A knot was tied in ribbon outside the mechanical influence of the child. If some of these experiments remind us a little of those recounted by Zöllner, we are glad to see them repeated with other mediumship than that of Slade. M. Fauvety gives his idea of the events which led Littré, the great French positivist, to acknowledge on his deathbed the existence of other forces than those capable of analysis according to material laws. With him at evening-time there was light.

“MESSENGER” (OF LIEGE).

(July 1, 15.)

This continues the history of the Buddha Sakyamouni. The materialist school had pretended that Mokcha or Nirvana was the entire destruction of the body and the soul, that is to say, a dogma of negation opposed to the dogma of immortality. Such an hypothesis has against it not only all the texts, all the symbolic representations of Nirvana in the scriptures found in the most ancient pagodas, and in the bas-reliefs of the sacred chariots, but is even repugnant to common-sense. How can we imagine that the four or five hundred millions of worshippers of Buddha or of Brahma do not offer prayers and sacrifices to their deity; that the yogis and fakirs only impose

on themselves the most severe privations, and the most frightful suffering to obtain total annihilation. If everything is but material, if these men do not believe in immortality, they have only to let their lives peaceably become extinct, when they will arrive certainly at this final annihilation, without the need of undergoing any suffering whatever. The news in the *Messenger* is not good. We see a long quotation from the "*Revue Britannique*" about Mr. W. I. Bishop. We do not know whether this paper is in any English press directory. At least, we have not yet found it. We note the fact, new to us, that a new spiritual paper is published at Palma, in Spain, termed the *Spiritismo*. The conductors of the *Messenger* have had the bad taste to republish the extraordinary lines of Victor Hugo, commencing "*Il sied de ressembler aux dieux*," on which we can only remark that a false quantity is given to the Arabic word *ulema*. An instance is given of the appearance of figures and letters on the left cheek of Madame Marcil de St. Jean Baptiste, in Canada. The letters do not appear to have any possible signification, but the case should be watched by physiologists, and treated in the same manner as that of Louise Lateau. Some curious events that the editor of the *Messenger*, who has not apparently read the *procès*, thinks may be mediumistic have taken place in the diocese of Amiens. The bishop has addressed the following pastoral letter, that we textually translate:—

"Firstly, by a letter inserted in the *Semaine Religieuse* of Amiens, we have thought it our duty to warn the clergy and faithful of our diocese about the strange facts that have been observed at Gouy l' hôpital.

"After authentic accounts that have been successively and faithfully given to us, we have been able to understand these pretended miracles, apparitions, and prophecies that have made the most holy Virgin play an unworthy and absurd part.

"But in all these vulgar rhapsodies, full of incoherencies and of contradictions, of theological errors and of flagrant imbecilities, with which also are mixed political passions, we are not able to recognise more than miserable juggling tricks, or insane hallucinations, if the two do not occur at the same time.

"We hope that the common sense of the public will do speedy justice. But, at times troubled like our own, the credulity of the simple and the love of the marvellous are too easily attached to everything that appears extraordinary, and speculators will not fail to profit by them. Already we see that many pamphlets on the wonders of Gouy l' hôpital have

been printed for the sole advantage of the bookshops and the publishers.

"We must again afresh warn those in our diocese against the exceedingly real evil which these insensate dreams may produce to religion, and note that impiety has made them consistent and responsible. We forbid the clergy and the faithful to take any part in the ridiculous assemblages and revelations at Gouy, and in all this illicit worship, that is equally condemned by the laws of God and those of man.

(Signed) "+ AIMÉ VICTOR FRANCIS,
"Amiens, 20th May, 1881. *Bishop of Amiens.*"

If a similar bold bishop had acted in the diocese of Tournay, Christianity might have been spared the scandal of the proceedings at what has been called (by those who can laugh) the "comedy of Bois d' Haine." It can scarcely be said, after this, that (at least in the diocese of Amiens) "lying miracles" are encouraged.

"HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

(May, 1881.)

The *Harbinger* is useful, as it tells us of the existence of another Spiritualistic monthly paper, published at Portland, Oregon. We also have a series of articles on the works of J. M. Peebles, "The Way Marks of a Pilgrim." We are told that Dr. Beard, the celebrated opponent of clairvoyance and Spiritualism, has lately altered his opinions with regard to the former. The lady medium who converted him is described as Mrs. Julia Carpenter, "wife of the famous psychologist." It is hardly necessary to say that this is not the wife of Dr. W. B. Carpenter late of the University of London. The Melbourne paper appears to be in direct communication with the authorities of the Buddhist schools, founded by the Theosophical Society in Ceylon, and to recognise with a willing pen the services of the Mahomedan religion in civilising the negroes of Africa to an appreciable extent by its rays of light, diffused through the medium of the intelligent Moslem missionaries on the West Coast. The Antipodes produces a very good newspaper, which reflects the knowledge of America and India, as well as Europe.

"MIND AND MATTER."

This enters as usual into the vindication of mediums, and a very large portion of it is devoted to the justification of Mr. France, who appears to have drawn blank manifestations with Colonel Bundy. Whether Mr. France is or not a genuine medium, of course we are not prepared to say, but it may be

noted that he is said to have submitted in Colonel Bundy's own house, to such fraud-proof conditions as the ingenuity of the detectors could devise. Subsequently a paragraph was published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* stating that Mr. France was "a medium." A vehement attack on Mr. C. A. Simpson, who had described the result of three séances with Dr. Slade, follows. The point of Simpson's insinuation against Dr. Slade was that the slate was occasionally under the table, and it is suggested that it contained previously prepared writing. Such an accusation is of course met by the testimony of the numerous persons who allege that the slates they brought to Slade were perfectly clean and devoid of writing. *Mind and Matter* cannot answer Mr. Simpson, nor any one else, without devoting more space than is usual in these sort of prints to personal attacks. It appears that Col. Bundy is sick; also that he has a wife. Wherefore column after column of this paper are filled up with attacks upon persons of whom we may safely say that the world never before heard. A record is given of some manifestations through Mrs. Elsie Crindle, who does not sit in a dark cabinet, but behind a curtain. Sixteen various forms, all but one females, are said to have shown themselves in a full light. None of them bore any resemblance whatever to the medium, and most identified themselves by speaking their names, or the names of those for whom they came. The observer (whose name is not appended) says that he saw one of these materialised and speaking spirits pass to the medium, and in an instant disappear, as if absorbed in the medium's person. He was enabled to see this, by reason of the curtain being left sufficiently open by the retreating spirit, and the light behind the curtain being strong enough to see distinctly what took place. The idea of test-conditions seems to have been rather loosely entertained at a séance with Mr. Rothermel at Brooklyn, when certain handkerchiefs were tied round the thighs of the medium, "and then some strong tape sewed fast to the corners, and tied fast and tight around his wrists, and the upper ends sewed fast together." What is the good of such a test as this, unless it is definitely stated to what the tapes were 'sewn? *Mind and Matter* flies at high game. One of its articles tells us how "Apollonius of Tyana, the Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul, and John the Revelator of the Christian Scriptures, return to earth as spirits, and explain the mysteries that have concealed the theological creed and deception of the Christian hierarchy." We cannot quite make out the identity of some of these individuals. We would rather take the first and note that the revelation of Apollonius

of Tyana does not quite agree with the common biographical dictionaries. Aristippus, the Greek philosopher, appears to address us in the purest Americanese; and Vespasian (who, we are informed, was the tenth Roman Emperor) gives a revelation that in the main is found to tally with the one in Josephus. After such company as this, Brunehild (Queen of the Visigoths, if there ever was such a person, and if her name could have been Brunehild) contribute their share of information. To persons who have seriously read of these persons this sort of communication is of very little value.

“BANNER OF LIGHT.”

The *Banner of Light* continues to exist in America. A large portion of its space is filled with medical theories, and with advertisements of a character that we do not see in all English prints. We, however, see in this paper an originality that it does not share with any other journal, and that few other journals would wish to share with it. One of the passages in the *Banner of Light's* leading article deserves notice. We are told (June 18th, 1881) “the German Philosopher, Fichte, who is also a Spiritualist, remarks that,” etc. Here a confusion seems to have existed between Johann Gottlieb Fichte, the celebrated philosopher, born May 19th, 1762, who died on January 28th, 1814, and Immanuel Hermann Fichte, born 18th July, 1797, and who died 8th August, 1879. It was the elder who was the philosopher, and the younger who was the Spiritualist. They were father and son, yet the philosophy of both essentially differed. The editor, while admitting that I. H. Fichte was the son of *the* Fichte, yet speaks of him in the present tense, as if he were a living man. A large portion of the *Banner* is occupied by communications that are alleged to proceed from Spirits, and who give their names and last addresses. Some of these communications are identified by writers of letters (also appending their names and addresses) who declare that the persons named are real and not imaginary individuals. We may not be able to appreciate the inestimable value of this part of the *Banner* on the theory that the letters are genuine, and the most careful investigation may be necessary before the identity may be considered as proved. This feature in the *Banner of Light* has been progressing for many years, and the writers who manage to speak in the easily recognizable language of the deceased persons (in whom we observe a considerable variety of style) are at least entitled to the palm of assiduity and industry. The *Banner of Light* is however,

not free from the personalities that affect all American journals, and that appear to be more prominent in the Spiritualist ones than in ordinary literature. We would be glad to see a tone adopted in these newspapers less personal, and more in imitation of the newspapers that are issued in Germany, Belgium, and France. The English papers may be dull, but rarely are so vehement as the *Banner of Light* and its contemporaries.

“PSYCHISCHE STUDIEN.”

(July, 1881.)

This is occupied by a very careful epitome of the phenomena observed in the presence of Molly Fanchon, the fasting girl of Brooklyn, from the pen of Mr. J. C. E. West, and gives a number of physiological experiments with her, that may be of value. The account was originally published in the *Buffalo Courier* for 1878. Some new facts with regard to the magnetic hypnotic states are given by Dr. Plesnicar, who appears to have arrived at different results, or at least to have followed a different method to that of Baron Du Potet, whose recent death we may note. Dr. G. v. Langsdorff contributes a paper, “What can any one learn from mediums,” wherein the questions of their knowledge, their accuracy, and their morality are discussed from a point of view that is alike temperate and liberal. Baron Von Hellenbach continues his experiences of Mr. W. Eglinton in Vienna. The proceedings of the Spirit Society in Buda Pesth are chronicled carefully by M. Adolf Grünhart. Herr Hugo Gottschalck gives a translation of one of Longfellow's poems on “Haunted Houses.” Harry Bastian seems to be giving some mediumistic séances in Vienna, and the Baron Von Hellenbach contrasts him with Miss Espérance, whose flower manifestations have been often recorded. It is the conclusion of Baron Von Hellenbach that such phenomena are entirely beyond the limits of the *repertoire* of the professional conjuror, with whose performances they exhibit no analogy. A very good book by Professor W. Preyer on the history of Hypnotism, appears to have been published at Berlin, wherein the phenomena produced by the administration of anæsthetics are contrasted with those observable in the hypnotic or braïdic state. *Psychische Studien* always represents the higher tone of the German metaphysical mind, and the manner wherein the subject is considered may be advantageously imitated in England. It is a model psychological magazine, and well worthy of the high reputation of Professor Aksakof who is perhaps one of the most thoughtful spiritualists of the Continent.

K A R M A.

BY CHARLES CARLETON MASSEY.

IN a book well known to many readers of this *Review*, there is a clear and concise exposition of the idea of moral sequence in contrast with popular Christian beliefs as to the nature of sin and the condition of man after physical dissolution.* It is given to us by the author in a summary of spirit teaching, though we may be quite content to regard it as representing the advanced intelligence of Spiritualists. To the same effect is a passage in Mr. John Stuart Mill's essay on Theism, which is not too long to quote.

"Nothing can be more opposed to every estimate we can form of probability than the common idea of a future life as a state of rewards and punishments, in any other sense than that the consequences of our actions upon our own character and susceptibilities will follow us in the future as they have done in the past and present. Whatever be the probabilities of a future life, all the probabilities *in case of* a future life are that such as we have been made or have made ourselves before the change, such we shall enter into the life hereafter; and that the fact of death will make no sudden break in our spiritual life, nor influence our character any otherwise than as any important change in our mode of existence may always be expected to modify it."

The moral continuity here anticipated in connection with belief in a future life points almost necessarily to a succession of states with appropriate relations and surroundings analogous to those which constitute our world for us. We are here now, because the place suits us; and re-incarnationists may argue with some force that we shall continue to be here, in different personalities or embodiments, as long as it continues to suit us. The ancient, and in the East still universally diffused belief in transmigration rests entirely on the principle of moral causation. The re-births (which are not confined to this world) are directly caused by the moral state of the individual at physical dissolution. The modern Spiritualist of the school which rejects Re-incarnation minimises the effects of this event, and insists that the whole personality of the individual—all that made him the Smith or Jones of our acquaintance—remains exactly as it was before. Indian philosophy has a far more subtle conception of what constitutes identity,

* *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism.* By M. A. (Oxon.) E. W. Allen, London, 1881.

and in Buddhism it is reduced to such a metaphysical point that to most European interpreters it has seemed imperceptible. This metaphysical point is Karma.

Karma, literally, is "doing." The author referred to at the beginning of this article has described human character as "the imperceptible growth of a life-time, the laborious aggregation of myriads of daily acts."* "All that we are," says the Buddhist Dhammapada, "is the result of what we have thought, it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts." For thoughts, imaginations, desires, are not in this philosophy merely subjective and evanescent phenomena of consciousness; they weave the subtle structure which determines the character in this life and originates it in the next. And however we may disclaim materialism, we have not emancipated ourselves from its intellectual defects till we can see in human thought an efficient cause, and recognise resulting states as not less real than the physical organism itself. Modern physiology indeed knows, or conjectures with extreme probability, that to every mental activity there is a corresponding modification of the brain. Upon this fact the distinguished scientific authors of "The Unseen Universe," dealing with the supposition of a spiritual body, found the following speculation:—

"Now each thought that we think is accompanied by certain molecular motions and displacements in the brain, and part of these, let us allow, may be stored up in that organ so as to produce what may be termed our material or physical memory. Other parts of these motions are, however, communicated to the spiritual or invisible body, and are there stored up, forming a memory which may be made use of when that body is free to exercise its functions."

Now, if the student of Buddhism were permitted to regard Karma as the formative principle, or the resultant state of such a spiritual or ethereal vehicle of transmigration, if indeed that system recognised soul at all as a specific individualised entity, there would be here no difficulty. In common with every other school of Spiritualism, ancient and modern, the older Indian philosophy of Kapila teaches the existence of a subtle body—called by it *Linga S'arira*—the receptacle and prison of the unemancipated soul at the dissolution of the gross body, or terrestrial envelope. And we might quote from "Cudworth's Intellectual System," and other sources, an array of venerable authorities whose consentient testimony is to the effect that this interior, fluidic body, which is liberated at the change we call death, has a density and durability inversely proportioned

* *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism*, p. 88.

to the spirituality of the past life. Has the man been gross and sensual? is he earth-bound by nature and desires?—then will the material properties of the fluidic body be the more predominant, so that under certain conditions it may be even perceptible by our ordinary sight—rarely by any other sense—and may haunt certain localities for centuries, making its presence occasionally known in the phenomena familiar to us by innumerable recitals. To more innocent lives, a corporeal vehicle of greater tenuity is appropriate; it can be elevated to another sphere of existence, or according to the modern reincarnationist, and older Indian transmigration schools, it can with the soul re-enter the earth-life, where in a new career it determines the connate propensities of the re-born individual. The most prevalent opinion is that the soul-body is etherealised in successive spheres of ascent. Nearly all the Platonists held the true spiritual body—the *augoeides*—to be specifically distinct from the semi-material vehicle of the soul, and not merely a sublimation of it. The latter, therefore, must be completely dissipated before the disengagement, the glorious freedom and ascent of the “self-shining one” could be effected. The fluidic body of the soul has always been regarded as expressing and conserving a material nature or disposition. Its greater or less etherealisation was according to the degree of spiritual purity which had been attained. In Buddhism, however, if we must implicitly trust translators and interpreters of the Pali texts, no such medium for transmigration is admitted, nor even any *atma* (soul) independent of the perishable *Skandhas*, or congeries of organised elements. Yet multiplicity of birth is asserted, each determined by the Karma of a previous life, and the supreme attraction of Nirvana is exemption from this cycle of existences. What, then, constitutes identity, what is the individual, what is Karma?

It is admitted on all sides in the Buddhist controversy that the apparently new personality is derivative from the Karma, that is, the organised quality, the nett physical result, the acquired nature, as it were, of a personality apparently extinct. What causes the birth of the individual thus specifically qualified by an old Karma is Upadana—“cleaving to existence.” But whose Upadana? If that of the old individual, he cannot properly be said to become extinct when he succeeds in transferring to a new consciousness just that which, apart from organism, is most decidedly himself. If, on the other hand, we must seek this Upadana in a deeper principle, one which is neither the old consciousness nor the new, but the formative agency in both by means of Karma, then we have a true *atma*, though subsisting indifferently in and through many

successive individual manifestations. Taking Mr. Rhy Davids* (though he is by no means singular in his views) as the representative of the nihilistic school of interpreters, we have what he himself admits to be an incomprehensible mystery, and what others may call an utterly nonsensical one. According to this account, there is no individual identity whatever, but a wholly new being, characterised and conditioned by another life, a life not physically generative of its successor, and connected with it by no natural continuity, but by a perfectly arbitrary link, by a perfectly unexplained sequence. The difficulty apparently arises from the fact that in Buddhism, Karma, which is the only true differentia of individuality, has no substratum, like the *linga s'arira*, to carry it from one personal existence to another. The mind seeks something to grasp, something which is not purely ideal, when encountering questions of generation. It is certain that in the Skandhas we have an exhaustive catalogue of all which in union constitutes conscious existence, and the Skandhas are dispersed at death. Nevertheless there issues a new basis of conscious individuality: the conscious Jones or Smith is gone altogether. What, then, is left for the principle of individuality, for the energy of its revival as a new person?

Are we near the solution if we suggest that the unsubstantial entity of Karma is *moral force*? True, we do not know *what* force is, but we know *that* it is—it is a *vera causa*; and it is unsubstantial. If we conceive individual character as a specific moral force, we shall see that the loss of every material medium of its manifestation could not result in its own dissipation or conversion. Only on the materialistic hypothesis that moral force is a mode of physical force could this happen. The generic moral force in Buddhism is Desire, *i.e.*, Upadana, cleaving to existence, or Trishna, thirst. Karma is this force specialised as individual propensity or character. Karma is pure force divested of consciousness and every sort of embodiment. We are familiar with the conceptions of automatic tendency, organic habits. These are for the most part aptitudes for actions, originally voluntary, but by repetition become spontaneous. Character is said to be formed when the moral and intellectual propensities have acquired this sort of organic spontaneity. If we consider these associated tendencies as independent of consciousness for their unity, and of an external organism for their subsistence, we have the idea of Karma as the formative force of a new sentient being. The formed

* *Buddhism*. By T. W. Rhy Davids. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1880.

character of the old individual organises itself as natural character in the new individual—if, indeed, they are two and not the same. We may also designate the individual character thus perpetuated by Swedenborg's favourite phrase, the Ruling Love, which he describes as the essence of the will. The student of Böhme will not fail to notice the derivation from the more abstract and indeterminate Desire (*Trishna*, *thirst*, and *Upadana*, cleaving, attraction, etc.) through Karma, Will, the totality of individualised, specific, desire or propensity, into sentience and substantiality.

Does Karma satisfy the demand for individual permanence through all the changes of embodied personality? *Conscious* identity is certainly abandoned in this as in all transmigration or re-incarnation systems, at least until such a state is attained that the true being can review its successive personalities as so many illusions, which have hitherto obscured its right self-consciousness. In Karma, the transmissible Karma, we have what we *are*,—the nett result—stripped of the illusion of personality. We have evolved a moral force, which for all reproductive purposes is ourselves. But in Indian philosophy—for Buddhism, as a derivative system, accepts from older sources all that it does not obviously disclaim—Soul is one and unchangeable. Personality is not its manifestation but its disguise. If we seek its supreme and still identity in the agitations of our apparent self, we shall not find it, and it will not save us. It is not soul which makes us say "I" and "mine." To the converted, says Gautama, these terms do not occur. "Neither I am, nor is aught mine, nor do I exist," says Kapila. Say all these sages, would you know true Being in its impersonal independence of time and objective relations? Then must you cease from craving for what is manifested in time and is dispersed by time, above all for a Self immersed in time. Identify yourself with Being. Disclaim your temporal personality. Say to its desires and passions, Ye are not of me. Persevere thus, dissipating the illusion by meditation, by incessant self-restraint. By and by, the heretofore cherished personality will shrink and wither away before your eyes. And if you succeed in eradicating Desire—the attraction which carries you out of Being and objectifies you as a "person," you will arrest the production of Karma, and with the dissolution of your present organism you will escape from apparent existence altogether. That is through "Moksha"—deliverance from bonds—to attain Nirvana, the impersonal immortality.

If we can see in individual character, surviving and transmitted, an essential identity, it is also apparent how this can

receive a new possibility of solution and conversion by re-embodiment. When a man dies, he is what he has made himself. His character has become fixed and hardened. Only by effort or assistance almost superhuman, and rarely experienced after maturity is past, can he solve and disintegrate this active, conscious nature, reforming it into a higher moral type. He has got into a fatalistic stage. And what is the medium of this fatality? The physical memory. The indulged desires and propensities have transcended their original character as spontaneous impulse. Raised by the imagination to the voluntary rank, the simple tendencies of nature have been adopted, elaborated, and confirmed as habit by the will. "The spontaneous life," says Dr. Caird,* "dies the moment I begin to *think* it. Confronted with self-consciousness, the natural tendencies lose their simplicity and innocence. If they continue still to dominate my nature, they assume the new and more complex character of conscious self-indulgence. They draw down into them, so to speak, a kind of illegitimate universality, and in the strife with reason become armed with a force stolen from the power with which they are at war." But the man dies, and if reborn, it is without the old physical memory, without therefore the ready-made imagination and conscious will to evil. The propensities are, it is true, indefinitely strengthened, but they have sunk back from the voluntary into the spontaneous stage. Reason is freed from their bondage and may reassert its mastery. Actual sin has returned to the latent condition of original sin. The man is a child again, restored to the potentialities of conquest. If not a new soul, he has at least one which is renewed, cleansed from the actual will to defilement. In this respect there is a clear gain in conceiving death as a break in the continuity of consciousness.

The indestructibility of moral force is thus the characteristic idea of Karma. Moral force, good or evil, or good and evil in association, specialised as character, is transmitted from one embodiment to another, and is the individuality of both. But while that exhausts the conception of individuality, it does not comprise the whole being of the individual. *For his individuality is not his being.* To say I have, or am, an immortal soul is Avidya—ignorance. Soul, though in all and above all, is individualised in none. It makes its presence known to us, and it is what, while under the illusion of personality, we mistake for an imperishable principle of the latter. To appro-

* *Philosophy of Religion*, pp. 270 et seq. The pages in which this idea is drawn out are of surpassing subtlety and power.

priate soul to personality is in Buddhism a capital heresy. To lose personality in soul is its central teaching.

But the persistence of moral force as character is a very inadequate representation of the conception of Karma. It is as merit and demerit establishing moral justice in the world by their own mere self-acting efficacy, that Karma is most popularly conceived. It is exhibited as a strictly causative principle, redeeming even external nature in its relation to sentient beings, from its apparent lifelessness and immorality. Action has a mysterious vitality, and lives in its results. Karma, says the Buddhist, must work itself out, not because of any arbitrary irreversible decree, but because good or evil in action, word, or thought is seed which must ripen sooner or later as surely as the world supplies conditions of germination. "Even an evil-doer sees happiness as long as his evil deed has not ripened; but when his evil deed has ripened, then the evil-doer sees evil." "Even a good man sees evil days as long as his good deed has not ripened; but when his good deed has ripened, then does the good man see happy days."—*Dhammapada*.

Man's lot in life is not, according to this belief, the result either of chance, or of external necessity, or of divine justice appointing punishment and reward. Between ourselves and our fortune or circumstances there is no accidental relation. I have myself, in this life or in a former one, put forth into the world a seed of good or evil. During all the time of its growth, unknown to me it has yet belonged to me. At its maturity it comes home to me (as curses are said to come home to roost) in beneficent or malignant reaction. No deed is ever lost; it has the life of its purpose, the personality of its doer. For this fatal power of action over the doer is not merely external. The seed sown has its counterpart in the sower, as latent modification of his own state. Between the physical outbirth and the moral deposit there is magnetic attraction. Thus the physical evil of the world is drawn to the moral evil of the man who originated it. True it is we cannot trace the causation as determined sequence in particulars without recourse to an extrinsic will or law; a divine retributive appointment which Buddhism does not recognise. We cannot trace it: but it would be rash to assume that the infinitely subtle mechanism of moral order does not comprehend relations which seem most external to it. The moral government of the world thus figured in the effects of Karma represents an equivalence or correspondence between the sum of physical and moral good or evil. Strange paradox! It is an assault upon the stronghold of Pessimism by a system

which regards existence itself—that is, objective existence (Ex-istence, being gone out of itself)—as the greatest and the whole of evil. The blind and irresponsible forces of nature, the merciless “environment” which knows no merit but “adaptation,” are converted into moral agencies, holding the scales of justice with unerring hands. The innocent never suffer! Man only can do wrong. And even he can do injustice only in intention. It is the unpunished robber of a previous existence that he robs, or as unjust judge condemns for a robbery not done. A new evil Karma is started, but an old one is discharged. And a Karma is sometimes so long in ripening, that a being who is enjoying the matured fruit of great merit in one of the heavens may be eventually drawn down to earth again by the invincible attraction of an old unpaid account. For the Buddhist heavens (of which there are many, the higher ones being states of unembodied consciousness) are not places or conditions of final beatitude and repose. That condition can be reached only by complete eradication of desire, when Ignorance (Avidya) ceases, and with it the illusion of individuality.

Such a scheme of natural retribution, unverified and unverifiable, will be regarded as belonging only to the class of hypothetical curiosities. Given the fact of transmigration, and it is easy enough to imagine correspondence between merit and requital. As Mr. Rhys Davids observes, “The explanation can always be exact, for it is scarcely more than a repetition of the point to be explained; it may always fit the facts, for it is derived from them; and it cannot be disproved, for it lies in a sphere beyond the reach of human inquiry.”* Nevertheless, when this is admitted, we are free to admire the conception as an ingenious attempt to assert for justice a strictly scientific validity; for it must be remembered that Buddhism recognises no Providential government. Nor is transmigration for the sake of retribution. It is Karma as attractive desire organised in the individual, not as merit or demerit, that causes re-birth; and that determines the character and propensities of the re-born or derivative individual, but not his external fortune in life. It is the fruitage of actions, a mysterious maturity they acquire after projection into the outer world, that according to a still more mysterious order comes back to their author as retribution. To what speciality of thought, in a non-Providential system, does *this* conception belong? If to the mere tendency of the mind to say “this is so, because it *ought* to be,” we might dismiss it as a moral

* *Buddhism*, p. 100.

fiction, and, in Buddhism, one especially illogical. On the other hand, we cannot deny its possible derivation from a subtle conception of causality, tracing actions to their most remote results, marking their transformations through all the phases of physical and moral good and evil in the world, and identifying them in their ultimates with their author. To a yet higher discernment might belong the discovery of a subsisting relation between the personal cause and the effect, and of a reactive tendency in the latter. Nor are we without a vague, yet suggestive, clue in the semi-personal agencies which Occultism so boldly avers. To quote from a book which has recently attracted some attention, "We see a vast difference," says one of an Adept fraternity in India, writing to the author, "between the two qualities of two equal amounts of energy expended by two men, of whom one, let us suppose, is on his way to his daily quiet work, and another on his way to denounce a fellow-creature at the police-station, while the men of science see none; and we, not they, see a specific difference between the energy in the motion of the wind and that of a revolving wheel. And why? Because every thought of man upon being evolved passes into the inner world, and becomes an active energy by associating itself, coalescing we might term it, with an elemental—that is to say, with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the kingdoms. It survives as an active intelligence—a creature of the mind's begetting—for a longer or shorter period proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action that generated it. Thus a good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a maleficent demon."* If that is the case with thought, how must it be with thought ultimated in action?

Whether it originates in profound discernment or extravagant fancy, the belief in retributive Karma is a moral influence of acknowledged power. Of all the doctrines of Buddhism it is, says Mr. Rhys Davids, "the one which has been most universally accepted, and has had the greatest practical effect on the lives of its believers." Nor, indeed, can the moral importance of such a conception be easily overrated. If, for example, every angry thought or impulse was followed by the sudden apparition of a viper on the ground before us, all our passions, cupidities, and vanities being similarly embodied in corresponding visible forms, we should thus obtain a sensuous representation of moral causation, yet one not comparable for restraining efficacy to a thorough belief in Karma. To our toads and scorpions we should soon get accustomed. With

* *The Occult World*. By A. P. Sinnett. Trübner, 1881, p. 181.

the conception of an organic process, fatally determinative, in and beyond ourselves, the case is very different. And between this conception, explicable as a cause not less certain in its operation than chemical or mechanical agencies, and current notions of moral responsibility as amenability to justice largely tempered with mercy, there is an interval hardly measurable in regard to practical influence. The comparison need not be pursued; but we may conclude as we began, by calling attention to progressive ideas in our own country, whereby many have come to recognise in moral causation the sole and inexorable determinant of individual states hereafter.

SPIRITUALISM AMONGST SAVAGE TRIBES.

INTERCOURSE WITH SPIRITS AND MAGIC AMONGST THE KURNAI OF AUSTRALIA.

"No armour protects against magic, for it injures the inward spirit of Life."—*Paracelsus*.

"*The savage is to ages what the child is to years*," was observed by Shelley in the beginning of the century. Towards its close—when the savage races, wheresoever the white man has planted the feet of his civilisation, are dwindling into faint shadows of their former being—Science, become cognisant, in her turn, of what Poetry—ever prophetic—had been the first to recognise, has with enthusiasm and zeal begun to gather together as facts of deep importance, all that concerns this child of the ages. It has occurred to the man of science, that possibly through the study of the traditions, the customs, the modes of thought of the savage, a light may be obtained whereby to illumine the hitherto impenetrable and dark mystery of the early condition of the human races and the origin of civilisation—that possibly, by the light thus obtained, humanity, so to speak, may yet be beheld amongst us, cradled in its very earliest condition of being.

An important contribution to the sciences of Ethnology and Anthropology has been made in a work published by Messrs. Macmillan and written by the Rev. Lorimer Fison, M.A., and Mr. Alfred W. Howitt, F.G.S. It is entitled "*Kamalaroi and Kurnai*," and is prefaced by an introductory essay from the pen of the learned author of "*Ancient Society*," Dr. Lewis H. Morgan. The main object in this curious work is to demonstrate the existence of singular laws of marriage and descent amongst the aborigines of the Australian continent, the existence of which leads to important conclusions and throws new light upon the probable social condition of mankind in primeval times.

It is not, however, to the portions of the work devoted to the consideration of the marriage-laws that we would here draw the attention of the readers of the *Psychological Review*, but to certain valuable information regarding the practice of magic, and the existence of customs and ceremonies based upon intercourse with the world of Spirits, as discovered still in force—or just expiring—amongst the Kurnai, the tribe of aborigines inhabiting Gippsland.

Mr. Alfred Howitt, son of William and Mary Howitt, may be remembered perhaps by some of our readers as having, in 1859, been the successful leader of the expedition sent out by the Royal Society of Victoria in search of the missing explorers Burke and Wills. He was engaged also in other arduous explorations in Australia, and has for some years been a police magistrate in North Gippsland. He thus has enjoyed exceptional opportunities for the study of savage-life. His essays on the "Kurnai" in the present volume are the result of many years' labour in the careful noting down of facts which he has himself witnessed, and of conversations which he has held with the natives. Especially from a native named Tulaba did Mr. Howitt obtain valuable information regarding the ancient customs of the tribe—some facts dying out and which, handed down through the elders of both sexes, collectively formed an "unwritten law" of great force.

The narrative commences with the birth and education of the young Kurnai, and conducting him through his varied experiences to the grave—everywhere do we catch glimpses of belief in the surrounding influences of the Spirit-world. "Kurnai," be it observed, signifies "men," men *par excellence*; other tribes to him are "wild men," "barbarians" in short. To this Kurnai-man (as indeed the Spiritualist believes to *all men*) the spirits of his ancestors, his enemies, are ever near at hand, for blessing or for ban. It is when we arrive at the section treating of the customs attendant on the burial of the dead that we come to the most salient facts of his belief in spirit-intercourse.

What Spiritualist, having made use of the modern European inventions of the "Planchette" and the "Indicator," although he probably may have read of the *basket Planchette* of the Chinese which writes its spirit-given message in a plane of rice-grains or of sand, will have surmised its weird kinship at the antipodes with

THE SPEAKING HAND.

"The most remarkable custom in connection with the dead was that of the 'Brett,' or hand. Soon after death the hand or both the hands were cut off, wrapped in grass and dried.

A string of twisted opossum hair was attached, so that it could be hung round the neck and worn in contact with the bare skin under the left arm. It was carried by the parent or child, brother or sister. The belief of the Kurnai was, and even, I think, still in many cases is, that such a hand on the approach of an enemy would pinch or push the wearer. The signal being given, the hand would be taken from the neck and suspended in front of the face, the string being held between the fingers and thumb. The person would say—"Which way are they coming?" If the hand remained at rest, the question would be again put, but now facing another point of the horizon, and so on. The response was by the hand vibrating in some direction, and it was thence that the danger was supposed to be approaching. My informants tell me that the vibrations were often so violent that the hand would almost 'come over on to the holder.'" In a note Mr. Howitt tells us that in one case of addressing the hand the formula used was—"Speak! Where are they? or I will throw you to the wild dogs!"

Here is the Kurnai's experience with

MRARTS, OR GHOSTS.

"The deceased was supposed by the Kurnai to pass to the clouds as a spirit. But he did not necessarily remain there, for male and female spirits are also believed to wander about in the country which they inhabited in the flesh, and may be properly spoken of as ghosts. They are believed to be able still to communicate with the living, through persons whom they have initiated into the secrets of spirit-land: of these people called *Birraanks* I shall speak more fully later. They are also believed to occasionally communicate with their descendants in dreams. These 'ghosts' may be said to be the ancestors of those with whom they communicate, and to be, therefore, well disposed to them; but there are others, 'ghosts' which are believed to be evil-disposed, which are thought to prowling about, and to endeavour to capture the Kurnai, and we may well regard those as representing the deceased enemies who in the flesh also prowled about intent on evil."

The ancestral ghosts of these aborigines await with evident interest and affection the arrival of friends from earth, in much the same manner as we have reason to believe the spirits of the more civilised races are in the habit of doing—witness the following narrative:—

"Mr. C. J. Du Vè, a gentleman of much experience with the aborigines, tells me," writes the author, "that in the year 1860, a Maneroo black-fellow died. When living with him the day

before he died, having been ill some time, he said that in the night, his father, his father's friend, and a female spirit he could not recognise, had come to him, and said he would die next day, and that they would wait for him. Mr. Du Vè adds that, although previously the Christian belief had been explained to this man, it had at that time entirely faded, and that he had gone back to the belief of his childhood." In a note Mr. Fison remarks—"I could give many similar instances which have come within my own knowledge among the Fijians; and strange to say, the dying man in all these cases kept his appointment with the ghosts to the very day."

As an instance of the extraordinary physical powers possessed by "Mrarts" or ghosts, Mr. Howitt relates as follows:—"A Tatūngolūng man related to me that, when a child, sleeping in the camp with his parents, he was woke by the outcries of his father, and, starting up, found him partly out of the camp on his back kicking, while his wife clutched him fast by the shoulders and the 'Marat' vanished."

"These ghosts appear to visit their friends during sleep and communicate charms (in the form of songs) against sickness and other evils." Tūlaha stated that if he could remember all his father teaches him in sleep, he should be a *mulla mullung*, or doctor. One charm which he has thus learned, and which the author had heard him use to cure pain in the chest, by singing monotonously over the sick person—translated runs thus—"I believe *Brewin* (evil-spirit) has hooked me with the eye of his throwing-stick." (The throwing-stick is supposed to have magical properties.)

"A Kurnai man told me," pursues the author, "that when gathering wild cattle for a settler near the Mitchell River, he dreamed one night that two 'Mrarts' (ghosts) were standing by his fire. They were about to speak to him, or he to them, when he woke. They had vanished, but on looking at the spot where they stood he perceived a 'Būlk' which he kept and valued much." The 'Būlk' seems to play an important part in the magic ceremonies of this tribe. We are told that "there is scarcely a Kurnai of those who are not christianised who does not carry about with him a 'būlk'—a rounded pebble, generally black. It is believed that a 'būlk' has the power of motion. It is supposed to be of general magic powers. The touch of it is supposed to be highly injurious to any one but the owner. "I have seen girls or women greatly terrified," says Mr. Howitt, "when I have offered to place one of these 'būlks' in their hands. From all this we may infer," he continues, "the belief to be that some secret influence passes from the magic substance to the victims. But the

belief extends beyond this: the magic influence may, they suppose, be communicated from the magic substance to some other substance, for instance, a throwing-stick, a spear, a club, or any other weapon. Charley Rivers, a Tatungolung, once explained to me how he got a wound on his hand which would not heal, and how he was cured of it. Some Melbourne black-fellow had put some substance like 'bŭlk' in a bag containing a club of Charley Rivers. Being drunk the latter wanted to chastise his wife, but in flourishing his club hit his own hand and cut it open. The magic from the Brajerak bŭlk had gone into the club, and thence went into anything it hit. His wound became so bad that the English doctors could not cure it. One of the Kurnai, who was a very strong *mulla mullung*, cured it by singing over it and sucking it. He extracted the bŭlk from the wound in the shape of something which looked exactly like a glass marble."

"Rheumatism is believed to be produced by the machination of some enemy. Seeing a Tatungolung very lame, I asked him what was the matter. He said—'some fellow have put *bottle* in my foot.' I asked him to let me see it. I found he was probably suffering from acute rheumatism. He explained that some enemy must have found his foot-track, and have buried in it a piece of broken bottle. The magic influence, he believed, caused it to enter his foot. When at Cooper's Creek in search of Burke's party, we were followed one day by a large number of black-fellows, who were much interested in looking at and measuring the footprints of the horses and camels. My black boy, from the Darling River, rode up to me, with utmost alarm exhibited in his face, and exclaimed, 'Look at those wild black-fellows!' I said, 'Well, they are all right!' He replied, 'I am sure those fellows are putting poison in my footstep.' Thus the belief arises that death occurs only from accident, open violence, or secret magic; and naturally that the latter can only be met by counter charms."

Regarding these counter charms Mr. Howitt has much to tell us that is highly interesting—

"But of all the magic formula whereby to destroy an enemy, the most of all to be dreaded is

BARN (OR SORCERY).

"Not only, therefore, is death in some cases attributed to the acts of a sorcerer,—who may be any man they meet—but death is also believed to occur by a combination of sorcery and violence. Such a proceeding is that known as *Barn* (named from the tree the *casuarina suberosa*, locally called the He-oak).

"Some three or four years ago, some Brabrolung Kurnai had a grudge against Būnda-wal, a Tatungolung. They determined to try *barn*. They chose a tall He-oak, lopped it to a point, drew the outline of a man (*yamboginni*—apparition) on the ground, so that the tree grew out of his chest, cleared the ground of all rubbish for some distance round,—a sort of magic circle—and were then ready. They stripped, smeared themselves with charcoal and grease, and chanted incessantly a magic charm. This went on for several days, as I am informed, but without effect. They at last decided that they 'were not strong enough.' The effect which they expected was that the victim, wherever he might be, should rise and walk to them in a trance—'like a sleep.' On entering the magic circle, the *Bunjil barn* are supposed to throw pieces of the He-oak at him. He is believed then to fall, and the magicians are supposed to cut out his tongue and send him home to die. Brūthen Munji, the 'other father' of Tūlaba, is said to have been the last victim recorded of this form of magic. Tūlaba has repeated to me his counter charm, but I cannot remember if he obtained it in a dream. There can be little doubt—given the belief in the magic powers of the individual, and in his survival as a 'ghost'—another belief would follow: namely, that those of the deceased who in life were possessed of highly magical powers, might, as ghosts, exert their evil influence upon their enemies."

BIRRAARKS, OR SPIRIT MEDIUMS.

"Unfortunately," says Mr. Howitt, "the last Birraark died long before I knew the Kurnai. He was killed in the early contests with the whites. The Kurnai tell me a Birraark was supposed to be initiated by the '*Mrarts*' (ghosts) when they met him wandering in the bush. In order that they should have power over him, he must at the time have a certain bone ornament called *gūmbert*, thin and pointed at each end, passed through the perforated septum of his nose. By this they were supposed to hold and convey him to the clouds—some say by a rope—and there initiate him. On returning to the earth he was a Birraark. It was believed that he learned from the ghosts the songs and dances which he taught the Kurnai; and it was from the ghosts that he obtained replies to questions concerning events passing at a distance, or yet to happen, which might be of interest or of moment to his tribe. One of the Tatungolung told me that he had been present at an invocation of the ghosts, which bears a strange resemblance to a modern spirit séance.

On a certain evening at dusk the Birraark commenced his

invocation. The audience were collected, and silence was kept. The fires were let go down. The Birraark uttered the cry 'Coo-ee' at intervals. At length a distant reply was heard, and shortly afterwards the sound as of persons jumping on the ground in succession. This was supposed to be the spirit Bankan, followed by the ghosts. A voice was then heard in the gloom, asking, in a strange intonation, 'What is wanted?' Questions were put by the *Birraarks*, and replies given. At the termination of the *séance*, the spirit voice said, 'We are going.' Finally, the Birraark was found on the top of an almost inaccessible tree, apparently asleep. It was alleged that the ghosts had transported him there at their departure. At this *séance* the questions put related to individuals of the group who were absent, and to the suspected movements of the hostile Brajereak. It appears that there was a Birraark to each clan; more rarely one to a division. The stories told of these men all agree."

In a note to page 253 we are informed also by the Rev. J. H. Stahle that amongst the *Gournditch-mara* of Western Victoria there are the precise analogues of the *Birraarks*. Also that the Rev. Julius Kühn, of Boorkooyanna, S.A., speaking of the Turra tribe, says:—"There were *Gürildris*; men who professed to learn *corroboree* songs and dances from departed spirits. They also professed to learn songs for the dead, which were sung to make happy the departed who were gone to another country to live for ever, but to return no more."

In the mind of the student of Psychology who studies the life of the poor Kurnai,—living his "life of dread through fear of the visible and invisible" from his earliest hour to his last—there cannot fail to arise, amongst many others, one thought pre-eminently, which has been well expressed by Mrs. E. B. Penny. This lady says:—"As to the openness of ignorant or savage people to the supersensual impressions, it has always appeared to me one of the strongest proofs of the mediumistic nature of man. So long as the mind is not fully engaged with a multiplicity of mundane excitements, people on the other side of the veil can easily reach it; but surely we are as little likely to hear the monition of a Spirit in the hurry of modern mental life, as the whisper of a friend in a densely crowded street."

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND "MIRACLES."—If, as is asserted, the "miracles" were the chief supports of Christianity in its early days, it is equally certain that they are now its main difficulty, and the primary cause of the dilemma in which the Church finds itself with relation to Modern Science.—JOHN S. FARMER.

M. RENAN, F. W. H. MYERS, AND THE MIRACULOUS.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for July contains an article by F. W. H. Myers, entitled "M. Renan and Miracles." In the first few pages the writer gives his view of the position which he conceives M. Renan is entitled to take as a historian, and then proceeds to a topic which he describes as "difficult to discuss briefly, but which cannot be passed over in silence in any serious attempt to estimate the value of M. Renan's work"—namely, "his treatment of the miraculous element in the Gospel history."

Mr. Myers points out that Renan's theory is contained in the single frank assumption "that when a story is told which includes the miraculous or the supernatural, we simply know that it is told incorrectly," and shows what an advantageous position is thus given to the sceptical historian.

Mr. Myers' line of argument in reply is elaborately worked out in the article in question. He wisely endeavours to meet it, not by controverting individual points, but by "such a careful definition of the disputed field as may reduce the conflict between science and orthodoxy from the shape which it too often assumes, of a sheer and barren contradiction, to some form in which an ultimate reconciliation may be at least conceivable." After saying, "Let us reject all *question-begging* terms—all phrases such as 'violation of the order of Nature,' or 'direct interposition of the Deity'"—the writer goes on—"let us not oppose *law* and *miracle*, for whatever abnormal phenomena have occurred, must have occurred consistently with eternal law. Let us not oppose the *natural* and the *supernatural*; for God does nothing against nature, and all that these two terms can mean is, what we expect to see in nature, and what we do not expect to see."

A comparison is then drawn between the Catholic and the Orthodox Churches on the one side, and Science on the other. Mr. Myers proceeds:—"There are transient circumstances in the position of science which dispose her at present to push to an unphilosophical extent her aversion to such forms of inquiry (*i.e.*, of abnormal phenomena). Her reluctance is natural; for the subject is beset with difficulties of a baffling and distasteful kind. The observer, like Franklin waiting for his thunderstorms, must catch his abnormal phenomena when and where he can. . . . He must often depend on accounts of witnesses who are wholly unaccustomed to observe, or who are accustomed to observe in precisely the wrong way. Like the registrar of hysterical cases, he will have to extract his history of symptoms from persons whose

whole energies are devoted to deceiving him. He will be tempted to pronounce Simon Magus the only wonder-worker who has left successes, and to retire in disgust from the task of discriminating between the shades of fraud, and systematising the stages of folly."

Speaking of the doctrine of the fixity of natural laws, Mr. Myers says:—" 'Phenomena of this (the abnormal) kind,' it is sometimes said, 'need not now be disproved, for they are disbelieved without formal disproof.' Precisely so. They are disbelieved because they are traditionally supposed to be violations of natural law, and we know now that natural laws are never violated. But this argument has a flaw in it: for until such phenomena are not only disbelieved, but weighed and sifted, we cannot tell whether they are violations of natural law or not."

Further on we come to the following exceedingly pertinent paragraph:—

"Can it be said,—or rather *would* it be said—if no polemical passion were involved, that the widely-spread accounts of apparitions seen at the moment of death, or soon after death, have been collected and scrutinised as they would have been had the testimony related to any other class of facts? Notoriously they have not been so collected and so weighed. And the reason for this is, perhaps, to be sought in a want, rather than excess of confidence felt by men of science in the strength of their own central position—the immutable regularity of the course of Nature. They have shunned all mention of such phenomena, from a vague fear that if they were established, the spiritual world would be found intruding in the material world; that, as they have sometimes naively expressed it, 'an incalculable element would be introduced which would interfere with the certainty of all experiments.' The scientific answer to this, of course, is that whatever worlds, whatever phenomena exist, are governed by rigid law, and that all elements in all problems are incalculable only till they are calculated. The true disciple of science should desire to bring all regions, however strange and remote, under her sway. They may be productive in ways which he can little imagine. Some of the outlying facts, whose production Aristotle tranquilly ascribed to 'chance and spontaneity,' have proved the corner-stones of later discovery. And the *bizarre* but obstinately recurring phenomena which thus far have been inadequately attested and incompletely disproved—which have been left as the nucleus of legend and the nidus of *charlatanerie*—may in their turn form the starting point for wider generalisations for unexpected confirmations of universal law."

We fully agree with F. W. H. Myers both that the common-sense of mankind will insist on feeling that the marvels of the New Testament history have as yet neither been explained away nor explained, and also "that it will assuredly refuse to concur with the view, often expressed both in scientific and theologic camps, according to which these marvels are after all unimportant; the spiritual context of the Gospels is everything, and religion and science alike may be glad to get rid of the miracles as soon as possible." After speaking of the blessings which Christianity has brought, the writer goes on:—"It is true, moreover, that the best men of all schools of thought are ever uniting more closely in the resolve to be practically Christian; to look on the labouring universe with this high affiance; to shape life after this pattern of self-sacrificing love, whatever the universe and life may really be—though the universe be a lonely waste of ether and atoms, and life a momentary consciousness which perishes with the brain's decay. So far will philosophy carry good and wise men. But even the best and the wisest men would prefer to rest their practical philosophy upon a basis of ascertained facts. And for the 'hard-headed artizan,' 'the sceptical inquirer,' the myriads of stubborn ones to which Christianity has a message to bring—for such men facts are everything, and philosophy without facts is a sentimental dream. They will never cease to desire actual evidence of another world which may develop the faculties, prolong the affections, redress the injustices of this. And they will feel more and more strongly, as the scientific spirit spreads, that such evidence cannot come to us conclusively either through lofty ideas generated within our own minds, or through traditions which reach us faintly through an ever-receding Past. Science rests not on intuition nor on tradition, but on patiently accumulated observations which on a sudden flash into a law."

In this paragraph Mr. Myers indicates the position which we desire to see Spiritualism take up in relation to the needs of the present day. It has been truly said that "there is but one religion in the world." The religion of "wise and good men," whether they be found in Hindooism, Judaism, or among the "Christian Mystics"; whether they be Catholic or Protestant, or whether they be outside all so-called Churches, is essentially the same. The same spirit of "self-sacrificing love" animates them all, and their faith in the realities of the unseen world is strong and unwavering. But the Gospel,—that is, the message of glad tidings—when preached to the world at large, needs to be accompanied with signs, and with teaching of a different character. The intellectual tendency

of the present day is fast destroying what remains of simple faith in the traditions of the past, and ridicules the idea of intuitive knowledge; believing only in what it calls the evidences of the senses. Spiritualism steps in, meeting science on its own ground, and restoring to mankind those glorious truths, faith in which was threatened with destruction.

Mr. Myers seems to us to treat, in a most admirable manner, in the latter part of his article, of the methods by which, and the spirit in which knowledge has been attained in the physical kingdom; and he contends that the analogy is applicable to the spiritual world. "The chemist begins with the production of foetid gases, and not of gold. The physiologist must deal with bone and cartilage before he gets to nerve and brain."

"Science, while perpetually denying an unseen world, is perpetually revealing it. Meantime we are unavoidably subject to the same illusion as our fathers. We too fancy that a great gulf surrounds our field of vision; that there must be void or mystery where we cease to see."

This is well said,—and so is the following:—

"If, then (apart from the inspirations of the individual soul), we are asked in what manner can we hope to obtain definite knowledge about spiritual things, the answer we shall be forced to give will seem, like the prophet's saying, *Wash in Jordan and be clean*, at once a disappointing platitude and a wild chimera. For we can reply only: In the same way as we have obtained definite knowledge about physical things. The things which we now call sensible or natural we have learnt by following scientific methods up to a certain point. The things which we call supra-sensible or supernatural, we shall learn by following these methods further still. But while we thus commit ourselves to science with loyal confidence, we shall call on her to assume the tone of an unquestioned monarch, rather than of a successful usurper. All phenomena are her undoubted subjects; let her press all into her service, and not ignore or proscribe any because ignorance may have misrepresented them, or theology misused. . . . But this has yet to be."

The value of such an article as this, in the pages of one of the leading monthly periodicals, will be very great, as indicating the point of view from which abnormal phenomena should be regarded both by the religious and scientific world; and it is of special interest to us who recognise in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism facts analogous to occurrences which have been repeated in all ages of the world, and which are, in our estimation, of invaluable importance in regard to the future extension of human knowledge.

EDWARD T. BENNETT.

GLEANINGS FROM AMONGST SAVAGE AND SEMI-BARBAROUS NATIONS,

WITH SUGGESTIONS AS TO A PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.

It has been observed by Spiritualists, that once convinced of the existence of a Spiritual-world, and yourself become conversant with the phenomena of spirit-manifestations, a key of a new knowledge—a master-key—is possessed by you with which you can unlock a thousand long closed gates of mystery. Ancient popular beliefs and so-called superstitions amongst savage and semi-barbarous nations yield at once to this key—open their dreadful portals and reveal strange and wonderful labyrinthine paths amidst which the intellect may wander, gathering food—not always bitter—on every side. Even the revolting, and, at first sight, apparently irrational custom of human sacrifice—universal under many shapes in the ages of the past, and even in the present, existent to an almost incredible degree amongst savage and semi-barbarous peoples, yields up the underlying principle of its terrible mystery, and assumes a certain aspect of rationality,—as regarded from the stand-point of the savage,—and having around it even a certain brightness from the Spirit-world.

The following extracts are from "The Story of the Ashantee Campaign," by the late Winwood Reade.

Mr. Winwood Reade was the *Times* correspondent, and also author of a powerfully written book entitled "The Martyrdom of Man," the end and aim of which work was, to prove that man can alone hope for immortality *in the race*, but not *in the individual*. It is singular, therefore, to find this author, avowedly sceptical of the spirit side of life, writing as follows:—

"It is usually supposed that the signs and portents which ancient writers record as having preceded the ruin of a kingdom, a city, or a man, have been either entirely fictitious, or were only called to mind after the event. In the case of Coomassie, however, various prophecies and omens were current with the natives, and were even mentioned by correspondents in the papers before Coomassie was taken, and at a time when no one supposed that it would be destroyed.

"For instance, as early as October, I was told this legend whilst visiting Elmina. There was in Coomassie a famous doctor of the Moslems; he wrote certain words upon paper, sewed them up in leather cases, and sold them as charms against wounds in the war. The king called him, and said he wished to know the future of Coomassie. The priest made

inquiries, and replied that the fall of Elmina would be also the fall of Coomassie. The king, who did not expect such an answer, went to an old Ashantee sorceress. But she, having consulted the gods of the country, delivered the same oracle—‘The fall of Elmina would be the fall of Coomassie.’ ‘Well,’ said the king, ‘what does it matter; Elmina has been from the creation of the world, and so has Coomassie. It is impossible that either can fall.’ But Coomassie was destroyed after the destruction of Elmina.

“Before we had crossed the Prah, a story came from Akmi that certain omens had alarmed the people of Coomassie; stones fell from heaven; a child was born which spoke from its birth, suddenly it disappeared, and the room was filled with bush. One evil omen did actually occur. Mr. Külm relates that just before he left Coomassie, the old fetish-tree from which the town takes its name, fell down and was shattered to splinters.

“We passed the garden Golgotha (on entering Coomassie)—the carrion-tower, where the bodies of sacrificed victims are deposited; it gave to the whole town an odour of death. I must now explain the philosophy of human sacrifices. Among savage nations it is believed that the body contains a ghost or spirit, or soul, which lives after death. Some believe that this ghost or soul inhabits the grave, and flits around its neighbourhood, and comes to its old home, and frequents the company of those whom it formerly loved. With savages of a higher type it is believed that the souls live in a special world, usually supposed to be under the ground, though some place it above the sky. One step more, and we have the belief of the Persians, and some other ancient nations, that there are two worlds outside the earth, one of torture for the wicked, and one of pleasure for the good.

“Now, it is the belief of savages that not only human bodies have souls, but also animals; and not only animals, but also rivers and trees, and not only things having movement or life, but also inanimate objects—such as food and palm-wine, weapons, beads, articles of clothing, willow-pattern plates, and so forth. So in Western Africa, when a man dies food is placed by his grave, and they say that the spirit of the man eats the spirit or essence of the food. On the Gold Coast the natives believe in a world below the ground—a Hades or Scheol—where the soul of the dead dwells in a life that shall have no end. They also believe that all garments he has worn out will then come to life again—a resurrection of old clothes; but besides this, his relations display their affection by giving him an outfit of weapons, ornaments, war-cloth,

crockery-ware, etc., so that he may descend into hell like a gentleman. But who is to carry these things? And who is to look after them? Evidently his wives and his slaves. So a number of them are killed to keep him company; and often a slave is killed some time after his death to take him a message, or as an addition to his household. In Dahomey this custom of sending messages is organised into a system.

*"Thus originated human sacrifice, which is, granting the truth of the theory on which it is based, a most rational one. Death is disagreeable to us because we do not know where we are going; but to a widow of a chieftain it is merely a surgical operation and a change of existence. That explains why the Africans submit to death so quietly. A woman at Akropong, selected for sacrifice, was stripped according to custom, but only stunned, not killed. She recovered her senses, and found herself lying on the ground surrounded by dead bodies. She rose, went into the town, where the elders were seated in council, and told them that she had been to the land of the dead, and had been sent back because she was naked. The elders must dress her finely and kill her over again. This accordingly was done."**

"The English Governess at the Court of Siam," page 219-220, has recorded the following dreadful occurrence. It throws a lurid light upon the underlying motive which prompts one of the most terrible of ancient customs—namely, the sacrifice of human life for the sanctification of newly-erected buildings. This lady says:—

"While residing within the walls of Bangkok, I learned of the existence of a custom having all the stability and force of a Medo-Persic law. Whenever a command has gone forth from the throne for the erection of a new post, or a new gate, or the reconstruction of an old one, this ancient custom demands, as the first step in the procedure, that three innocent men shall be immolated, and the site selected by the court astrologers, and at their 'auspicious hour.' In 1865 His Majesty and the French Consul at Bangkok had a grave misunderstanding about a proposed modification of a treaty relating to Cambodia. The Consul demanded the removal of the Prime Minister from the Commission appointed to arrange the terms of this treaty. The King replied that it was beyond his power to remove the Prime Minister. Afterwards, the Consul, always irritable and insolent, having nursed his wrath to keep it warm, waylaid the King as he was returning from

* Told to Mr. Winwood Reade by a German Missionary residing at Akropong when the circumstance took place.

a temple and threatened him with war, and what not, if he did not accede to his demands. Whereupon the poor King, effectually intimidated, took refuge in his palace, behind barred gates, and forthwith sent messengers to his astrologers, magicians, and soothsayers, to inquire what the situation prognosticated. The magi, and augurs, and all the seventh sons of seventh sons, replied—'The times are full of ill omen. Danger approaches afar. Let His Majesty erect a third gate on the east and on the west.' Next morning, betimes, pick and spade were busy digging deep trenches outside the pair of gates that on the east and west alike protected the palace. . . . When all was ready, the *San Luang*, or secret council of royal judges, met at midnight in the palace, and dispatched twelve officers to lurk around the new gates until dawn. Two, stationed just within the entrance, assume the character of neighbours and friends; calling loudly to this or that passenger, and continually repeating familiar names. The peasants and market folks, who are always passing at that hour, hearing these calls, stop and turn to see who is wanted. Instantly the myrmidons of the *San Luang* rush from their hiding-places and arrest hap-hazard six of them—three for each gate. From that moment the doom of these astonished, trembling wretches is sealed. No petitions, payments, or prayers can save them. In the centre of the gateway a deep fosse or ditch is dug, and over it, suspended by two cords, an enormous beam. On the 'auspicious' day for the sacrifice, the innocent, unresisting victims—'hinds and churls,' perhaps, of the lowest degree in Bangkok—are mocked with a dainty and elaborate banquet, and then conducted in state to their fatal post of honour. The king and all the court make profound obeisance before them, his majesty adjuring them earnestly 'to guard with devotion the gate now about to be intrusted to their keeping from all dangers and calamities; and to come in season to forewarn him if either traitors within or enemies without should conspire against the peace of his people, or the safety of his throne.' Even as the last words of exhortation fall from the royal lips, the cords are cut, the ponderous engine crushes the heads of the distinguished wretches, and three Bangkok ragamuffins are metamorphosed into three guardian angels—*Theredah*.

"Siamese citizens of wealth and influence often bury treasure in the earth to save it from arbitrary confiscation. In such a case, a slave is generally immolated on the spot to make a guardian genius."

For curious information regarding the sacrifice amongst Slavonians of human blood at the foundation of houses, the

reader may consult "The Songs of the Russian People, as Illustrative of Slavonic Mythology and Russian Social Life." By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. (of the British Museum). London: Ellis & Green. 1872. With a noteworthy extract from this learned and interesting book we will conclude this paper:—

"The fact that in Slavonic lands, a thousand years ago, widows used to destroy themselves in order to accompany their dead husbands to the world of spirits, seems to rest on incontestible evidence. And at an earlier period there can be no doubt that 'a rite of suttee, like that of modern India,' prevailed among the heathen Slavonians; the descendants, perhaps, as Mr. Tylor remarks of 'widow sacrifice, among the European nations, of an ancient Aryan rite belonging originally to a period even earlier than the Veda.'* According to Iban Dosta, in some places it was customary for the dead man's favourite wife to hang herself in order that her body might be burnt with that of her lord; in others she was expected to allow herself to be burnt alive with his corpse. . . . In addition to being accompanied by his widow, the heathen Slavonian, if a man of means and distinction, was solaced by the sacrifice of some of his slaves. The fullest description of what occurred on such an occasion is that given by Iban Fozlan, who declares that he was an eye-witness of what took place. According to him, when one of the Russian merchants, with whom he became acquainted in Bulgaria, died, they asked his girls which of them would die with him. One answered she would, whereupon she was handed over to the care of two daughters of an old woman who had the appearance of a yellow, wrinkled wretch, and who bore the name of 'the Angel of Death.' They kept watch over her till the final moment, in which 'the woman named Death's Angel fixed about her neck a twisted rope, which she gave two men to pull,' and at the same time drove a knife in between her ribs, so that she died. Her dead body was then placed beside that of her lord, in a ship, which had been taken from the river for the purpose, and which was propped up by four trees and surrounded by 'wooden images of men and giants.' With the human corpses were placed those of a dog, two horses, and pair of fowls, and finally the ship was set on fire. Just before the girl was killed, says Iban Fozlan, she cried out three times, saying, 'Look! there do I see my father and my mother.' And, again, 'Look! I see my relations sitting together there.' And, finally, 'Look! there is my lord. He sits in Paradise.

* E. B. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, Vol. I., p. 421, where the subject is discussed at length.

Paradise is so green! so beautiful! By his side are all his men and boys. He calls me; bring me to him!' And after all was over, the 'Russians' scoffed at their Arabian friend as belonging to a race who buried their dead, and so gave them as a prey to worms and corruption; whereas they themselves burnt their dead at once, and so obtained admittance for them without delay into Paradise."

Iban Fozlan's narrative was published in 1823 by the Russian Academy of Sciences, with a German translation by G. C. M. Frähn. Rasmussen had previously translated it into Danish, and an English rendering of his version appeared in Vol. IV. of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Iban Dosta's work was published for the first time in 1869, at St. Petersburg, with notes and a Russian translation by the editor, Professor Chowlson.

A. M. H. W.

"STUDIES IN ELEMENTARY PSYCHONOMY."*

MR. CAMPBELL is an incisive writer, who publishes the first part of his notes under the title of "Scaling Heaven." Parts of this paper express the views that he uttered before the B.N.A.S. on the 11th June, 1880, when he showed how "delusive a knowledge was this, of unexplained but none the less natural fact, when taken hold of by the ignorant and the debased, by people who knew neither the meaning of the words they used, the history of the philosophical and religious systems they proposed to reform, nor the laws of elementary morality recognised even by savages." He further urges that "the pantheon of this vaunted new religion is of a decidedly questionable character, its morality sentimentally pure and practically the reverse, and its priesthood and prophethood usually vulgar and too often unhealthy." The same style of criticism is liberally bestowed. Turning to his metaphysics, we see that he is a "realist" *pur et simple*. For he says "what we call matter, may be merely a mode of the divine thought and have no final existence; but for us it very certainly exists. Again, what Kant calls the faculties of understanding and reason, may be (probably are) modes of one common spiritual action; but for us they are very certainly distinct." Mr. Campbell appears to have a philosophy of the causes of spiritualistic phenomena. We discern in some of the words of this tract what may be called hyper-Ruskinian English. In fact, so permeated has he become with the spirit

* *Scaling Heaven*, No. 1. By J. A. Campbell.

of Ruskin that he is a vehement lover of purity and accuracy. He points out the confusion which existed in the minds of the pioneers of Spiritualism, of two fundamentally distinct ideas, the ontological and the phenomenal. Carlyle had traced these differences in burning and eloquent words. He points out that the old Aryan groping after the divine which in the learned has had its outcome in physics or metaphysics, in the unlearned merely becomes wonder-hunting. But all these three methods are according to his exegesis, false, inasmuch as they are grounded on the common fallacy that the real can even be reachable through the apparent, and on the vain attempt to understand that which can never be understood, though it may and must be known, if phenomena are to be rightly dealt with. Mr. Campbell proposes that we should commence the study by reverent recognition of the presence of the infinite within ourselves, in our brother-men, and in the earth around; and by obedience to the inward prompting which bids us also make for righteousness, order, and love. Of course this is only the introductory paper to a vast scheme of forthcoming philosophy, that we shall watch with care. A careful consideration of the views of Roothaan on the faculties and affections of the human soul may help Mr. Campbell (it certainly helps us) in the investigation, which demands the highest metaphysics, and the strict application of the words of Bunsen—

“Father! as upwards I gaze, strengthen my eye and my heart!”

MODERN THEOLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM.—Modern Theology may fail to stand its ground, but the truths taught and exemplified by Jesus never. They were founded on an absolute fact; and to-day, in Modern Spiritualism, many see a renewal of the revelation which demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt the relationship which the present life bears to that of the future, showing that nothing is lost in the passage through death, and that the limitations which belong to earthly existence are not extended to the future order of things. They see in the present upheaval of thought a sign that the last cycle of revelation is waning to its close, and that a renewal thereof is being given to a race which needs a fuller and clearer knowledge of God and immortality. “Doubtless, the fogs and mists of deceit and error do hang around the truth. But what of that? Has it not always been so? Has God ever saved man the trouble of gaining truth by experience?”—*A New Basis of Belief in Immortality.*

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"The work bears throughout those indications of careful investigation, a cordial admission of newly discovered truths, and an appeal to the loftiest sentiments of humanity, that have characterised the previous writings of its distinguished author."—*Banner of Light*, Boston, United States of America.

"A valuable little work from the pen of the well-known and highly-esteemed writer whose many contributions in defence of Spiritualism have been put forth under the *nom de plume* of M. A. (Oxon.) It contains much interesting matter that every Spiritualist ought to be in possession of. . . . full of interest to thoughtful Spiritualists; evidently the result of much liberal reflection, as well as of a clear intuitive judgment."—*R. P. Journal*, Chicago, U.S.A.

"The *Chicago Times* of June 19, 1880, which highly commends the tone and style of the book in a long review of nearly two closely-printed columns, says:—"The author does not weary the reader with spiritual communications conveyed to himself alone; he writes with exceptional clearness, candour, and cogency; he is a master of strong and graphic English; his logic is unassailable, and his spirit extremely suave, manly, and straightforward. He is a high authority among Spiritualists."

E. W. ALLEN, 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C.

MUTUAL INDORSEMENT OF INGERSOLL AND BEECHER.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "I am an ordained clergyman, and believe in revealed religion. I am therefore bound to regard all persons who do not believe in revealed religion as in error. But on the broad platform of human liberty and progress I was bound to give him the right hand of fellowship. I would do it a thousand times over. I do not know Colonel Ingersoll's religious views precisely, but I have a general knowledge of them. He has the same right to free thought and free speech that I have. . . . I admire Ingersoll because he is not afraid to speak what he honestly thinks, and I am only sorry that he does not think as I do. I never heard so much brilliancy and pith put into a two hours' speech as I did on that night. I wish my whole congregation had been there to hear it."

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL says: "I told him that night that I congratulated the world it had a minister with an intellectual horizon broad enough, and a mental sky studded with stars of genius enough, to hold all creeds in scorn that shocked the heart of man. . . . Mr. Beecher holds to many things that I most passionately deny, but in common we believe in the liberty of thought. My principal objections to orthodox religion are two—slavery here and hell hereafter. I do not believe that Mr. Beecher on these points can disagree with me. The real difference between us is—he says *God*, I say *Nature*. The real agreement between us is—we both say *Liberty*. . . . He is a great thinker, a marvellous orator, and, in my judgment, greater and grander than any creed of any church. Manhood is his greatest *forte*, and I expect to live and die his friend."

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SEPTEMBER, 1881.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WHAT MR. SPURGEON SAYS OF SPIRITUALISM.

In the July number of the Baptist monthly, "The Sword and Trowel," Mr. C. H. Spurgeon notices Mr. Farmer's book, "A New Basis of Belief in Immortality." In the course of his review he says:—

"Those sceptics of the present day who find in *modern culture* a motive for repudiating *Christian faith* are often grievously afflicted with unrest. Their thoughts are like the troubled sea. Gladly would they get into some port where their heads would cease to swim. This is the disease for which this book prescribes a remedy,—a remedy as bad as the disease. With a delicate pathos, such as we meet with in advertisements that describe the symptoms of sufferers, and prescribe patent medicines warranted to effect an immediate cure, *Spiritualism* is propounded in this treatise as a sure relief and a safe remedy for the soul sickness that is prevalent among agnostics. Modern Spiritualism, we are told, was initiated by a little girl named Kate Fox in the year 1848, at Hydesville, New York. With the phenomena of automatic writing, clairvoyance, and trance-speaking, through the interposition of what they call *mediums*, we have become too well acquainted, through the impostures that have been recently practised on credulous victims. There would seem, however, to be educated people on the face of this queer world who not only themselves believe in these lying wonders, but think that the Scriptures give countenance to them. Was not young Samuel a *medium*? they will ask us. We shrink with horror from every species of sorcery. In the hands of some interpreters the Bible is made to teach anything they like to impute to it."

We do not think it worth while even to attempt to answer the allegation of sorcery here made against Spiritualism. We are tired

of so doing, and have long come to the conclusion that those who make this their peg of opposition, either know nothing of what they are talking about, or wilfully shut their eyes to the facts of the case. In either circumstance, argument would be lost upon them. As it is, Mr. Spurgeon's views of religion being notoriously tinged with Calvinism of the severest type, it was rather a matter for surprise that the review in question was characterised by such mildness of spirit, and for this we suppose we should be thankful. We have only transferred his words to these pages in order that, when the history of Spiritualism comes to be written, it will be seen that one of the most "popular" preachers of A.D. 1881, following the precedent of the popular exponents of religion nearly 2000 years ago, jeered at and condemned what he did not understand, classing as devilish that which came only to benefit mankind.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES ON "THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW."

Light says—"The second number of the *Psychological Review* maintains the high character of the first. We are extremely glad to find that Spiritualism again possesses a magazine such as was the old *Spiritual Magazine* in days which are already beginning to seem remote. It was not creditable to the movement that it did not support one magazine which could give space to the more elaborate and lengthy articles which our own columns, for instance, would be unable to accommodate. Now that that reproach is removed, we trust that Spiritualists will support the venture, and contribute to its pages the sort of matter which will make the *Review* of permanent historical value."

Public Opinion has the following very flattering "critique":—"The *Psychological Review* seems destined to play the part of instructing a generation of not too well-informed materialists on the modern aspects of the science of mind, and has already taken the role of the leading metaphysical magazine."

THE LEGAL DISABILITIES OF SPIRITUALISTS.

From the St. Joseph *Evening News* we learn that a will has been declared by a Connecticut court and jury to be null and void because the testator was a Spiritualist. The facts of the case are these—Calvin Hall had been for twenty-three years preceding his death a firm believer in Spiritualism. He had built two public halls for Spiritualists, and his conduct was largely controlled, as he acknowledged, by spirits, some of whom came to him visibly and audibly, whilst some communicated through the mediumship of others. In matters of everyday life he was admitted a sane and clear-headed man, who had made a fortune fairly and honestly, giving it away generously both before his departure and by will. He did not rely on all the advice which he received from spirits, for he believed

many of them were liars and fools. In spite of this the judge, in summing up, appears to have intimated that the testator being a Spiritualist was therefore altogether incapable of making a will, a suggestion which the jury were not slow to adopt. The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* comments upon the injustice of making a man's religious views a test of mental soundness, and considers that the decision was in defiance of the foundation principles of government, and is therefore null and void, legally as well as morally. Assuming the facts to be as stated, we quite agree with the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, but at the same time we are not at all sanguine that the average British jury would serve out a different measure. The happy time has not yet arrived, thanks to the persistent misrepresentations of a portion of the press, when Spiritualists are regarded other than tricksters or demented dupes. At one time we thought differently, but the events of the past two or three years have taken away what comfort there was in that conceit.

EARLY SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

The editor of the *Psychological Review* requires for reference purposes the following—Complete files of the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*; *British Spiritual Telegraph*, 1857-59; *Spiritual Herald*, 1857; *Spiritual Times*, 1864-66; Vols. I. and II. of *Spiritual Magazine* and a complete file of the *Medium and Daybreak*. If any reader possesses them, and, being unwilling to sell them, would kindly lend them for a period, it would be taken as a great service. Communications to be addressed to Editor of *Psychological Review*, Epsom, Surrey.

"PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS."

The above is the title of a new work from the pen of Mr. J. S. Farmer, already known to many of our readers as the author of "A New Basis of Belief in Immortality" (see last page of cover). Particulars of the publication of the new volume will be found in our advertisement pages.

THE LINES ON WHICH SPIRITUALISM IS SPREADING.

Dr. Peebles, speaking on this subject, said—"Organic Spiritualism, in the sense of a united and concentrated movement, has failed to meet the ideal of many of the old pioneers who entered upon the work with the bias and inspiration of denominationalism hanging over them. For instance, I once felt that Spiritualism would spread as a special organised power all over the world, and that its adherents would become a united army of self-sacrificing workers for the education and redemption of humanity. Though this ideal, so beautiful to contemplate, has failed, yet in a higher sphere (and possibly in harmony with the originally conceived plan in the heavens) Spiritualism has done a better work, inasmuch as it has

infiltrated or leavened with the leaven of liberality the sectarian denominations; and, quickening the spiritual natures of their members, has induced them to seek anew for the foundations of their faith in immortality. The old sectarian church is dead; creeds are stumbling-blocks; sects are provincial and geographical; but Spiritualism, in contradistinction from Materialism, is universal in its aims and eternal in its destiny." We think Dr. Peebles is probably right in his views; at any rate he is well qualified to express an opinion as he has seen more of Spiritualism, as a whole, than almost any one living, having travelled in most countries where it has obtained a footing.

DR. PEEBLES.

This veteran Spiritualist, who is well-known to many of our readers, was recently "interviewed" by a correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, and informed his interlocutor that he intended spending the summer at his home in Hammerton, N.J., reading and recruiting, which he needed as he had been lecturing incessantly—forty or fifty nights in succession. He had received a cable message from Australia requesting him to "Come immediately;" but he decided to defer his visit until the autumn, when, if he did not start for Australia, he would most likely go South into Florida and Louisiana. His last work on Immortality was selling remarkable well, his most sanguine expectations having been more than realised. The "Pilgrim" was always a busy man, but at the present time he seems busier than ever.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NEWCASTLE
IN OCTOBER NEXT.

It is rumoured that the subject of Spiritualism has been withdrawn from the programme of the Church Congress, and that Dr. R. Thornton's paper has been scratched, though whether this was the author's own action or that of the Committee, or whether it is true at all, we cannot say. If the topic has been shelved, it is a pity, as it would have ventilated Spiritualism; yet we cannot help feeling that the discussion would have been more to the advantage of the authorities of the Church Congress than to Spiritualists, as they might have got up an interesting subject that they much want.

With reference to this subject the *Daily News* recently said,—
"The approaching Church Congress to be held this year at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and opened with an address from the President on Tuesday, the 4th of October next, will be remarkable for the number and importance of the topics which are to come under discussion. Among these there is a noticeable proportion of subjects which may, perhaps, be best described as lying upon the border-line between questions of a purely ecclesiastical kind, and those which appeal more directly to the sympathies of the outside world. We do not remember whether the doctrines of what the initiated call 'Spiritualism' have hitherto

engaged the attention of an assembly of Churchmen meeting to discuss ecclesiastical policy and the relations of the Church with the State and the laity; though the Spiritualists, it is true, number some adherents whose names are to be found in the Clergy List; and one very zealous apostle of this new faith, who takes his stand upon the old story of Lord Lyttelton and the apparition, and who, if memory serves us, has even exhibited a qualified sort of indulgence towards the Cock Lane Ghost, is at this time the incumbent of a populous London parochial district. The organisers of the Newcastle Congress, however, are clearly of opinion that the time has come when the Church must look these phenomena or delusions in the face, to the extent at least of considering how to deal with the believers, were it only by some of those 'short and easy methods' by which the last century divines were wont to treat heretical opponents; for we observe that on the first evening of the gathering, after 'Secularism' has been discussed by the Archbishop of York, the Reverend Harry Jones, and other speakers, Dr. R. Thornton will read a paper upon 'The Duty of the Church in Relation to the Prevalence of Spiritualism'; upon which subject, also, Canon B. Wilberforce has signified his intention of speaking."

The following paragraph has also been sent to us in connection with the above. Replying to a communication from the British National Association of Spiritualists, the secretary to the Congress writes—"Please make it known to all your members who may be interested in the discussion on Spiritualism, which is to take place at the Church Congress, that anyone, whatever his creed, can become a member of the Church Congress on payment of 6s. for a Congress ticket, the possession of which entitles anyone to attend all the meetings, and to send up his card to the chairman if he wish to address the meeting. When there is not time for all who wish to address the meeting to do so, the chairman calls on such of those who have sent up their cards as he sees fit."

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR THE CHILDREN OF SPIRITUALISTS.

We have before us the draft of a circular announcing the forthcoming issue of an illustrated monthly magazine specially intended for the children of Spiritualists, provided a sufficient number of yearly subscribers are obtained to ensure the projectors a reasonable prospect of success for their little venture. It is only with feelings of pleasure and the heartiest of good wishes that we give publicity to the scheme. It is a good sign when the attention of any class or body of men is turned to the subject of the education of the little ones who will some day come out into the heat and burden of the battle of life, taking up the position which we older workers will some day or other vacate. To say that the early training of a man very materially influences the results of his life is only to utter a

truism, and unfortunately it has often been said that Spiritualists appear to be indifferent as to training up of their children in the principles they profess. And it must be admitted that so far but little effort has been made either through the press or platform to appeal to the minds of our little ones. "Feeling that a field of useful work" (we now quote from the circular before us) was to be found in this direction, and several friends of Spiritualism and liberal thought highly commending the idea that arose out of that feeling—viz., that an attempt ought to be made to occupy the vacant ground, it has been proposed to do so by establishing a monthly magazine for the children of Spiritualists.

"But in order to avoid the risk of failure, and to fully test the need of such a venture, it has been decided not to commence until a sufficient number of promises of support have been received to cover the expenses of production for one year. The price of the magazine will be 2d. per month or 2s. 6d. per annum, post free, and if 300 annual subscribers are obtained, the first number will appear on the 1st October next. It is proposed to call it 'LITTLE HEARTS AND LITTLE HANDS.' And its contents will include Poetry and Fiction of advanced principles suitable for children, Puzzles, Pictures, Prize Essays, Short Tales, Funny Scraps, and lots of little things that boys and girls are interested in. An important feature will be The Red Rose Roll, those entering their names pledging themselves always to treat animals with kindness."

We have quoted at length because we feel the matter is of great importance, and we trust our readers will do all in their power not only to support it themselves, but also to make it known amongst their friends. We are informed that Miss F. J. Theobald the authoress of "Bob and I," has promised to contribute a serial tale to its pages. In conclusion we can only repeat our desire to see the project a great success. The business manager of the magazine will be Mr. J. J. Morse, 53 Sigdon Road, Dalston, E., to whom communications should be addressed, or if any letters are sent to our care we will see that they are duly forwarded to the right quarter.

BRIEF MENTIONS.

Signor Damiani, a well-known Italian Spiritualist, is now in London. We understand he intends to make this city his permanent abode.—Dr. Monck, who has been on the sick-list for the past twelve months, is still looking very ill. Speaking at Ladbroke Hall recently, he expressed a hope that he should soon be able to place his medial powers at the service of those desirous of investigating psychological phenomena.—The rooms of the British National Association of Spiritualists at 38 Great Russell Street are closed until Monday, September 12th, inclusive.

"God is love." All doctrines must finally be brought to that light, and be judged and corrected thereby.—J. W. FARQUHAR.

MONTHLY SUMMARY
OF
CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"LIGHT" (LONDON).

(July 23—August 20.)

Light continues the very thoughtful letters by Mrs. Penny on the "Power of Imagination." Miss Arundale gives a vindication of the principles of re-incarnationists from a point of view that evidently has been arrived at after careful study, and in reality, perhaps, places their views better and more clearly before the English public than was the case before the French school of re-incarnationists had, by their own action, cut themselves adrift from all the students of metaphysical phenomena.—"A. M. H. W." gives an account of the Seaford knockings, when it appears that in the characteristically devout neighbourhood of Tiverton, some knockings took place akin to those that are described in Glanville's book "*Sadducismus Triumphatus*."—This month there is a paucity of fact in the pages of this usually well conducted paper; and even the imaginative power has not been much exercised by its contributors. In *Light* is one of those papers that mark a certain phase in the history of the movement, and we should be sorry were any diminution of known facts of interest to take place, if it should be found that the record of a very few phenomena, and a great deal of speculation on the aspect of Spiritualism towards some sort of theology, was the only substance afforded to its readers. *Light* has a task before it, and it would be a pity if a vague way of considering facts were to detract from its being at a future time a definite record of Spiritualism as it was able to stand in England in the year of grace, 1881.—We are glad to see that the list of honorary or corresponding members of the B.N.A.S. has been partially revised, and that there is now merely a little confusion as to the addresses in foreign lands of some of the members. No person who is, however, absolutely non-existent is (at present, at least) kept on the list.

"SPIRITUALIST" (LONDON).

(July 29th—August 19th.)

The *Spiritualist* contains a very sensible article by Mr. A. J. Cranstoun on "The Characteristics of Buddhist Adepts." What especial knowledge Mr. Cranstoun has of the Buddhist

tenets we do not know; and he evidently has attributed to certain persons more than was absolutely the faith of Buddha. This error was very well corrected by "C.C.M." in a subsequent letter. Mr. Cranstoun seemed to imagine that the English votaries of Buddha were in the habit of consuming flesh diet and alcohol. But as a fact, those persons who have attained what may be considered as a high proficiency in *Gupta Vidya* do not need any mere casual restriction. Into the question of the comparative advantages of the practice of vegetarianism and teetotalism, we do not enter. There are many spiritualists who think that either is conducive to the welfare of the individual; and others who resent the forbiddal of meat and wine almost as a Manichean heresy.—Mr. O'Sullivan, who has returned to London fresh for the subject of Spiritualism, gives an account of the mediumship of Mr. J. C. Husk and Miss Catherine Pawley, that may be of value. The unkindest cut of all, was when Miss Pawley's control absolutely mistook Mr. O'Sullivan for a Northern American. Those who know how severely he suffered in the cause of the Confederate States are enabled to diagnose the extraordinary character of this error.—Those who have read Molière's "Medecin Malgré lui," are enabled to estimate how far the ludicrous story of "Konx Ompax" can be legitimately put down to Shelley. We scarcely like so many jokes on this subject. The eternal destiny of man for good, or for evil, can scarcely be regarded in this method, and those persons who have had communication with the Himalayan Brothers of Thibet, will not feel inclined to be stung by mere jokes into repeating their statement. If the word of an honourable man is once denied, he does not deem its repetition necessary, and what has been said, is said.—The article on "Rock Oil and Religion" is chiefly devoted to the advocacy of the theory that the ancient Jews were acquainted with the inflammable properties of petroleum. How this can explain the celebrated miracle of Elijah and the priests of Baal is more than most critics could guess.—The last number of the *Spiritualist* contains a ponderously majestic article by H. P. Blavatsky on the recent controversy. It is to be hoped that this is now finished, and at an end, as it has long passed beyond what used to be called "Parliamentary Limits." H. P. B. gives us measured, well-weighed language that must carry conviction to all persons respecting the real limits of distinction between Occultism and Kabbalism, and points out that the work of Simon Ben Jochai is the disfigured version of its primitive source, the great Chaldean Book of Numbers. Madame Blavatsky, with great dignity does not deign to vindicate Mr. Sinnett's statement of

the existence of the Himalayan Brothers.—“Noemon” continues his ingenious articles on the fundamental conditions of transcendentalism.

“MEDIUM” (LONDON).

(July 22—August 19.)

The *Medium* contains a reprint of Mr. Hudson Tuttle's celebrated article on Alexander Aksakof, the pioneer Spiritualist of Russia.—Mr. M'Dowall's article on “Spiritual Science and the Fourth Dimension” is one that is well capable of inspiring perusal. The author, however, seems to accept the definition of spirit that is given by some non-spiritual mind. When he describes “soul-substance” as being interchangeable, we fail to see on what ground he stands. The philosophy of Lorenz Ockenfuss has told us something of the conditions that affect “Schleim-substanz,” which is the old German word for bioplasm; but how any one, not an Aristotelian, can possess a fixed and definite notion of “soul-substance” we cannot see. If Spiritualism is to be reduced to a mere discussion of atomic theories, the materialists will have much the best of the argument.—Two successive numbers of the *Medium* are devoted to an examination by the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, of the phenomena observed by the Count de Bullet, through the medium Firman. Drapery being avowedly and honestly introduced into the cabinet, John King, Glaucus, Alexandrine, and other spirit-forms showed themselves, clad in M. de Bullet's drapery, and allowed themselves to be photographed. Some of the photographs taken look a little like masks; some bear a suspicious resemblance to the busts that Italian *formatori* have on sale resembling Greek and Roman classical models. But there can be no doubt of the perfect sincerity and good faith of Mr. O'Sullivan, who, some years ago, in the pages of the *Spiritualist*, probably exhausted the subject of the description of these photographs.—The *Medium*, as heretofore, devotes an enormous amount of space to such subjects as “Comprehension,” which is past our understanding, and also to the record of the occasional outings of country spiritualists. Probably the present season of the year may be the justification for the latter course, though people in London are not much interested to learn the price whereat hot water can be supplied to excursionists a hundred miles away. In London hot water is far more easily procurable in a symbolical sense, and the conductors of a newspaper do not need to accumulate evidence of its distribution in the provinces.—It appears that Dr. Monck, who, some years ago, was alleged, on the excellent authority of Mr. A. J. Cranstoun, to be a genuine medium,

is here again in London. Such a medium should satisfy the persons who are interested in him as to his capacity for evoking genuine phenomena.—We also learn that Miss Lottie Fowler, who we know to be excellent for form-manifestations, is again to be in London. The present exigencies of the cause will probably not require so much of the material element to be shown to observers; and Lottie Fowler may have a high duty to perform, if she would be willing to take part in the weighing-machine experiments that have probably been the only useful products of the “materialisation” craze of 1876-77. If “Lottie” would trust herself with physiologists who are desirous of arriving at scientific results, and disdain mere gapers for eccentricity, we doubt not that a brilliant harvest of facts might accrue.

“HERALD OF PROGRESS” (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE).

(July 22—August 19.)

This is the Newcastle journal that concludes (at least we hope so) the controversy between Mr. Enmore Jones and a few of the country spiritualists of the North. The warfare has become personal. Mr. Jones has the advantage of keeping his temper, and the objectors have at last had to take refuge in “terms of endearment” that are “frequently used in the North country.”—A. T. T. P. continues his “Historical Controls,” the one this time being “Joseph Balham, a thief and suicide.” We note the slip in the well-known quotation from Virgil, “*Facilis descensus*,” etc., which, by the omission of the verb *est*, and the introduction of the word *et summas* reads oddly. *Auras* requires *ad* before it; and in the last sentence the *hic* and *hoc* are transposed. This is nothing like Mr. Peterson’s style, and he would certainly not have done this.—“Critic” gives a very good letter on “Over-Credulity,” showing some of the errors that are, alas! not alone the appanage of country spiritualists.—Mr. E. Jones gives his definition of “What is Orthodox Spiritualism,” which is conveyed nearly in the same words as in his platform at Langham Hall some years ago. He suggests, sensibly enough, a systematic investigation into the mechanism of the dual powers of spirit and spirit-body (soul) as developed in dreams, instinct, mesmerism, biology (?), clairvoyance, memory, reason, etc.; their self-action, and their action when influenced by other powers, animate and inanimate; and that the *Herald of Progress* should record these facts. Since the personal death of Mr. Sergeant Cox, and the corporate death of the late Psychological Society, no one undertakes this labour but a German newspaper. A careful investigation, such as Mr.

Enmore Jones proposes, would be of the highest value to enquirers, and might redeem Spiritualism of the charge of being unscientific and inexact.—The *Herald of Progress* has much improved lately.

“LA CHAÎNE MAGNETIQUE” (PARIS).

(July 15.)

This paper comes to us at the epoch of the death of its great founder, Baron Dupotet. From the amount of honest praise that appears to have been lavished on the tomb of this good old man we dare not detract a word. Suffice it to say that his tomb was attended by all the glory of French necrology addresses, and his *manes* were talked at during a whole number of the *Chaîne Magnétique*. We are perhaps in these days a little too prone to ignore the manner wherein French people always orate over their dead; but the late Baron Dupotet deserved all that appears to have been said about him.

—This magazine contains a very strong letter by Madame Catherine Psovalla against the late M. Leon Favre Clavairoz (brother of Jules Favre) being called a Spiritist. On the other hand, the authoress points out that M. Clavairoz believed firmly in the immortality of the soul, and the continuation of our individuality, but he did not admit re-incarnation. He was consequently a Spiritualist, and as distinguished from the Spiritists, or re-incarnationists, as he was from the Animists or Ghost-seekers. If this article is perhaps a little strong, it has the advantage of extreme brevity and lucidity.—We almost wonder how the *Chaîne Magnétique* will get on in the absence of its original and chief writer. But all that may be inferred from a careful selection of facts, as governing the future judgment of the world, may be favourably predicted respecting this excellent paper.

“LICHT MEHR LICHT!” (PARIS).

(July 24—August 21.)

The very good selection of anecdotes that has been already commented on in this amusing and valuable paper is continued, though, as the anecdotes are good in themselves, and so far as we know unpublished previously, we should have been very glad if there had been a more distinct classification or correlation of the witnesses that certify to the genuineness of the occurrences. The ghost of a domestic animal is described at length in the article headed “Die Spuck Katze.” Some of the

translations are given from the work of Joseph de Maistre, and carry out the theories of Allan Kardec. There is, however, in this paper, a dearth of original information. All the articles, if we except those that are avowedly from the pen of some spirit, are extracts from papers in America or elsewhere. If we read over the Continental papers, and see in how many cases the recommendation—"Foreign journals, please copy"—has been strictly and emphatically preserved by the editors, we are able to perceive exactly how far the matter can be said to be original. When *Licht mehr Licht* began, and contained the criticisms of Mr. C. Reimers on the Spiritualist press, we were able to discern a far more satisfactory paper than is now shown to us. And surely Germany, the country of solid facts, can afford to have a more exhaustive epitome of the phenomena of Spiritualism than we could realise among the non-Teutonic races.

"DE ROTS" (OSTEND).

(May, June, July, August, 1881.)

The *Ostend Spiritual Journal* has always maintained the highest position among the writings of Continental spiritualists. It is partly printed in the good old Flemish language, the very sight of which rejoices the hearts of all persons that feel an interest in the languages and thoughts of their fellow-spiritualists; and partly in what, by courtesy, must be called French. The communications in the Flemish language are of the ordinary sort of mediumistic character, and jump at all metaphors and tropes before they express any definite idea.—The article, "De la Superstition," is not of the intellectual sort that we might have expected from learned Flemings, some of whom have perhaps had greater opportunities to observe the history of past religions than we may imagine in our own land. Some of the facts alleged with regard to the veneration of medals are a little too vague; and we should be glad if persons who are really qualified to judge, and to give evidence, could tell spiritualists somewhat about the alleged miraculous effects of the medal of St. Benedict at Brussels in November, 1880, and in London in July, 1881. Some of the forms of exorcism given are scarcely those which are in all rituals, and probably they have been inaccurately copied. *De Rots*, however, will always mark the spirit of the Flemish mind; though if Spiritualism allies itself with the *libres-penseurs* of Belgium, its doom will be fixed in that active and intelligent country, where science has never been obscured or ignored.

"BANNER OF LIGHT" (BOSTON, U.S.A.).

(July 16—Aug. 6.)

The *Banner of Light* gives from the pen of "Resurgam," a writer well known in England, an epitome of the facts observed through the mediumship of Mr. Joshua Fitton, who has given séances at Littleborough, in England, when forms of the "John King" type, sometimes with a lamp, appear to have been manifested. Some of these had their identity recognised as the daughter and sister of persons present at the circle. If the description of these form-manifestations is accurate, we have clear evidence that the phenomena worked in the presence of Mr. Fitton was of a most striking character. The account in the *Banner of Light* is certainly more full and exact than any we have read in the English papers.—Dr. Ditson continues his review of the foreign Spiritualistic exchanges, which is incomparably the best analysis of the foreign Spiritualist newspapers that has appeared in any language.—Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane, one of the original "Fox girls," is now giving séances at New York.—The season is now commencing in full power in America for camp meetings, which appear just now to be held in nearly every favourable locality. At these meetings addresses on the religious aspect of Spiritualism appear to have been frequently given, and all kind of subjects ventilated.—An account of the mediumship of Mr. Henry Gordon appears to have been recorded with more precision than is universal in some of the American papers. It tells us that a form, apparently of a child of five or six years of age, known as "Cobweb" was the constant playmate of a little child, niece of the medium, and used to play with dolls like any child in earth life. The term "materialisation," instead of "form manifestation," continues to be used by the writers in this paper. It appears that on some previous occasion Mr. Gordon has been charged with fraud; yet Mr. Hazard, who is the recorder of this séance, and has had a great deal of experience, has no doubt in the perfect genuineness of the present manifestation. Mr. Hazard recognises his wife, his daughter, his sister Mary, and a brother of his wife. He is also able to criticise with some ease the arrangements of the cabinet, and to assert that it would be impossible for the medium, who appears not to be too rich a man, to be able to hire six or eight confederates of diverse size to his own, and to pack their artificial paraphernalia within a small cabinet not greatly larger than a fashionable lady's trunk; keeping the whole breathing mass (infants, children, "giantess" and all,) contented and quiet until called for to perform their parts in the fraud.—A column is devoted in the *Banner* to the

verification of spirit messages, and a large percentage of the persons who gave messages in recent numbers appear to be recognised by their friends and relations.—The last number of the *Banner* contains a minute description of a séance with Mrs. Elsie Crindle, whereat a number of forms appeared, some of whom seemed to resemble a sister of the writer's, who was dead. Mrs. Crindle is stated to be "one of the best mediums in the country for rapping, slate-writing, ballot test, and dark circles."—The animated controversy that is now taking place between Mr. D. D. Home and the editor of the *Banner* (who, unlike most English editors, discloses his name) has grown personal, and the advice of the editor,—“better say nothing about it”—appears to be the keynote of the discussion.

“RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL” (CHICAGO, U.S.A.).

(July 9—August 6, 1881.)

The *Religio-Philosophical* keeps its high standard as a leading exponent of Spiritualistic thought in America. Perhaps its manners are not as our manners, yet it must not be forgotten that there exists in the States a lower grade of Spiritualists than appears to exist in England, and that occasionally sharp words, and sharper actions appear to be necessary. Respect to the memory of Judge Lynch seems to be the motto of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and if the justice administered is sometimes a little too rough, there can be little doubt of its necessity, or its advisability. The conductors insert a long article by Mr. S. B. Brittan, containing a vindication of the medium J. V. Mansfield against certain accusations that had been made by Emmette Coleman, who is a frequent contributor to this paper. Mr. Mansfield had read sealed letters through alleged clairvoyance, and Mr. Brittan adduced sound reasons to reject the notion that Mr. Mansfield ever opens the letter which the spirits are expected to answer through his hand. The second part of Mr. Brittan's letter is devoted to another subject, and the biography of Mr. T. L. Harris is amusing, and if authentic, gives us information that we did not know previously. The gifted historian of the “Diakka,” and author of the “Two-in-One” as well as some inspirational poems of more reputation and less merit, appears in early life to have been a member of the Roman Catholic Church.—The biography of Judge Edmonds, by Hudson Tuttle, appears to give a more elaborate record of the life of the good old man than we remember to have seen in most American journals. This record will be of inestimable future service as materials for a biography.—A great deal

of space appears to be occupied in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* by a discussion on the efficacy of prayer, wherein the American mind of the Far West perhaps has not examined carefully into the distinctions between the primary and secondary effects of prayer. We see, in this paper, much that is important to historians of the careers of individual mediums.—The chief feature of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* is the manner in which its conductors boldly investigate the habitual dishonesty of some of the American mediums, and in all cases give an honest report according to their lights. If the system of philosophy that appears to be in vogue in America is not precisely on all fours with our own, there is common ground enough for us to extend the hearty hand of sympathy toward the conductors of a journal whose desire is apparently to arrive at the exact truth, and to recognise that they have “a hard road to hoe” in the investigation of some of the fraudulent American mediums who appear to be vouched for by authorities that used, in the early days of Spiritualism, to be considered of value.—The statements in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* respecting the visit of Dr. Slade to East Saginaw, Michigan, deserve more careful examination than we can bestow at this time. Whatever Slade may then and there have done must be considered independently from the affidavits and evidence of the personal witnesses to his character that have been elsewhere given.

“MILLER'S PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR” (BROOKLYN, U.S.A.)

(February, July, 1881.)

This is a paper of the most advanced character, and apparently wedded to an elastic theory of spirit-identity. We have the most respectable company. Scipio Africanus, Appius Claudius, Livy, Sallust, and a number of sacred personages whose names we do not indicate, appear through various mediums.—As the title of this paper denotes, it is chiefly devoted to the science of psychometry, on which some very curious experiments were carried on some years ago by a medium known to Dr. Bloede of New York.—The Hon. J. S. O'Sullivan appears to have been a witness of some of the communications from the Roman Gladiator “Claudius,” through the mediumship of Mr. Cole. Mr. O'Sullivan's testimony is evidently truthful, and shows that the involuntary psychic was, to say the least of it, evidently ignorant of the Latin language. Some of the lessons given by the spirit in the ancient pronunciation of Latin are certainly of value, and seem to have startled Mr. O'Sullivan as much as they will the

readers. A decidedly broad pronunciation was adopted, wherein the final vowels of words appear to have been elided when followed by a word beginning with a vowel, as in modern Italian. The *in* in such words as *institutis* and *deinceps* appears to have been pronounced exactly as in modern French. It is clear that nothing of this could have arisen from the knowledge or mind of the medium.—Another part of this circular that is extremely interesting is the plate of spirit-heads from different localities, and of different races, that are associated with Dr. L. H. Nason of Chicago. Some of these appear to have adopted a peculiar character of writing, of which translation is given. Of course, as no philologist could possibly decipher the character, its translation may be considered as uncheckable. We can only remark that the writer of it must evidently have had long practice in writing the current European script. They are called by the recorder "hieroglyphics." This they certainly are not, as the writing is a great deal more current than the most demotic or enchorial writing of the old Egyptians.—However, the *Psychometric Circular* contains a large amount of curious matter, and we shall be very glad to watch its continuation, as it seems on the whole less personal than some of the American prints, and for this reason alone will probably be selected by many English readers.

"WATCHMAN" (BROOKLYN, U.S.A.).

(January—July.)

One of the most amusing papers we have seen from the far West. There is an illustration, which we hope is not "inspirational," showing a gentleman and a lady engaged on either side of a dock catching seals, termed "watch dogs." The gentleman, who has his beard cut as fashionable in America, has a hook in his hand, and seems determined to hook his seal, which is viciously turned round a post so as to keep the sun out of its eyes. The lady, on the other hand, has not a hook, but as her seal looks quiet, there is no risk. She has a proper bathing costume on, with the star and crescent on the breast. Between the two a young Indian squaw goes from the lady to the gentleman in a picturesque little canoe, apparently propelled without oars. This accounts for its being on the edge of the breakers. A high mountain, some telegraph poles, and a brace of angels complete the picture, and the most insatiable craver for illustrations could not possibly expect more for five cents. The motto, "Be ye just unto all," is inscribed on it, and, taking it all in all, it is a picture that will amply repay examination by all students of perspective.—The contents,

too, deserve a few words of notice. These are written in English that appears to us fearfully and wonderfully involved, but that may be because we are unable to appreciate the excellencies of our mother tongue as interpreted by our transatlantic contemporary, although the notice that the *Watchman* is "Entered at the Post-Office at Brooklyn as *second-class matter*" seems to favour our view.—We are told on the authority of the *Watchman* that "Electricity is vitapathic, it is but the one half of force, it is of itself incapable of vibration." Further on we are told, "It is vitapathic, because it is vitality." Some of our young readers may be able to fathom the meaning of this, but age has deprived us of our past interest in conundrums.

"THE QUARTERLY ADVANCE AND REVIEW"

(PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.).

(June 1.)

The chief article in this paper is the account of some séances that were held with Mrs. Bliss at Kansas City. A doubt is thrown by some of the American Spiritualists on the genuineness of the manifestations through Mrs. Bliss. Whether genuine or not, it may be noticed that one of the interlocutors who appear during the séance is "Billy the Bootblack," who appears to have a certain resemblance to the "Peters," "Charlies," "Irresistibles," *et hoc genus omne*, so familiar to visitors to dark séances. One of the forms who exhibited was said to be that of "Lucille Western," who we are told was a great actress in America.—One of the features in this paper is a column that is devoted to the following up and exposure of the tricks of all persons who claim to be "Exposers of Modern Spiritualism." Imitations of the well-known *improvisatore*, W. J. Colville and of Dr. Slade, have appeared, and induced some credulous persons to part with their money, under the impression that they were in reality being witnesses to the genuine persons.—A list of the American papers devoted to the subject of Spiritualism is given, and will be useful, as it indicates some of which Englishmen have probably never heard, and that may be useful to the critic. This paper is the only quarterly journal in the field devoted to the subject, and it is well-printed and got up, though the American plan of giving double reviews of the same work in different parts of the paper should be deprecated, as it may lead to confusion. Still the writers in American prints have habitually a freer field open to them than there is at the disposal of the English literary man.

"HARBINGER OF LIGHT" (MELBOURNE).

(June 1.)

The Melbourne paper continues its usual amount of semi-theological matter. We are scarcely able to appreciate some of the sympathies that exist between the Spiritualists of Melbourne and the Free Thought party of that city. Here in England there appears to be little alliance between the Spiritualists and the Materialists, but the same mental processes do not appear to be undergone by all the investigators at the Antipodes as at home.—The editor attributes to Darwin the statement that "Africa is the cradle-land of our race."—The Spirits "Skiwaukee," formerly connected with Mrs. Hollis-Billings, and "Peter," known in connection with Mr. C. E. Williams, appear to be briskly engaged at the Antipodes. But the name of the medium is not given, though reference is made to "Peter" being in the habit of manifesting "at Herne and Williams' circle in London." Justice to Mr. C. E. Williams compels us to note that he has not had for many years any circle with Mr. Herne, who is not now before the public.—The *Harbinger of Light* appears to have very few real facts noticeable by the student, and we are not willing to regard it as the exponent of the highest phase of thought of the Spiritualists of Australia, who must comprise among their numbers many reflective persons who perhaps have not the opportunity of reading all the generalisations of European scientific men.

"THE THEOSOPHIST" (BOMBAY).

(June, July, 1881.)

The *Theosophist* continues a very elaborate article by Pandit Prau Nath, on the antiquity and sanctity of the Sanscrit language. His views differ from those of Burton and the advocates of the derivation of early man from an Egyptian stock in the first place.—A careful discussion of the wonders said to be observed in the presence of Maroti Bacou, of Mulawati, illustrates the superior methods adopted by Hindoos with regard to the testing of mediums. The sympathies of the author appear to be decidedly with the oriental method of investigation.—Professor A. Wilder, Professor of Psychological Science in the United States Medical College of New York, gives us a new translation of the celebrated work of Iamblichus on the Mysteries. This very rare work has never been hitherto fully or even correctly translated from the original Greek. Professor Wilder is a Platonist, and as such is well qualified for the work before him.—The late M. Eliphas Levi (Abbé Louis Constant), one of the great masters of occult

sciences of the present century in the West, left behind him some valuable papers, one of which "A suicide's after state" is here published.—Mr. Perroux gives a rational paper on the evolution of a sixth sense in part coinciding with the views of Captain Burton.—The conductors of the *Theosophist*, in emphatic language, that we are sorry to see needs so much repetition, point out the distinction between their tenets and those of the average Spiritualists. Probably like the lady in Hamlet, they do protest too much. The general Theosophical news is beyond all praise; and contains within it a number of references to events in London, that read rather curiously when they come back again to us all the way from Bombay. Among other points, the recent legal cases of *Chamberlain v. Barnwell*, and *Dunbar v. Dunbar*, receive an exhaustive epitome. But to take the assumed standard of the *Theosophist*, the whole clergy of the Church of England appears to be tainted with immorality. It is not sufficient in logic to pick out certain isolated cases of immorality, and to ignore the vast number of clergymen of pure life belonging to the Church of England, and indeed to most other religious sects. To show that the faith of certain persons is inaccurate is one logical process, and to attack their morals is another. The Theosophists of India have, however, an important and learned organ that contains the real news of the occult sciences, and in no case goes further than the present development of scientific knowledge. Some of the mystic facts mentioned are of the highest importance, though the language wherein they are conveyed is rather unintelligible to English readers alone. As a psychological record it is simply perfect, and if its conductors have the *savoir faire* to eschew all theological disputation, and to leave other religions alone, we doubt not that it is destined to attain a very high level in the literature of the science. It is only by accurate labour like that shown by the conductors of the *Theosophist*, that we shall be able to solve the momentous problems of the occult sciences.

OTHER JOURNALS.

We have also received the following, but are unable to notice them, because of the pressure on our space this month—*Moniteur Belge* (Brussels) for July 15th and August 15th; *Le Messager* (Liege) for August 15th; *Psychische Studien* (Leipsic) for August; *Constancia* (Buenos Ayres) for July; *Revista de Estudios Psicologicos* (Barcelona) for August; *Le Devoir* (Guise, France), numbers for July and August; *El Criterio Espiritista* (Madrid), April, May, and June; and the *Scientific Investigator* (Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.), July.

DR. BEARD'S EXPERIMENTS IN HYPNOTISM.

THE subjoined letters from Dr. Beard and Dr. Donkin on mesmeric experiments made by the former before some of the members of the International Medical Congress, and which appeared in the *Times* newspaper of the 12th August, seem to have been called forth under the following circumstances. Dr. Beard had been announced to give a demonstration of Hypnotism at the above-named Congress, but from some cause or other this was withdrawn from the programme. A few semi-private experiments were, however, made, which Dr. Donkin attacked in a letter to the *Times* of the 11th ult. These two letters we now reprint without present comment, but we may return to the subject in a future issue. The first is Dr. Donkin's account of the affair, and is followed by Dr. Beard's version and corrections:—

(To the Editor of THE TIMES.)

Sir,—The following account of a mesmeric, or, to use the more fashionable term, hypnotic *séance*, may be of some interest and use, especially at this time, when many doctors are going to and fro, and knowledge may be increased.

I went this afternoon, in common with several other members of the International Medical Congress, to the Waterloo Hotel, Jermyn Street, whither Dr. G. Beard, of New York, had invited us to witness what he termed experiments in hypnotism, etc., on one of his "trained" (*sic*) patients. The "subject," a young man about 21 years old, was delivering a lecture on temperance in an alleged state of trance as I entered the room. Soon after Dr. Beard came in and proceeded to deal with the patient after the manner of mesmerists, stopping and starting his flow of words by a touch, etc. By Dr. Beard's permission, the suggestion of considering the case in the ordinary medical manner, by obtaining a good clinical history and examining into the patient's physical and mental condition, was adopted, and before any further experiments were tried, Dr. Crichton Browne elicited the following facts:—The "subject," a native of Edinburgh, was using an assumed name; he refused to disclose the name by which he was known when in business in that town, although told that the object in asking it was to inquire into his antecedents. He declined to answer questions of a medical nature put to him by Dr. Browne, the examination being in its result perfectly negative as to his credibility as a witness, but bringing out the positive fact that he had been conversant with Spiritualism in New York, while he alleged that he had forgotten the names of the "mediums" he had sat with. With a protest from the spectators on the unsatisfactory upshot of the "case-taking" thus far, Dr. Beard was requested to exhibit the phenomena we had come to see.

Various experiments were shown, which in the opinion of the

meeting were totally valueless; and finally, Dr. Beard having stated that the condition of perfect insensibility could be produced, the suggestion was made that this experiment should be tried, admitting, as it would, of the application of the fairly definite test of the infliction of what would in the ordinary state be pain, but would be, of course, on the hypothesis of the genuineness of Dr. Beard's case, unfelt. To this test the patient refused to submit. The meeting then, at the instance of Dr. Crichton Browne, unanimously expressed the opinion that in the absence of proof of the genuineness of the alleged phenomena, with the strong probability of the "subject" being an impostor, it was useless to witness any further manifestations, and promptly dissolved itself.

A rumour that these performances might be reproduced at one of the meetings of the congress is, we would hope, without foundation.
—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. DONKIN.

(To the Editor of THE TIMES.)

Sir,—In reply to Dr. Donkin's report of one of my series of experiments in trance (hypnotism), before some of the members of the International Medical Congress, it is proper to make the following statements:—

1. My object in bringing over from America one of the individuals on whom I have been experimenting during the past year was not to demonstrate the genuineness of hypnotism—in regard to which all experts are in substantial agreement—but to illustrate new phases of the hypnotic condition. To demonstrate absolutely the genuineness of trance phenomena would require not a few hours or days, but weeks.

2. One of the special points that I sought to make clear was, that whatever may be the physical or moral character of the subject, experiments may be made with him in such a way that he cannot deceive us, and that we may in some instances be as sure of our results as in dealing with mathematics. Tests of this kind, that depend even remotely on the character of the subject experimented on, have no value in science. This is the central maxim in all of my writings and lectures on this theme. I have never inquired as to the antecedents of the subject employed on the occasion referred to. Whatever may have been his history or general character, he was in his relation to the experiments as honest as Dr. Donkin or Sir James Paget. This is proved, not by his own statements, but by a long series of experiments made on him during the past year, not only by myself but by others. That many of the symptoms of experimental trance, like the symptoms of insanity, of epilepsy, and of hysteria, can be simulated, only those who are unfamiliar with this department of science will question; but our methods of detecting simulation in trance are, as I have elsewhere shown, far more scientific than our means of discovering simulation in insanity, or

any of the morbid conditions to which it is allied, and these means have been repeatedly employed with the individual here referred to.

3. The cautery test suggested by Dr. Donkin is, as usually employed, of very little demonstrative value. In my lecture on this subject before the New York Academy of Science last January, I slowly burned a hole in the hand, and no indications of pain were exhibited. The audience shuddered, but the subject appeared precisely like a corpse. The subject brought to London has stood in hundreds of experiments far more scientific and demonstrative tests. When once the positive suggestive of numbness is given to a hypnotised subject, there is no operation in surgery, short or prolonged, that cannot be performed upon him. As an anæsthetic, ether, chloroform, and nitrous oxide, in quickness, in speed, and in safety, are incomparably inferior to trance. But the power of the human will greatly exceeds popular belief. Very near the spot where my London experiments were made Christian martyrs are said to have remained motionless and calm until their limbs were burned to a crisp. The cautery experiment, although I have myself sometimes used it, I must regard as unscientific. We have now better tests of the genuineness of the phenomena, at once less cruel and more convincing. These tests have been described in my writings on this subject, and some of them were referred to in my private experiments last week. The discussion of this topic at the meeting of the British Medical Association in Cambridge last year, though ably introduced by Professor Preyer, of Jena, was, as all will allow, in some respects unsatisfactory, save as a stimulus to thought, partly for want of an individual to experiment upon, and in part because the restriction of time and space in sections made the consideration of such themes with any satisfaction impossible. To meet this difficulty I brought one of my cases with me, and gave to Professor Preyer and Mr. Braid an opportunity for operative experiments which, though not demonstrative, were far more satisfactory than could have been given in a section.

In regard to claims at once so novel and so incredible even an approach to unanimity of opinion is only possible after many and varied confirmations; but men of science may differ from each other without desiring to destroy each other; and on a theme like this, where the temptation to carry scepticism to the extreme where it becomes credulity and to mistake violence for science is so rarely resisted, it is pleasing to note that Dr. Donkin is as courteous in his manner, as he is erroneous in his conclusions.

London, 10th August.

GEORGE M. BEARD.

To create by a divine fiat a perfect man, incapable of falling, or of missing the mark set before him, would be to make a machine, not a man—an automaton, not a son who could receive the fulness of the Father's love, and return it with the full fervour of his being.—
"HAMARTIA."

BUDDHISM AND WESTERN THOUGHT.*

By M. A. (OXON.)

THAT Englishmen are almost entirely ignorant of the principles and practice of a form of faith which embraces within its fold one-third of the human race is, considering their connection with India, very surprising. But the average Briton is downright and practical; whereas Buddhism, with its metaphysical doctrines and purely spiritual conceptions, commends itself only to the subtle and flexible modes of thought that characterise the Eastern mind. The Western mind must, so to speak, materialise the conception of Spirit before it can lay hold on it. That in so doing it brutalises and disfigures it, misapprehends its more subtle conceptions, and parodies some of its nobler teachings, is inevitable. To how many Englishmen is the idea of Nirvāna familiar? Would not nine out of ten, who attach any meaning at all to the word, translate it as Professor Monier Williams does, "the being blown out like a flame: *utter annihilation*"? How many would correlate it with that "kingdom of heaven" which, as Jesus told his disciples, is *within* a man, and to which they only can attain who have risen superior to the things of time and sense, and have entered into peace? Yet this is, doubtless, an approximate view of the true conception.

But it is not the average mind alone that makes these blunders. Men who have studied Eastern Theology, and who come forward as the guides of men less well instructed, propound the most startling and erroneous notions. "The religion of Buddha," says Professor Max Müller, "was made for a mad-house." † "There is no trace of the idea of God in the whole of Buddhism, either at the beginning or at the end," says M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire.‡ "Buddhism denies the existence of the soul,"§ says one who is well-known in England in connection with this subject, Mr. Rhys Davids. According to Mr. Turnour|| "Buddha is a wonderful impostor." Burnouf, and many prominent Eastern scholars, hold that "the highest reward in Buddhism after death is the cessation of individual consciousness."¶ Two names only, those of Colebrooke and Foucaux are ranged on the other side. The vast

* *Buddha and Early Buddhism.* A. Lillie. Trübner & Co., 1881.

† *Chips from a German Workshop*, p. 254.

‡ *Le Bouddha et sa Religion*, p. iv. § *Buddhism: Table of Contents.*

|| *Journal of Bengal Asiatic Society*, vol. vii., p. 991.

¶ Lillie. *Introd.* p. vii.

mass of opinion ranks Buddhism as Atheistic, or at least Agnostic, beginning in a negation, and culminating in annihilation.

The publication of Mr. Lillie's work, the fruit, he tells us, of nine years' study of Buddhism, should do much to present a more truthful view of the subject. To him the agnostic school of Buddhism which undoubtedly does exist, is a comparatively late development. "The Buddhism of the date of the Christian era was already a corrupt form." The ancient Buddhists "believed the higher Buddhism and the higher Christianity to be the same religion; an idea which seems also to have been held by St. Paul, for he talks of a gospel as having been already preached to every creature under heaven, at a time when, outside Jerusalem, a small Romish congregation comprised almost all the Gentile converts of the historical Apostles."*

The effects due to this form of faith are stated concisely by Mr. Lillie, and the perusal of the claims so put forward is not a little startling.

1. The most formidable priestly tyranny that the world had ever seen crumbled away.
2. The institution of caste was overthrown.
3. Polygamy and slavery were for the first time seriously attacked and condemned.
4. Woman was raised from a position of degradation to equality with man.
5. All bloodshed, whether by the knife of the priest or the sword of the conqueror, was forbidden.
6. Personal religion was substituted for religion by the body corporate: the development of the spiritual life for sacrificial and ritual atonement.
7. The principle of religious propagandism by moral means alone was introduced. China, Bactria, Japan, and the greater part of Asia were so converted to Buddhism. Dean Mansel and others hold that the missionaries of Buddha had reached Alexandria by the time of Alexander the Great. Their mystic societies—Therapeuts, Essenes, and the like—gradually undermined the priestly religions of Babylonia, Palestine, Egypt, and Greece, and prepared the way for Christianity. America was evangelised by the same unwearying enterprise in the fifth century, A.D. They penetrated in another direction to Northern Europe, and their traces are left among Norsemen, Angles, and Goths.

* Lillie. *Introd.* p. x.

"Thus from the thought of one man's brain a religion has arisen which may be said to have covered the globe with its rock temples, and statues, and pillars, and mounds. This has been effected by moral means alone; for Buddhism is the one religion virgin of coercion."* Whether or not this tremendous claim can be sustained, there can be no doubt that Buddhism has been and is a mighty power, and I need make no apology for attempting to introduce some of Mr. Lillie's facts and theories to my readers. I feel greatly indebted to him for much light thrown on very difficult problems. I have read his work with great pleasure and with much profit; and I desire to do what I can to present in a popular manner some things which have struck me, in reading his book, as to the inter-relation of Buddhism and various modern forms of thought. If in so doing, if I touch but lightly on the more abstruse questions that Mr. Lillie discusses with so much careful erudition, it is because I am fully aware of my own incompetency to handle them at all suitably. I could not hope to treat them fairly in the space I can command; nor could I reasonably hope that what is still somewhat obscure to me after three or four careful perusals of Mr. Lillie's book should be intelligible to those who have yet to make its acquaintance.

THE HISTORICAL AND THE LEGENDARY BUDDHA.

The oldest life of Buddha, according to the view of Max Müller and his school, is the Sanskrit *Lalitavistara*: according to Rhys Davids, the Cingalese *Life* is the best authority. Mr. Lillie favours the former view, but considers that the oldest Buddhism is to be found in the Tibetan version translated by Foucaux. From it we gather the legendary story of the Buddha. We have the usual account of the seeking out a pure virgin of whom the great prophet should be born. Queen Māya, pure as a heavenly spirit, is selected; and the question is put in heaven, under what form does a Buddha descend to earth for the last time? A wise spirit answers that "he must select the body of the most beautiful of elephants, armed with six defences, and covered with a spangled netting of gold." In this form, then, he appeared, "entered the right side of his mother, and she, by means of a dream, was conscious of the fact." More marvels are related. "During the time that Buddha was in his mother's womb her body was transparent. He sat in a framework of immense splendour, which had been used by the gods to bring him down from heaven." Of this, its gold and diamonds, we have elaborate descriptions, mystical in meaning, as all the story is.

* Lillie. *Introd.* pp. v. vi. vii.

Queen Māya, it is not surprising to find, is endued with miraculous powers. She exorcises demons, heals the sick, and communicates mysterious properties to "a handful of grass," as Paul did to the handkerchiefs and aprons which had touched his body.

Among the thirty-two signs that indicate the mother of a Buddha, the fifth, is that she should be on a journey at the time of her expected labour. Accordingly, as the Christ is born in a wayside inn, the Buddha is born under a sacred tree as Queen Maya journeys to her father's house. "She seizes a branch in her hand, yawns (shudders?) like one about to be possessed of a spirit, and the Buddha comes forth from a gap in her right side. No sooner has the infant touched the earth than a lotus springs up. He sits on it and proclaims his Divinity. Angels hymn his glory, and proclaim the blessings that he brings. Earth rocks, scented winds blow. All flesh is filled with peace and joy. The sick are healed, the prisoners released, the hungry fed, the naked clothed. Flowers and scents fall from the skies. A shudder of strange ecstasy is in each individual.

The parallel which must suggest itself between the Christian and Buddhist legends is even more marked as we go on. In those days there dwelt on the rugged side of the Himalayas a holy man named Asita. He recognised the signs for which he had long waited, and knew that the Buddha was born. He journeyed to the place where the young child was, and asked to be permitted to see it. Admitted to the chamber where it slumbered, the holy man took the child in his arms, gazed upon it for a time, and then burst into tears. "What means this, O Rishi, that you sigh and sob?" "I weep," he answered, "because I am old and stricken in years, and shall not see all that is about to come to pass. . . . This bright boy will be Buddha. For the salvation of the world he will teach the law. He will succour the old, the sick, the afflicted, the dying. He will release those who are bound in the meshes of natural corruption. He will quicken the spiritual vision of those whose eyes are darkened by the thick darkness of ignorance. Hundreds of thousands of millions of beings will be carried by him to the other shore. And I shall not see this perfect Buddha—that is why I weep." Thus this prototype of Simeon chants his *Nunc Dimittis*.

Miracles accompany the infant prodigy. When he is presented in the temple, the idols do him homage: the spirits of the air are subservient to him: the very sun casts a miraculous shadow when he sits under a tree at noon-day. He distances all competitors in manly games. He lives in unheard of

luxury and splendour, until one day, as he left the city where he lived, he came upon an old decrepit man whom "one of the spirits of the pure abode had prepared, a phantasm for the edification of the prince." He questioned, and found that this weakness of age was no peculiarity, but the common lot of man. "If this body," he moralised, "is to be the abode of old age, what have I to do with pleasure!" Again, as he left the city on another day by the south gate, he saw a man afflicted with loathsome disease, and found that this too was common to man. A third time, as he left the city by the west gate, he encountered a corpse with mourners weeping and tearing their hair. He learned that this was Death, the universal issue of life, and he was sad at the contemplation of Age, Sickness, Death. Once more, leaving the city by the north gate, he saw a Brahmin novice. A spirit of the pure abode* had assumed this form. The Buddha was told that this man had "abandoned the desires of the flesh, and leads an austere life. Serene, passionless, pious, he goes about begging his food." The prince was greatly impressed, and determined to lead such a life himself. In vain were temptations put in his way, his guardian spirits cause him to overcome them all. They show him the beautiful women of the zenana at a time when they have thrown them into a deep sleep. Everything is in disorder, repulsive, tawdry, unattractive. "Of a verity I am in a graveyard," he exclaims, and his chief temptation is gone. He determines to leave his palace, and his attendant spirits miraculously open the gates which his father had caused to be locked and guarded, so that his son might not escape. The same kindly aid supplies him with suitable clothes in place of his royal garments. "A spirit of the pure abode appears as a huntsman, wearing a coarse dress of ochre-red," and exchanges clothes with him.

For six years he practised the terrible austerities of the Brahmin Yogis. "He stopped completely his breathing, either inwardly or outwardly. Sweat in great drops fell from his body to the ground. He fasted, some versions say for forty-seven days. The Devil—Māra—now comes to tempt him, and our minds revert at once to the Fasting and Temptation of the Christ before the commencement of his public ministry. Two of the temptations are identical with those of Jesus. Māra offers universal dominion, and appeals to his bodily

* These "spirits of the pure abode" (Suddhāvāsa Devis), the guardian spirits of Buddha, are the spirits of certain persons who do not possess the quality of sanctification, which would emancipate them from return to this world. They live in Brahmaloce, and act as the guardians and "spiritual teachers of men."

appetite. The reply is a fine one. "Death, demon, is the inevitable end of life. Why should I dream of avoiding it? Who falls in battle is noble; who is conquered is as good as dead. Demon, soon shall I triumph over thee. Lust is thy first army, ennui thy second, hunger and thirst are thy third. Passions, idleness, fears, rage, and hypocrisy are amongst thy troops. Backbitings, flatteries, false renown, these are thy inky allies, soldiers of the Fallen Angel."

Then, to complete the parallel, comes the mystic Baptism. He plunges into the stream saying, "I vow from this moment to deliver the world from the thralldom of death and the wicked one. I will procure salvation for all men, and conduct them to the other shore! But his strength has been reduced by the six years' penance, and he would sink, when lo! a spirit of the tree stretches forth a hand and assists him." A last great temptation, "the thirty-two sorceries of women" awaits him, and he triumphs finally. Mark what follows: "When the demons had left him, it is recorded that bright spirits came and comforted him." So, when Jesus had resisted the Tempter, "the Devil leaveth him, and lo! angels came and ministered to him."

Space forbids me to follow out every detail of this most remarkable parallel. I can but hastily note from the historical life of Buddha the many miracles that he performed, between which and those recorded of the Christ a striking similarity exists. The multiplication of food: walking on the water: reading men's inmost thoughts: these recur more than once. A disciple of Buddha's has a brother in danger of shipwreck. "The spirits that are favourable to Purna the Arya" apprise him, and he transports himself to the deck of the ship, and calms the tempest. He is superior to the laws of gravitation, floating in the air, passing through material obstacles, and changing his personal appearance. He is transfigured on a mountain. With him are seen the Buddhas or Saints of old, the Moseses and Elias of India. He prophesies that he will appear after his death, and is actually seen many times, probably in the subtle or apparitional form, more familiarly known to us as the Spirit-body. These are some of the most striking parallels that lie on the surface.

In reading them, none can fail to be struck with the singular similarity of the legends that cluster round the Buddha and the Christ, nor to note the constant recurrence of spiritual intervention, and the simple belief in the action of departed spirits of humanity as guardians of mankind. The narrative is pervaded throughout with the purest Spiritualism. I do not say with a belief in the miraculous, with supernaturalism,

with mysticism. I repeat,—with the reiteration, as of a well-known thing, of that which is the peculiar note of Spiritualism—the presence and guardianship of departed spirits.

BUDDHISTIC AND CHRISTIAN TEACHING.

The similarity extends to the teaching of these “prophets sent from God”; each with the message most suited to the age which he came to instruct. I commenced this paper by quoting from Mr. Lillie a remarkable summary of the effects traceable to the life of the Buddha. His precepts bear, in many points, a strong likeness to the most authentic teaching of the Christ, as preserved in the Sermon on the Mount—

“By love alone can we conquer wrath.”

“Do to others that which ye would have them do to you. Kill not. Cause no death.”*

“Religion is nothing but the faculty of love.”

“Beauty and riches are like a knife smeared with honey. The child sucks and is wounded.”

“Abstain from evil! Do good! Purify thy heart! This is the teaching of the Buddhas.”

“Few are there amongst men who arrive at the other shore [i.e., heaven]. Many run up and down the shore.”

“He who performs his duty to his neighbour lives happily in this world and in the next.”

“The man who causes joy now shall rejoice hereafter.”

“Oh! the happiness of seeing the Holy One! Oh! the happiness of being able to rely on him as present!”

Such precepts might be multiplied indefinitely. Considering the date at which these words were uttered, and the influence they have exerted, they must be deemed as occupying a first rank among the precepts of wisdom. The quickening of pure spiritual life, and the lessening of human suffering as the result of evil deeds were ever on his tongue. He never tired of pointing out that man must save himself by individual effort. Ceremonial, sacrifice, the exertions of others could not take the place of personal active holiness. Against the bloody sacrifice of the Brahmins he was especially remorseless. He would have no bloodshed on any consideration.

In another direction his theology was a tremendous advance on all that had preceded it. Mr. C. C. Massey pointed out, in a paper recently published in this magazine,† that the Buddhist Dhammapada teaches the inexorable moral sequence of

* Sutra of the Forty-Two Sections, V. 129. M. Léon Feer gives here the very words of Luke 6:31.

† *Karma*. August, 1881.

thought and character. This was one of the cardinal doctrines of the Buddha, and holds, as Mr. Massey observes, a principal place in the teaching of the higher spirits now.

"The Judas of Buddhism, Devadetta, repents and is forgiven. But Buddha cannot annul the causation of his evil deeds. These will have to be dealt with by slow degrees in the purgatorial stages of the hereafter. He knows no theory of a dull bigot on his death-bed suddenly waking up with all the broad sympathies and large knowledge of the angel Gabriel."

To Buddha, again, was due the proclamation of God's universal love. In his day God was a tribal God, and all others were false pretenders to Deity. He first in the world's history propounded a God who was the Father of all, whose eye was over all his creatures, and from whose all-pervading love no recess in the nethermost hell was sheltered.

But the chief note of his teaching was his boundless compassion. "Buddha was God revealed in the form of mercy," say his followers, "His majestic gentleness never varies. He converts the very wicked one. He speaks gently to the daughters of sin." No insult can provoke him to retaliation; and that in a day when this was the protective principle which held society together, and when revenge, war, plunder, and bloodshed, prompted by the mere instinct of self-preservation, were rife all round him.

It does not need, as Mr. Lillie well points out, that we enter into elaborate historical discussion as to the existence and mission of the Buddha. It is necessary that such a man should have lived since ideas so far in advance even of modern days were conceived.

There remain various points of great interest to which I hope to revert in a future paper. The relations of Buddhism with the higher Judaism, as well as with the higher Christianity, open out a vast field of inquiry. The connection of the secret system of Buddhism with the early Christian brotherhoods, such as the Therapeuts, and its possible survival in the vastest and most far-reaching brotherhood of all—Freemasonry—are worth more than a passing glance. There remains, too, much to note in the Spiritualism of the Buddhistic teaching which should be of special interest to the readers of this magazine. On these subjects I trust that I may reflect some light from Mr. Lillie's researches. But nothing that I can say will take the place of a careful reading of what he has written. It is not for me to attempt to settle the moot questions that pervade his book. Doctors differ, and we know too little to speak with any approach to certainty. But there is hardly one of them the discussion of which has not some interest for

those who have learned to think outside of the grooves that trammel orthodox thought; and who believe that God has given a monopoly of wisdom to no sect or section of opinion, but has opened the abundant storehouse of Truth to all who ask, and has suffered each to assimilate that which his spiritual needs require.

Reserving these points for notice hereafter, I conclude with one of the parables that adorn the teaching of Buddha, as they did that of Christ. It has an instructive similarity to that of

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A certain man had a son who went away into a far country. There he became miserably poor. The father grew rich, and accumulated much treasure. He tenderly loved his lost son, and lamented that he had no one to whom he could leave his riches.

After a time, the poor man, in search of food and clothing, returned to his father's country. And when he was afar off his father saw him, and reflected thus in his mind—"If I at once acknowledge my son, and give to him my gold and my treasure, I shall do him a great injury. He is ignorant and undisciplined; poor and brutalised. With one of such miserable inclinations it were better to educate the mind little by little. I will make him one of my hired servants."

Then the son, famished and in rags, arrived at the door of his father's house, and seeing a great throne, and many doing homage to him who sat upon it, he fled to the highway. "This," he thought, "is the house of the poor man. If I stay in the palace of the king I shall be thrown into prison."

Then the father sent messengers after his son, who was brought back in spite of his lamentations. He fainted with fear; not recognising his father, and believing that he was about to suffer some cruel punishment. The father ordered his servants to deal tenderly with the poor man, and sent two labourers of his own apparent rank to engage him a servant on the estate. They gave him a broom and a basket, and engaged him to work at a double wage.

From the window of his palace the rich man watched his son at work: and disguising himself one day as a poor man, and covering his limbs with dust and dirt, he approached his son and said—"Stay here, good man, and I will provide you with food and clothing. You are honest; you are industrious. Look upon me as your father."

After many years the father felt his end approaching, and he summoned his son and the officers of the king, and announced to them the secret he had so long kept. The poor

man was really his son, who in early days had wandered away from him; and *now that he was conscious of his former debased condition*, and was able to appreciate and retain vast wealth, he was determined to hand over to him his entire treasure. The poor man was astonished at this sudden change of fortune, and overjoyed at meeting his father once more.

As the New Testament parable admirably conveys the notion of God's abounding love, so does this set forth one of the chief teachings of the Buddha—the *moral sequence of sin and punishment, and the impossibility of forgiveness and restoration till personal atonement has been made, and fitness shown.*

SPIRIT INDICATIONS IN HOLY WRIT.

By A. M.

MANY who "revere the sacred page" have no faith in the fact of spirit communications, technically termed Spiritualism. Their difficulty is not that they consider such communication morally wrong, but that it is impossible. They regard the physical and spirit worlds as too distinct in their nature to allow of the intercourse in question. They have doubts whether there be any true, tangible, and visible embodiment of men between death and the resurrection; or if they don't positively deny such embodiment, they regard it as doubtful, if they even bestow attention upon the matter at all. They are ready, however, to give heed to any thing that can be shown to receive distinct countenance from Scripture. This may render it seasonable to deal briefly with "spirit indications in Holy Writ." It may prepare the way, if we glance at some facts connected with spiritual embodiment, known by experience. All who are not materialists believe in the union of matter and mind in their own persons. The fact of such union is so common-place that many bestow no attention upon it as a special subject of study, and therefore fail to learn its varied teachings. The bare fact that our minds influence our bodies, and our bodies our minds, at once demonstrates that the physical world and the spiritual world are not in their nature so absolutely distinct as many have allowed themselves to conclude that they are. The circumstance that our bodies are specially our *own* bodies, and that they are *living* bodies, does not in the least affect the vital question at issue. These characteristics only affect the question of the *conditions* under which matter and mind can influence each other; not the fact of the mutual influence. Since such an inexplicable thing takes

place, or that mind acts, with more or less directness, upon *living* organised matter, who can be warranted to say that it *may* not act upon unorganised lifeless matter? If thought, emotion, volition, can act freely upon one's own body who can say that they may not act upon the bodies of others, even if removed to great distances? If an embodied spirit may so act upon other bodies, why may not disembodied spirits do the same? The fact that in our own persons the mental acts upon the physical would not have been thought credible, apart from experience, by those who teach that matter and mind are so essentially different as to possess no property in common. But the one fact that they *do so act* opens the way for easy belief in the *possibility* of all such communication as Spiritualists contend for. We have said, "acts with more or less directness," because we have no ground for believing that the mutual action of mind and body is absolutely direct. The presence of nerve-force,—that imponderable,—so near akin to electricity, seems to be indispensable. When serious damage to the spine cuts off the supply of nerve-force from the limbs they become paralysed. Mind has then no power over them, cannot be affected by their state. When, in consequence of fatigue, the circulation of blood in the nerve-centres flags so that nerve-force cannot be abundantly transmitted to the organs of *sense*, mind no longer dwells in them, hence the state of sleep. When such recovery of circulation as can supply nerve-force to the body cannot be again effected, the body becomes dead, and the mind takes, consequently, its final departure. Peculiar states of nerve-force being so much factors in spirit manifestations, a strong probability is established in favour of the alleged facts. Turning now to Scripture, we have ample evidence that there is a non-physical embodiment, and that that embodiment may be so modified as to become serviceable to those who inhabit physical bodies, be able to dispose of physical food, and produce various other effects upon physical things. The recorded appearances and behaviour of angels is "proof positive." In the fifth chapter of the second epistle to the Corinthians, the fact that those who have died physically possess real bodies is taught and dwelt upon at considerable length. The physical body is compared to a house, a tabernacle, a clothing. Those who were being "daily delivered to death" for the Saviour's sake are cheered by the thought that when the earthly embodiment became no longer tenable, the spirit would not be houseless, would not be then unclothed, but would possess clothing or a habitation, *heavenly in kind*. In the previous chapter the "outer" and "inner" *man* are contrasted. To give the figure of

speech any appropriateness, we must not regard the contrast as one of body and character. If the outer man denotes, as all allow, the physical *body*, the inner man must also denote a body, although of different quality. If, as cannot be objected to, we should, in reference to the figurative terms employed, exchange them for the literal, then the statement "we shall not be found naked" is equivalent to "we shall not be found disembodied." Setting aside, as we well may, as those for whom we write do, the idea that demoniacal possessions were mere diseases, we have the indisputable fact that, apart from any physical embodiment of their own, spirits could occupy so as to influence the bodies of others; could speak with their organs of voice, and consequently could—if writing had been common then as now—use their hands in penning messages and giving written communications of any kind. *Scripture thus establishes the fact of mediumship.* These, the spirits referred to in the cases under notice, were bad spirits, but that does not in the least invalidate the proof of the possibility of mediumship, although it involves a solemn caution in regard to the conditions under which a *séance* may be legitimate and safe. If farther proof of our special point could be required, the whole doctrine of the temptations of devils, and the ministry of angels, might be confidently appealed to, not to speak of the inspiration of prophets and apostles, and the signs and wonders, in support of their lies, which were wrought by false prophets. Undoubtedly Holy Writ furnishes most ample proof of the possibility of such intercourse as is, in modern days, technically denominated "Spiritualism"; leaving the way open for the discussions of such questions as—Is the practice in our day a legitimate one? and, if so, What amount and what kinds of good may be secured by it?

IS EVIL GOOD?—Is it a paradox to say that the secret of success lies in succeeding? I am inclined to think not. The thought came to me while appropriating the pages of Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope." Despair, trials, and temporary failures often prove but initial steps leading the soul up on to the mountains of the ideal and the beautiful. An eternal failure, under the government of a God infinitely good, wise, and omnipotent, would be a moral impossibility. While Hosea Ballou was preaching full fifty years ago, that there was no absolute and endless evil in the universe, but that imperfection, and so-called evil of all kinds, would finally be overruled for good, an impetuous and dissatisfied hearer jumped from his seat, and sarcastically asked: "Is evil good then?" "Not till we see the end of it," was the calm reply of the venerable preacher.—J. M. PEEBLES.

FAMILIAR TALKS ON SPIRITUALISM.

BY PROFESSOR BARRETT.

I.

"AND so you have gone crazy over Spiritualism," said my friend N. to me, after the ladies had left the dinner table.

"And you, I hear, over Materialism."

"Hardly so; it depends upon what you mean by Materialism," replied N.

"Precisely. More than half the angry controversies of the day arise from men attaching different meanings to the same word, so before we discuss Spiritualism let me ask what you mean by that word?"

"Oh!" said N., "there cannot be two opinions about that: everyone knows that Spiritualism means a belief in table-tipping, raps, and other insane attacks upon furniture, without a visible cause."

"But why should you call that Spiritualism?"

"Because you suppose these ridiculous things are done by the spirits of the dead, a most revolting belief."

"That is exactly what I don't suppose. Pray let us keep facts, and theories about facts, apart. I believe that certain extraordinary phenomena do occur without any apparent cause; but those facts, when regarded from a scientific point of view, I consider to be utterly inexplicable."

"Then you believe in the tricks, but don't know how the tricks are done. That is just my state of mind when I go to a good conjurer like Maskelyne and Cooke."

"Call them tricks if you like, but if what I have seen, carefully examined, and can vouch for, be tricks—then young children, clumsy youths, nervous hysterical women, and also highly cultivated persons, moving in good society, are far and away better conjurers than the most accomplished prestidigitateur that ever bamboozled the close scrutiny of shrewd eyes. Such persons would soon reap substantial profits if they came before the world as tricksters. Consider, too, that the things thus seen, and which it is the fashion to call tricks, are accomplished without the aid of any apparatus or confederates, occur in private houses unvisited before by the medium, and are done under every disadvantage as regards conjuring: for not only can one sit quite close to the medium, but sceptical eyes converge on every side, and under such circumstances fraud could hardly live long."

"But," rejoined N., "what is the use of shrewd eyes when your performances always go on in the dark; for I am told

nothing occurs till you have made the conditions of illusion easy, by excluding all, or nearly all, light?"

"Nothing could be more erroneous; darkness is by no means essential. I have heard raps loudly occurring in the house of a friend, who was a ferocious sceptic, not only in broad daylight, but when the sun was positively streaming into every corner of the room, and yet, after weeks of careful investigation, when, by degrees, every possible source of deception had been eliminated, still these raps continued without any discernible cause. The only condition absolutely necessary is that some medium should be present."

"Just so," retorted N. "Somebody engaged at two guineas a séance, whose business is to deceive you. Tricks would no longer be tricks if you could find out how they were done. I admit some mediums completely beat professed conjurers:—

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain;
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The sweet 'mejum' is peculiar,
Though the same I can't rise to explain.

"But, my dear N., how would you like to hear such insinuations addressed to your wife?"

"Impossible! She is not a heathen Chinee."

"Don't be too sure; some of my acquaintances in the most unexpected way have turned out to be powerful mediums."

"Horrible! the widespread depravity of human nature ought more than ever to engage the study of philosophers."

"Do be serious, N. It is easy to poke fun at anything. What do you say when I tell you as a fact that our friend W.'s little girl, a sweet child of nine summers, is a strongly-developed medium—that the accomplished wife of R., the well-known equity barrister, is also a medium—that a successful young student at Trinity, whose family we both know, is decidedly mediumistic—that the prosy, matter-of-fact, well-to-do business man, M., of this town, is also a medium—that the refined and beautiful daughter of Lady — is a medium—and, oddly enough, that the simple-hearted old farmer F., who showed us such hospitality in our walking tour last summer, and who, in his remote Irish village, certainly has had no chance of taking lessons in conjuring from 'exposers' of mediums—indeed, I question very much whether Spiritualism has ever been heard of in his village; even old F. turns out to be a medium. With a little care I might easily extend this list, but I have mentioned names enough to show you that among our circle of friends this 'mediumistic' power,

whatever it may be, exists more widely than is generally suspected."

"You utterly amaze me," exclaimed N. "Can all these friends you have named 'call spirits from the vasty deep,' and 'will they come when they do call them?' If so, I should like to be present."

"I have said nothing about spirits; everyone is at liberty to explain the facts as he thinks best. All I assert is, that in the presence of the persons I have named certain things occur, such as the movement of furniture, often without the slightest contact of any person; rappings in all parts of the room, but loudest in the neighbourhood of the medium, besides other mysterious phenomena. To imagine each and all of these, our friends, conspiring by similar methods to deceive us, and that for no earthly reason, would be a greater outrage on common-sense than to ask you to believe in the occurrence of a certain range of unaccountable facts."

"Perhaps you are right," said N., for whilst you have been speaking my conscience has furthermore been smiting me at the remembrance of some words of the great Arago, which long ago impressed themselves on my memory. They are as follow:—'He who ventures to treat *a priori* a fact as absurd wants prudence, for he has not reflected on the numerous errors he would have committed in regard to many modern discoveries.'"

"Quite so. What could be more *bizarre* and incredible than the discovery of inoculation for small-pox, or exchanging ideas with New York in a few minutes, or than the recent discovery of actually speaking by telegraph, where the words spoken at one end of a line re-appear at the far extremity without the intervention of any operator beyond the speaker and listener, and, I might add, the sending of four messages in opposite directions simultaneously along one wire—an invention in daily practical use in America? All these things we should have set down as miracles, if our minds had not been gradually prepared to receive them by the successive triumphs of scientific inquiry. Remember that among the ignorant, in all ages and countries, those who knew most of the secrets of nature were always looked upon with suspicion, and persecuted if the opportunity arose. And though we do not burn our Brunos now, yet there is a social martyrdom reserved for those who have the courage to express their opinions—if those opinions are in conflict with the fashion of the place or day."

"I must say that I don't like your social martyrs," said N. "Society, I think, has a good deal more strong common-sense than it generally gets credit for. Enthusiasts with a fixed idea are a great bore, and men who thrust their wild notions down

your throat are better frowned out of society. However, we are wandering from our subject. I am willing to acknowledge that the things you describe as occurring—senseless and useless as they appear to be—may, nevertheless, be genuine, and that we have no right to ridicule a fact as impossible or improbable, if it has been well verified. But what then? These knockings and hurly-burly of furniture do not add to the sum of human happiness or human knowledge. Why, then, should I trouble myself about them? I would say with Professor Huxley that, admitting Spiritualism to be true, it only furnishes another argument against suicide, for if after death one is at beck and call of some wretched medium, and is bound to come and play the fool and talk inane rubbish by the hour, then a new terror is added to death."

"You have again gone back to the spirit theory. But, taking you on your own ground, you forget what a countless multitude of fools daily pass out of this life; and as birds of a feather flock together, it is highly probable that fools in the flesh would find fools in the spirit the most congenial company. But do not let us argue on this point. You have removed the principal intellectual barrier to inquiry you had when we began our conversation, and now the only question remains—Is the thing worth inquiry?—am I not right?"

"Entirely! in my opinion *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*."

"When Palissy was tearing up his floors to heat his furnaces, when Sir H. Davy was breathing every gas at the risk of his life, when Faraday spent laborious years in an underground room studying the phenomena of magnetism, did the play seem worth the candle in their day; but have not the Palissy ware, the use of nitrous oxide as an anæsthetic, and the universal employment of magneto-electricity more than justified the workers? And so, too, out of these strange aberrant phenomena, a wider and juster knowledge of the structure, the capacity, and the future of that wonderful thing we call our mind, our individuality, or, if you like, our soul, seems likely to spring."

"Ah! you have touched me at a weak point. If you could only prove to me that intelligence and individuality could exist without the gross material of our bodies, that would be knowledge I would give worlds to possess. But to be reassuring it must be positive knowledge, not mere hearsay on part of others. I must see the thing myself, and form my own conclusions thereon."

"That is what I hope you will do."

"But where can one see any of these wonderful contortions of furniture and intelligent knockings at an empty table? Can you take me to a séance, as you call it?"

"I think I can. I have heard to-day from a friend who invites me to witness some manifestations at his house occurring among the members of his own family. I will write to my friend and ask him if I may bring you with me, for I expect we shall have some phenomena that will be worth your pondering."

"A thousand thanks."

II.

Two days after our conversation N. called upon me to know whether permission had been given for him to accompany me to Mr. A.'s, at whose house the séance was to be held. Learning that it had been, we met at Mr. A.'s at the time appointed, namely, eight p.m.

Here I would say, that although it would be a breach of confidence to give the names and addresses of those concerned in this article, nevertheless the circumstances herein narrated are in every particular genuine, and the facts occurred precisely as they are here recorded.

Shown up stairs we entered the drawing-room, furnished in the ordinary way, except that it was covered with floorcloth instead of carpet—an unpleasant substitute recommended, we were told, by the invisible rapsters at the table. Though daylight remained the shutters were thrown to, and a solitary gaslight was burning from the chandelier. There was plenty of light to enable us to examine everything in the room; and independently of the fact that I should as soon expect Mr. A. to fly as to deceive me, there was no possibility of confederacy or conjuring of any kind.

Mr. A. entered with his cousin Miss B., who by degrees has become possessed with the so-called "mediumistic" power. My friend N. and myself seated ourselves at a short distance from Mr. A. and Miss B., who sat together at a small round mahogany table, the polish of which was in places partially removed by the imposition of hands.

"Why is it necessary for you to place your hands on the table?" asked N.

"I cannot tell you," replied Mr. A. "All we know is that some peculiar power seems imparted or generated by this act. A sort of vitality seems bestowed, and, as you will see presently, upon the removal of our hands this power fades away, but can be renewed by fresh contact."

"To be frank with you," said N., "you may not be aware that Faraday long ago explained the necessity of this manual contact by his ingenious experiments, demonstrating that the movement of tables was due to unintentional and quite unconscious muscular action on the part of the sitters."

"Quite possibly," said Mr. A., "many of the familiar table-turnings are due to this cause discovered by Faraday, and can be instantly stopped by putting pencils or any little rollers under the hands of the sitters; but how if the tables persisted in moving under such circumstances—still more, how can unconscious muscular action explain this movement, when a clear space of several inches intervenes between us and the table; our hands in fact being folded across our chests? This I hope you will see ere long."

"I hope so, too," said N., with a smile of incredulity.

"Does not this imposition of hands," I remarked, "give a curious significance to the similar act performed in Episcopal Churches, and alluded to by the Apostle James in the case of the sick; or is this only an accidental analogy? In both cases a virtue is asserted to go forth from the individual to the recipient. Or is it merely the attitude of mind which this laying on of hands creates that enables something *ab extra* to operate? And may not this 'something,' as Wordsworth thought, be far more deeply interfused than men imagine, so that in its higher aspects it becomes a motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of thought, and rolls through all things?"

"Suggestive, no doubt, but hardly appropriate to our present circumstances," said N.; "rather let us avoid poetry, and keep to facts. How came you, may I ask, Mr. A., to discover that you and your cousin had this peculiar power?"

"I was deeply interested in what I heard of Spiritualism," Mr. A. remarked, "and believed that by its means I might gain some positive assurance of the life after death. So I determined to sit quietly at a table with my family for an hour or two every evening, and soon we found, when Miss B. was present, feeble knocks were heard that increased in strength as time went on. In this way I have devoted several evenings a week for three years to the development of this power, and you can easily imagine if any fraud had been practised I should before this have discovered it: in fact, I myself have become to some extent mediumistic. The knocks come not only here but at my place of business, and whenever Miss B. or myself happen to be in a quiet, passive mood.

"Does not our conversation interfere?"

"Not at all; harmony in thought, as far as possible, is all that is necessary, and our conversation—by directing our ideas into one channel—has conduced towards this end. To further this object I will, if you do not object, read aloud a brief essay that I have written on this subject."

Whilst Mr. A. was reading, and frequently during our con-

versation, knocks had been heard at the little table. When the essay was over and half-an-hour in all had passed away, the knocks became loud and imperative. The little table now raised itself up on one side, and by successive spasmodic efforts twisted across to where I was sitting. Tilted on one side, till it was a wonder it did not fall over, I now heard the knocks on the legs and under surface of the table within a foot of my face. After this it moved across to my friend N., and finally returned to its first position. All this time Mr. A. and Miss B. had their hands on the table and thought the knocks were a mystery, yet unconscious muscular movements on their part might fairly enough explain the fitful progress of the table.

Several impatient little taps were now made by a rapid tilting movement of the table.

"That is the signal for the alphabet," said Mr. A., and you will observe that, to hasten matters, we have divided the alphabet into three sections, which I have printed on this card. A to H is in the first part, I to P in the second, Q to Z in the third. The table will tip once, twice, or thrice according to the section it indicates, and on our repeating the letters of that section a knock will be made at the right letter. This is our spiritual telegraphy, and is not so slow as it seems."

Mr. A. put the card before him, and I undertook to write the letters down as they were spelt out. In this way there came the following jumble:—We are sent as ministratino spirits they that fear the Lord shall not die but live forever!" Unintelligible enough at first, but by proper division of the words the following became apparent:—We are sent as ministratino spirits. They that fear the Lord shall not die but live for ever!" One word evidently needed repetition, and we accordingly begged that the word after "as" might be given; then the word "ministration" was promptly knocked and the sentence was complete. We were told that the curious habit of inverting the position of letters, as in this case, often occurred. Another sentence of similar purport in which some words were wrongly spelled, and persistently so, was then given. During all this it must be remembered that the hands and feet of the sitters at the table, whence the knocks came, were clearly in view and motionless throughout. The knocks, as my friend N. confessed, were a mystery and certainly not produced by any physical means.

Mr. A. and Miss B. then moved to a large mahogany-table, some four feet square, with a small falling leaf on each side. The table was a strong, firm one, supported on four legs. We also changed our position to get a closer and better view of

the proceedings. Almost immediately loud raps were given at this table beneath the hands of the sitters, so loud, in fact, they quite startled us. In character the sounds sometimes resembled the noises occasionally made by furniture when expanding under the heat of a room, or by pressing or straining the joints of an arm-chair. But the sharpest and loudest cracks can be well imitated in strength and character by smartly striking a table with the edge of an ivory or bone paper knife. In obedience to our request a definite number of knocks were given, four double knocks were asked for and given, knocks were asked to indicate the number of fingers held open, and were correctly given; in two instances this was tried and correctly done when I held my hand out of sight, so that the opened fingers were known to no one but myself. Knocks of different kinds were now heard all over the table, they kept time to the whistling of a tune, and showed an actuating intelligence that was most undeniable.

Addressing the table, Mr. A. now asked if knocks could be given without the contact of the hand. Three knocks in reply were to be the signal for yes. Three knocks quickly came. The hands of both Mr. A. and Miss B. were now held up, and whilst they partly withdrew from the table, the knocks still came, not so vigorously, but still there they were. This went on for some minutes, till they ceased to be heard. A refresher was then given in the shape of a few moments' contact with the hands. Once more the knocks returned, and continued some time after the hands were removed.

Whilst noticing these facts, we observed a frequent uneasy movement of the entire table, and now it sidled about in a most surprising manner. Lifting their hands completely off the table, the sitters placed themselves back in their chairs with their hands folded across their chests, their feet were in full view, and under these conditions, and in obedience to our request, the table raised the two legs nearest to us completely off the ground some eight or ten inches, and thus suspended itself for a few moments. Again a similar act was performed on the other side. And now came a very remarkable and interesting result. Whilst absolutely free from the contact of every person the table wriggled itself backward and forward, advancing towards the arm-chair in which I sat, and ultimately completely imprisoning me in my seat. During its progress it was followed by Mr. A. and Miss B., but they were at no time touching it, and occasionally were so distant that I could perceive a free space all round the table whilst it was still in motion. When thus under my very nose the table rose repeatedly, and enabled me to be perfectly sure by the evidence

of touch that it was off the ground, and further, that no human being, consciously or unconsciously, had any part in this movement. Two hours and a half had now passed away, and then it was time to leave. Before doing so I asked to be released by the same agency that had imprisoned me. Forthwith the table flung itself round with a suddenness and violence that frightened Miss B. and continued to move off edgewise without the contact of any person until there was abundant room for me to pass out.

"Well," said N., on leaving the house, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of Dr. Carpenter. I honestly confess the phenomena we have witnessed to-night are utterly inexplicable to me, and though the recital of our experience may provoke laughter at the trivial and purposeless things that occurred, yet these are indicative of something behind it all which is worthy of serious study."

"Yes," I remarked, "That anyone can be found who thinks he knows all the mysteries this world contains, or who thinks the elucidation of such facts as we have seen to-night unworthy of a philosopher surprises me greatly. But still more am I surprised at those who, witnessing these phenomena, think that by attributing them to the influence of a dominant idea, to hallucination in fact, all need for further explanation is at an end."

"Incredulity becomes reprehensible and superstitious," said N, "when it refuses credence to any unaccountable fact, however well attested it may be."

(To be Continued.)

WHAT SPIRITUALISM TEACHES CONCERNING DEATH.—No form of life that has ever existed has perished. As the flowers that fade in the golden autumn days spring up in a myriad lovelier forms of life when the winter time has passed, so is the life of the spirit encased in material form followed by another state of being adapted in every conceivable way to the new conditions with which it is surrounded. Not a single link is lost in the chain of existence. Where the thread is dropped here it is taken up in another stage of being. Truly, there is no death. Though our friends pass from our sight we know they are not dead. We hear their voices, clasp their hands, and enjoy the same communion as of yore. The doors of the spiritual world that have been barred so long are not only set ajar, but opened wide, and from the "many mansions" of our Father's home come the loved ones, with kindly messages and friendly greetings. Those we thought lost to us reassemble once again by the firesides and on the hearthstones that have seemed so full of desolation since the happy home circle was broken—broken, but, thank God! broken no more. The several ties are joined again; the old friendships are renewed, and renewed never again to be set aside.—*From "Spiritualism as a New Basis of Belief."*

AN INDIAN PROPHET.

THE following extract from the Diary of David Brainard, missionary to the North American Indians, 1742-47, indicates how a worthy idea of the "Great Spirit" may have obtained amongst those savage tribes apart from any external communication. As for crediting Satan with imparting the idea of God as one clothed with an infinite day of brightness, in whom all things exist, and who loves, pities, and desires to do good to his children, it is only ignorance on the part of the good and zealous missionary that saves it from being blasphemy akin to that of the Pharisees when they attributed the works of the "Shadow" of the Great Spirit to Beelzebub.

"What increases the Indians' aversion to Christianity is the influence their powwows have upon them. These are supposed to have a power of foretelling future events, of recovering the sick, and of charming persons to death. And their spirit in its various operations seems to be a satirical imitation of the spirit of prophecy that the church in early ages was favoured with.

"I have laboured to gain some acquaintance with this affair, and have for that end consulted the man mentioned in my journal of May 9th, who, since his conversion to Christianity, has endeavoured to give me the best intelligence he could of this matter. But it seems such a mystery of iniquity that I cannot understand it; and so far as I can learn he himself has not any clear notions of the thing, now his spirit of divination has gone from him. However, the manner in which he says he obtained this spirit was, that he was admitted into the presence of a great man, who informed him that he loved, pitied, and desired to do him good. It was not in this world that he saw the great man, but in a world above at a vast distance from this. The great man, he says, was clothed with the day; yea, the brightest day he ever saw; a day of many years; yea, of everlasting continuance! This whole world, he says, was drawn upon him, so that in him the earth and all things might be seen. I asked him if rocks, mountains, and seas were drawn upon him, or appeared in him? He replied, that everything that was beautiful and lovely in the earth was upon him, and might be seen by looking on him, as well as if one was on the earth to take a view of him there. By the side of the great man, he says, stood his shadow or spirit. This shadow was as lovely as the man himself, and filled all places, and was most agreeable as well as wonderful to him. Here, he says, he tarried some time, and was unspeakably

entertained and delighted with the view of the great man, of his shadow or spirit, and of all things in him. And what is most of all astonishing, he imagined all this to have passed before he was born. He never had been, he says, in this world at that time. And what confirms him in the belief of this is, that the great man told him he (the Indian) must come down to earth, be born of such a woman, meet with such and such things, and in particular that he should once in his life be guilty of murder. At this he was displeased, and told the great man he would never murder. But the great man replied, 'I have said it, and it shall be so.' Which has accordingly happened. At this time the great man asked him what he would choose in life. He replied, first to be a hunter, and afterwards to be a powwow or diviner. Whereupon the great man told him that he should have what he desired, and that his shadow should go along with him down to earth, and be with him for ever. There was all this time no words spoken between them. The conference was not carried on by any human language, but they had a kind of mental intelligence of each other's thoughts. After this, he says, he saw the great man no more; but supposes he (the Indian) came down on earth to be born, but the spirit or shadow of the great man still attended him, and ever after continued to appear to him in dreams and other ways, until he felt the power of God's word upon his heart, since which it has entirely left him.

"This spirit used to direct him in dreams to go to such a place and hunt, assuring him he should there meet with success, which accordingly proved so. And when he had been there some time, the spirit would order him to another place, so that he had success in hunting according to the great man's promise made to him at the time of his choosing this employment.

"There were some times when this spirit came upon him in a special manner, and he was full of what he saw in the great man; and then, he says, he was all light, and not only light himself, but it was light all around him, so that he could see through men and know the thoughts of their hearts. These depths of Satan I leave to others to fathom, and do not know what ideas to affix to such terms, nor can guess what conceptions of things these creatures have at the time when they call themselves all light."

MODERN Spiritualism is not only a religious faith—it is a science resting upon experiment and observation. It adds knowledge to faith, and restores and revives faith by added knowledge of facts as evident and palpable as those of chemistry or natural history.—DR. T. L. NICHOLS.

"FIERY COATS."

By A. M. HOWITT WATTS.

"When, therefore, the mind is separated, presently it puts on its Fiery Coat."

"The mind being the most sharp or swift of all the divine cogitations, and more swift than all the Elements hath the Fire for its Body."

"For the mind that is upon earth, void or naked of Fire, cannot do the business of men, nor that which is otherwise the affairs of God."

Hermes Trismegistus—Book IV.

THE writer would suggest whether in the Spiritual-worlds we may not possibly discover—whether for good or ill—that our every Thought exists as a living, active, operative Entity—an embodied Principle of Life clothed upon with an electric body, swift as the Thought within it: whether these embodied swift Thoughts—for ever being born of the marriage of Head and Heart—may not probably become our messengers; bearing our own impress of individuality upon them; despatched by the dominant Spirit of Good or of Evil within our inmost Sanctuary of Being, to do our will throughout our Sphere of Sympathy; which will be, in fact,—OUR WORLD?

Even as the Almighty Creator of the Universe despatches His mighty Angels,—His embodied Thoughts, to do His almighty bidding through the universe—may it not possibly be supposed that each Spiritual Child of the Creator, in his own small degree,—seeing that we all are "made in the Image of God"—sends forth his Thought to do his bidding: integral portions of the Spirit—a pictured form of the Spirit—the messenger of the Spirit—yet *not* the Spirit itself?

Let us seek to picture the increase of power which we should gain thereby; the vast enlargement of our possibility of action, should our every Thought proceeding from our mind speed with lightning rapidity to carry forth our will in whatsoever direction our Sympathy—that is, our Spiritual World—extends!

Truly, as "Kings and Priests," we should dwell within our Palace and our Temple—that is to say, within our Spirit-Body—reigning over and bidding to go and to return, our ever freshly born generations of Thought; our subjects and our servants of the Temple!

Accepting the possibility of this suggested theory of Thought-Messengers, may we not have discovered through their mystic medium the means whereby the Spirits of the Blessed are enabled to continue in constant, and apparently personal communication with their beloved upon earth,—keeping ever watch and ward over them as beneficent, unwearied guardians—and nevertheless be simultaneously leading their own God-united, beatific existences in the high, pure, and heavenly "Mansions" of the Great Father of angels and men!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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"The *Chicago Times* of June 19, 1880, which highly commends the tone and style of the book in a long review of nearly two closely-printed columns, says:—"The author does not weary the reader with spiritual communications conveyed to himself alone; he writes with exceptional clearness, candour, and cogency; he is a master of strong and graphic English; his logic is unassailable, and his spirit extremely suave, manly, and straightforward. He is a high authority among Spiritualists."

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THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1881.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

“THE WEEK’S NEWS” ON SPIRITUALISM.

The Week’s News (Sept. 10th) has the following:—“The *Psychological Review* in its current issue goes into what it terms the philosophy of human sacrifice among savage peoples, and founds thereon an argument in favour of Spiritualism. It is contended that the massacre of wives and slaves at the graves of savage chiefs is not cruel but humane, remembering the ideas on which the sacrifice is based. The writer remarks:—‘On the Gold Coast, the natives believe in a world below the ground—a Hades or Scheol—where the soul of the dead dwells in a life that shall have no end. . . . Thus originated human sacrifice, which is, granting the truth of the theory on which it is based, a most rational one. Death is disagreeable to us because we do not know where we are going; but to a widow of a chieftain it is merely a surgical operation and a change of existence.’ What do our Positivists say to this?”

The Positivists, we may remark, are hardly in a position to say anything on such an insufficient quotation. We did but point out that Mr. Winwood Reade argues from the customs of savage peoples that an inherent belief in spirit, and in its survival after bodily death, exists even among the rudest races. They may be wrong, but we point with some satisfaction to the universality of a belief which the highest culture equally with the simplest intuition affirms—and we do not see that Positivists can have anything particular to say on this point that can affect our argument.

The same paper—*apropos* of nothing—has the following paragraph:—“I am told that a strange instance of clairvoyance occurred in New York with reference to the attempt made to assassinate the President. It is stated, and the statement is well authenticated too,

that the wife of a clergyman, as she lay dying, three days before the attempt was made, suddenly screamed out, 'The President is shot!' Her husband, who was seated by her bedside, believing she was delirious, endeavoured to calm her, but she persistently repeated the words, and insisted to the last that General Garfield was shot. Readers of the late Lord Lytton's 'Strange Story' will remember an ingenious and rational explanation there given, whereby one mind is represented as being able, under certain conditions, to impress its resolves on another, and paint a mental picture of a forthcoming event."

It is a sign of the times that it should seem worth while for a paper devoted to the summarizing of the news of the week to include these items among its facts. They interest a class of readers, and so they appear. But the "readers of the late Lord Lytton's 'Strange Story,'" among whom we can hardly include the writer of the paragraph, will smile at the comment.

"THE TWO WORLDS"—A New American Journal.

Dr. Eugene Crowell, of Brooklyn, U.S.A., is about to publish in New York a weekly journal, which he proposes to make "a record and exponent of modern Spiritualism in its highest aspects." There is room for such an organ of opinion, and if it worthily carries out its projector's intention in this respect, we have no doubt that its circulation will be an extensive one amongst all English-speaking peoples. There will never be any lack of records of phenomena, more or less trustworthy, nor of controversy, more or less fruitful of results. What thoughtful persons now look for is a due recognition of the infinite importance of the issues involved in these often trivial occurrences, and a discussion of their various bearings in a spirit of calmness and philosophic moderation. If *The Two Worlds* will keep an eye fixed on the "higher aspects" of this complex subject, alike in the issues and in the discussion of them, it will do service to the cause. Dr. Crowell's unfailing courtesy and moderation is a guarantee that the pages of the journal will not be defiled by personality, and he has secured in Mr. A. E. Newton an Editor of like mind and of ripe experience. We wish the new journal all success.

The following extract from the Prospectus will show what is proposed:—"The need of an ably-conducted journal, published in the great metropolis of this country, which shall be a trusty and discriminative record of spiritual phenomena, and a rational exponent of their significance, has long been felt by both believers and inquirers. To meet this need in some measure is the hope and purpose of this new enterprise. *The Two Worlds*, recognising the basic importance of sensible demonstration from the invisible world, will aim to put on record in each issue trustworthy accounts of phenomena believed to be of spirit-origin, and will endeavour to discriminate carefully between the genuine and the illusive, or fraudulent. Genuine and useful mediumship will be encouraged and defended, but fraud and

imposture will receive no toleration in its columns. *The Two Worlds* will especially aim to meet the difficulties and remove the prejudices of the religious world, by showing that this great modern spiritual awakening, in its better interpretation, is neither atheistic nor irreligious in its tendencies, but on the contrary points to a worthier, nobler, and more spiritual conception of religion, calculated to satisfy the highest aspirations of the spiritually enlightened in all religious communions. The Scientific, Philosophical, and Practical bearings of true Spiritualism will also receive a due share of attention."

SPIRITUALISM IN NORWAY.

—Mr. H. Storjdhaun writes from Christiansand to the *Revue Spirite* of Paris:—Here our cause advances without noise. An excellent writing medium has been developed, and at Bergen I found drawing-mediums. I note with pleasure that several literary men, and men of science, have commenced the investigation of psychology. Pastor Eckoff, of Bergen, has for the second time preached against the subject, as being from the devil.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE.

Owing to the increasing demands upon our space, we have decided to notice our foreign non-English speaking exchanges quarterly, instead of month by month as heretofore. Should, however, anything worthy of special notice appear, it will probably be communicated to our readers in current issues.

"THE SPECTATOR" ON THE RESURRECTION.

The Spectator, in the course of a review of Dr. Milligan's Croall Lecture on the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, thus expresses its agreement with his main contention. After showing that the Faith and Life of the early Church is explicable on no other hypothesis than that Jesus rose from the dead, it proceeds:—

"The question still remains,—What is the interpretation of the evidence? As the author of *Supernatural Religion* puts it:—'The phenomena which has to be accounted for, is the Apostolic belief that after he had been dead and buried, Jesus "was seen" by certain persons. The explanation which we offer, and which has long been adopted in various forms by able critics, is that doubtless Jesus was seen, but the vision was not real and objective, but illusory and subjective; that is to say, Jesus was not himself seen, but only a representation of Jesus within the minds of the beholders. This explanation does not impeach the veracity of those who affirm that they had seen Jesus, but, accepting to a certain extent a subjective truth as the basis of the belief, explains upon well-known and natural principles the erroneous inference deduced from the subjective vision'. (iii., 526.)

"The vision hypothesis is really the only one with which an apologist has to deal. The 'swoon' hypothesis is hopelessly discredited, and the supposition of fraud on the part of the Disciples is out of date. No doubt the vision hypothesis has found many advocates. But it will not account for the facts. It is inconsistent with the evidence afforded by the Apostle Paul. It is inconsistent with the mental state of the Disciples during the time between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. Every account of their state of mind agrees in representing them as sunk in despondency. They regarded every hope which had been built on Jesus as utterly lost. They did not believe that he was risen from the dead, until they had received varied and prolonged proof that it was so. They were, in fact, predisposed to incredulity. So far from being in a state which might generate visions of an illusory and subjective order, they were in a state of mind which excluded such a possibility. The hypothesis of visions has to contend with this great difficulty. If this could be removed, there would still remain the inconsistency between the hypothesis and the nature of the manifestations of the Risen Christ; the length of time occupied by them; the fact that they were witnessed by many persons at the same time, and that they suddenly ceased at the time they did. The only interest which we can have in the case, is to construct an hypothesis which will account for all the facts. The only hypothesis advanced now by any competent critic is this one of visions. The only other tenable hypothesis is that which from of old has been accepted by Christians. On no other ground than its proven inadequacy do we put on one side as insufficient the hypothesis of visions; and we, therefore, advocate, as the one sufficient explanation of all the facts, the hypothesis that the appearances of Jesus to his disciples were real and objective."

But is this the only conceivable ground to occupy? Is it the only tenable hypothesis? The increasing experience, which a study of some of the phenomena of Spiritualism brings, places us on a vantage-ground. The power of the spirit-body to clothe itself with a temporary garb of matter, its defiance of the laws which are known to us as controlling and governing matter, its strange independence of material obstacles; all these throw a flood of light on the appearances of the Forty Days, the coming and going of the risen Body, its presentation in the closed room when the Disciples had met, and the various manifestations of its identity with, yet dissimilarity from, the physical body that had hung on the Cross. To us Dr. Milligan's argument is good so far as it goes, but would be vastly strengthened by an acquaintance with the phenomena of materialisation or form-manifestation which are occurring among us now.

THE "BANNER OF LIGHT" V. THE "PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW."

We are sorry to see that certain remarks made in our August summary of "*Contemporary Opinion*" have been distasteful to the *Banner of Light*. We hasten to assure our contemporary that we

had no sort of intention of saying a single word that could give offence to the conductors of a paper so long and so justly respected. If we did not then dwell on the many admirable qualities that distinguish the *Banner*, we trust that our subsequent remarks will have shown that we fully appreciate them. Having towards our contemporary nothing but the kindest feelings, we will not dwell upon the details of which complaint is made, but will simply say that we regret having written anything which could be so construed as to give reasonable cause for complaint, or to convey ideas which were far from our mind. If the editor of the *Banner* will give us credit for fraternal feeling to one so old in the work as himself, he will see that our words will bear a construction more kindly than that which he has read into them. We do not, however, desire to argue this point, and simply renew our expressions of appreciation and regard.

MONTHLY SUMMARY
OF
CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"LIGHT" (LONDON).

(August 27—September 17.)

A prominent feature in this well-conducted journal is a series of accounts of certain séances furnished by the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan. He thinks it important to keep up a regular record of the passing phenomena of Spiritualism, and that "a lucid paragraph of fact is worth, for the propagation of Spiritualism, a column of philosophising, or many a page of fine writing." This is substantially true, and Mr. O'Sullivan's facts, though by no means new, are worth record, in spite of the small proportion they bear to the nine columns of "philosophising" in which they are embedded. There will always be a class of mind that gets hold of facts, *i.e.*, of phenomena that appeal objectively to the senses, more easily than of argument, philosophy, or theory. This class will usually predominate, and it is very necessary that provision should be made for its requirements. It is perpetually being recruited from new inquirers, to whom the plainest and simplest phenomena alone commend themselves. Some of the oldest Spiritualists, moreover, seem never to lose interest in the objective phenomena. A considerable space, therefore, may fairly be given up to these records in such a journal as *Light* aspires to be. But there is another class of mind which, convinced of the reality of the phenomena, chafes at their aimless repetition, and seeks

to correlate present experience with past, and to frame a philosophy, or at least to evolve an orderly theory, from observation. These ask fairly for some space for discussion with like minds. A third class cares little for dry facts, has not the metaphysical or philosophical cast of mind, but is deeply stirred by the spiritual teaching which flows into the receptive soul from the unseen world. Their type is purely religious—they are emancipated from theological trammels, and care little for human systems of doctrine, but they crave for simple spiritual guidance and instruction. For these three great types of mind—the Phenomenal, the Philosophical, the Spiritual—a journal that aspires to the place of a leader of thought must make regular provision. The recorded facts of the whole literature of Spiritualism are not so varied nor so numerous but that the best of them may find a place in it, simply and tersely stated, as a physician records his case in a medical journal. Mr. O'Sullivan's interesting narratives occupy more space than can fairly be asked for the subject with which they deal; and there are at least four more columns of like records, including an account of a healing medium. The Phenomenal, therefore, has more than its fair share of attention.—The Philosophical is represented by two interesting letters from Dr. G. Wyld on "The Creative Power of the Imagination and Will," and on "Sleep": unless we add a letter on the question, *Is Spiritualism a Religion?* which, we are thankful to see, closes a dreary discussion, in which a little definition and some logic would have been very serviceable. The Philosophy, then, comes very poorly off.—The Spiritual portion is represented by two messages on Sleep and Clairvoyance (both excellent reading) from the author of "Life Beyond the Grave," and by one of the "Spirit-Teachings," which loses much of effect by isolation. A greater frequency of insertion would add much to the force and even to the intelligibility of these communications.—For the rest, space is given, very profitably, to a record of contemporary opinion; and, rather diffusely, to the proceedings of Spiritualist Societies. They do not seem to furnish any records of special interest outside their own bounds.—There is at least one piece of good poetry; a valuable translation by Dr. Dixon, from the *Revue Spirite*, of an article on Clairvoyance; and a series of "Notes by the Way (now contributed, we observe, by M. A. Oxon), which contain a mass of curious and useful matter. The Gwenap Ghost, and spiritual experiences in Early Methodism are very curious; and the criticism of M. A. Oxon on Theosophical theories of mediumship comes from one who has studied the question all round.—The tone, style, and general

appearance of *Light* are worthy of all praise. It is so good that we have ventured to point out some details in which we conceive that it might be improved, though we are fully aware that it is easy to put forth an ideal, and very difficult to realise it. Our contemporary is conducted with an unfailing courtesy, and with an ability which is very commendable.

“THE SPIRITUALIST” (LONDON).

(August 3—September 16.)

“Spiritualism in Florence” is a diffuse account of some private experiments which attained a considerable measure of success. It is noted that the intellectual manifestations were easily obtained: the physical phenomena only after the greatest perseverance. The former included intuitive writing, mechanically traced characters and drawings, “a very admirable work that we know to be due to the spirit of Boccaccio,” and “some very important communications from Confucius.” This sounds very suspiciously like a random use of great names. The physical phenomena are of the usual type, including materialisation, the melting away of a warm, living hand in the grasp, and the production of elaborate music from a closed piano, after the manner familiar to those who have sat with Mr. D. D. Home. Spiritualism throughout Italy is, we learn with regret but without surprise, “little known and less appreciated.”—Mr. Husk seems to be getting phenomena similar to those which occurred many years since in the presence of Mr. Williams. At a séance held at 41 Denbigh Street, Belgrave Square, it is recorded that he rose, chair and all, and was levitated on to the table while his hands were held on each side. His arms were further passed through the space between the upper rails of the back of the chair.—J. K. pursues his exposition of the Errors of the Theosophists, denouncing Madame Blavatsky’s great book, “Isis Unveiled,” as “a thoroughly misleading one, crammed full of matter whereof the author has not grasped the right meaning.” He states that Elementaries are “physically undeveloped human beings prematurely thrown into the spirit-world”: and Elementals are “simply not very advanced human spirits” who prefer to live in one of the elements. His word of final warning has the true ring, whatever opinion may be formed of his theories. “Often am I asked whether I know a special process whereby to acquire magic power; whereto my reply ever is, ‘beyond the Christ-life there is nothing; no shorter way exists than the straight line.’ Whoever attempts to arrive at Divine power by diabolic means labours in a most deplorable delusion.

Anæsthetics and drugs should never be experimented with. Also with the practice of organic mesmerism must be united great care not to abuse the power, combined with an uncompromisingly pure life." There is more wisdom in these few lines than in many occult volumes.—Mrs. Showers contributes a curious account of the late Mr. Luxmoore appearing to a friend who had been with him, and had placed the wreaths round his coffin when he died. She had taken away the curtains that had been used to form a sort of cabinet when Mr. Luxmoore had séances in his house. He gave them to her when he discontinued his investigations. On a particular night they were hastily nailed up to keep out the draught, and then "they were gently divided, and there stood before me, clearly, distinctly, livingly, the form of Mr. Luxmoore. The very ring he constantly wore was clearly discernible on one of the hands that held the curtain. He looked at me steadily and gravely for more than a minute: then the curtains fell together, and he was gone."

"THE MEDIUM" (LONDON).

(August 26—September 16.)

J. K. has apparently transferred his communications from the *Spiritualist* to the wider arena of the *Medium*, where he discourses learnedly on the Adeptship of Jesus Christ in a way calculated to be very provoking to those who have not learned to think outside of orthodox grooves. There is a very incisive free handling of the various inconsistent stories and legends that cluster round the Gospel narratives, and the papers throughout may be read with advantage. He does not consider that Jesus could have been initiated in Egypt, seeing that he was but a child, and that the Egyptian priests were most exclusive and inaccessible. His adeptship he regards as of indigenous and spontaneous growth, and his life as "one of absolute Purity, Reason, and Justice, tempered with Mercy and Charity." His esoteric doctrines were unintelligible to his disciples, except perhaps to the "beloved John," and are conspicuously absent from the system which bears his name. His power was that Divine soul-power (as J. K. calls the innermost principle) which exists potentially in every man, and which so few attain.—Miss C. Leigh Hunt, whom J. K. unreservedly praises for her *Instructions in the Science and Art of Organic Magnetism*, occupies some space with extracts from and comments on books on her subject. This is useful work.—Mr. Burns records how Dr. Crowell purported to communicate with him at a circle held at 15 Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell. The

spirit could not say anything, but conveyed through the medium Dr. Crowell's desire to enter into friendly correspondence with Mr. Burns. "On opening the letters on Monday morning, one was found from Dr. Crowell, containing the prospectus of his new paper, . . . and hoping that it would meet with our friendly recognition. . . . There was no external clue whatever which could have given an ordinary origin to this incident."—A discourse by Mrs. Richmond on "The Spiritual Temple—How to build it," makes a pleasant variety.—"Ouranoi" makes some remarks on Mediumship which are good, and some which are questionable.—And Mr. Burns writes forcibly and clearly on "Healing Mediumship." "It seems to me that the best place for healing would be the open air, a grove of trees . . . anywhere on the sweet bosom of Nature, the cosmical counterpart of the Creator! No longer pent up within the sphere of the vile emanations of a morally and physically diseased humanity, let the healer flee with his afflicted flock into the greater freedom of Nature's realm, while the abode of the infirm is being purified and prepared to receive the relieved patient." Good and wise advice! Mr. Burns very wisely declines to turn his house into a hospital.

"HERALD OF PROGRESS" (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE).

(August 26—September 16.)

The "Jersey Christian Spiritualist" (Is there, then, only one in that island?) has been visiting Newcastle, and propounds an opinion that materialisations, as at present conducted, "are useless and dangerous to the cause." "I am convinced that what I saw was perfectly genuine," . . . but these manifestations "are dangerous for the purpose of convincing strangers or unbelievers. I can conscientiously say that sceptics could not be convinced of the genuineness of those materialisations. . . . Now that I have seen, I am not astonished at the exposures which have taken place." There is much truth in these remarks. Our utmost endeavours should be devoted to obtaining the *best* procurable evidence of a phenomenon so astounding. No care is too great to spend for this purpose, and those who spend it should receive thanks from all true friends of the cause.—Mrs. Hardinge Britten prints a most sensational and startling narrative of a Haunted Man. The style is one familiar to readers of "Ghost Land and Art Magic," and has, at any rate, the merit of being readable.—A. T. T. P.'s narratives are as remarkable as ever. No theory of unconscious cerebration or conscious deception on the part of the medium covers the facts. They are such as to be barely susceptible of

any explanation that experience suggests. Whatever the theory that commends itself, the facts are full of interest.—The author of "Life Beyond the Grave" gives two spirit-messages, which are cultured, and breathe a pure and simple spirit. Such teaching is very useful.—The last number of the *Herald* contains a long extract from Mrs. Woodhull's "Garden of Eden," and an editorial commendation of the work done in the past by the respective editors of the *Medium* and *Spiritualist*.—Mrs. Britten announces her desire to aid the cause once more by resuming her position as a public lecturer.

"THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE."

(September.)

"The Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology" contains an account of certain phenomena observed and recorded by Dr. J. G. Davey of Bristol. On these the "Journal of Science" founds an extremely interesting paper called, "The Transfer of Sensation." Recent discoveries based on the conversion of electric currents into sound-vibrations suggest the query whether it is possible to convert light into electricity, and so to *see through intervening obstacles, and to translate sight into touch*. The phenomena which have suggested this startling query are these:—Mrs. Croad of Clifton became totally blind in 1870, and deaf in 1871. She is, moreover, partially paralysed. During the experiments conducted by Drs. Davey, Andrews, and Elliott, she was further closely blindfolded, and "on two occasions the room was very thoroughly darkened." Under these circumstances, a photograph being handed to her, she placed it on her mouth or forehead, touched it minutely with the fingers of her right hand, and then, *after an interval of concentrated thought*, wrote a description of it, often full and detailed, sometimes startling in its precise accuracy. Her friends communicate with her by writing with the index-finger on her forehead; but her daughter, whose rapport with her is more intimate, needs only "to put herself in a close or personal contact to convey her wishes." Mrs. Croad has the power "of detecting, as it were by sympathy or by a community of ideas and feeling, any letter written by a friend of hers, and put into her hands by a third party." She can foretell Dr. Davey's visits; a fact which the writer refers "to that great group of occurrences, real or supposed, on which we suspend judgment."—Commenting on the experiments conducted in a perfectly dark room, when eyes, of course, would be useless, the writer suggests (1) that objects which have been illuminated may

possibly retain phosphorescence; and (2) that the sense of sight may be transferred from the eye to the finger-tips. "Whether either of these suppositions will explain all the phenomena here noted is," he admits, "very doubtful."—Mrs. Croad, it seems, revealed to Dr. Davey a secret in his own life history in a manner "than which nothing could or can be more truthful and to the point." She also asked one Mrs. Westlake "whether there was a room beyond (pointing where there was a passage.) Being told 'Yes, two:' she said, 'What does the servant do down there at night when you are all in bed?' She was told that the servant had no business there, and the reply was, 'Well, she goes down there. I have known her do it more than once. She takes off her boots first.'" It is added, "We made inquiries, and found that when she thought we were all asleep the girl went into the rooms and helped herself—little thinking that her movements would be traced by a blind and deaf woman."—The case is one of well-developed clairvoyance, which, however, Dr. Davey, an out-and-out Materialist, repudiates utterly as an explanation, though he has none to offer in its place.—The same journal contains a long letter from Dr. Beard, from which it would seem that Mr. Irving Bishop feels injured in his mind by some remarks made by Dr. Beard to the effect that Brown, the mind-reader, had taught Bishop all he knew. The woes of that maligned innocent need not, however, detain us from the principal part of Mr. Beard's letter, which is a grave and severe indictment of Dr. W. B. Carpenter's conduct in reference to this same Mr. Bishop. Dr. Carpenter, truth to tell, seems to have behaved badly in ignoring Dr. Beard's researches; and he seems to have been led into that act of discourtesy by that same overweening self-opinion which has placed him so often before in ridiculous and undignified positions. We have no doubt that his intentions were good, but his acts were decidedly unfortunate. Dr. Beard does not spare 'the rod, but Dr. Carpenter is no child, and "what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh" in spite of correction.

"BANNER OF LIGHT" (BOSTON, U.S.A.)

(August 13—Sept. 3.)

The distinguishing features of the two great American journals of Spiritualism are plainly marked in the numbers before us. The *Banner* gives much space to Mr. Thomas R. Hazard for his defence of mediums and mediumship. In so far as the faculty is genuine, and the medium honest, it seems

to us that there is no reason for all this elaborate and rather emotional argumentation. When the gift is simulated, and the medium dishonest, it is grossly misplaced. Let mediums have fair play; and, for the sake of the honest among them, let the dishonest ones be got rid of with all speed. They have too long made Spiritualism a byword, and have brought contempt and scorn on a great truth.—A large amount of space is given to some very interesting accounts of the great camp-meetings, and to trance-addresses from such well known mediums and lecturers as Mrs. Richmond, Mr. E. S. Wheeler, Mr. Colville, Mr. J. R. Buchanan, Mr. J. W. Fletcher, and others, including Mr. E. W. Wallis.—Space is given, we may add, to some extremely laudatory testimony to the power of the latter medium, and he is said to have fully justified this opinion by his addresses at Lake Pleasant.—We notice that Dr. Slade is in Camp, and is obtaining his slate-writing phenomena with unvarying success. Prominent journalists have visited him, and have printed fair reports.—Mrs. Richmond's address on "The Manhood of Spiritualism: what it portends" is one of the best we have read for some time, and fully repays perusal.—Dr. Peebles is as vigorous as ever, and as full of zeal. There is a breezy life about his "Etchings and Moralising along the Way" that is very enticing.—John Wetherbee, always quaint, amusing, and instructive, bears his testimony to the reality of the phenomena obtained through Mrs. Bliss of Philadelphia. The séance was held at the house of one of his friends, and some eight or ten spirits appeared, "male and female, African and Caucasian, old and young." The light, we are told, was "reduced below the usually low standard of such séances; but it was sufficiently light to see the persons in the circle and recognise them." Mr. Wetherbee's experience is worth quoting in his own words—

"I was asked by raps to come up to the curtain; I did so, and in a few seconds the curtain parted, and there stood a spirit clothed in white, of about my height. I was close to it, or her; I could see distinctly that it was not the medium; but it was no one I knew. I felt as though if I had asked, 'Is it Hattie?' or, 'Is it Adeline?' she would have nodded, 'Yes.' Still, she might not; but I felt so, and did not put the leading question. She held her hand out, and I grasped what seemed a very natural human hand; and instead of dropping my hand, she gently drew me toward her and stepped a very little back. I then said, 'Shall I enter?' She nodded, and I stepped in behind the curtain, holding her hand firmly all the time. Of course it was as dark as Egypt; but I held her

hand, and felt her presence near me also; I stepped toward where I supposed the medium was, and one step brought me in contact with her, seated in her chair. I placed my left hand on her head, still holding the hand of the 'strange visitor' with the other, and almost as quick as I touched the medium's head in the dark and realised the fact of two presences, the spirit was nowhere—gone out, dematerialised—my closed hand held nothing! It was instantaneous. I realised a departure, felt it—a motion in me or out of me—and I was alone, except the medium, who was seated by my side, and who then began to breathe hard, or sigh. There was no mistake in the fact that I had been sensible, by touch and otherwise, of two presences in that curtained alcove, and that one of them was a materialised spirit. To me it was most gratifying; for though the fact stated is only testimony to others, to me personally it is 'proof palpable.'"

Dr. J. N. M. Clough, dating from 64 Clarendon Street, Boston, gives some strong testimony to the mediumship of Mr. Joshua Fitton, who has recently gone to America from this country. The phenomena were certainly very remarkable, and the conditions good.—An effort is being made by the Census department to collect statistics of Spiritualism in the United States. Application has been made to the editor of the *Banner*, and he has propounded a series of questions which, if they only call forth fair replies, will settle many moot questions as to the number, and status, and opinions of Spiritualists in America. We fear there will be much difficulty in making the return at all complete.

"RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" (CHICAGO, U.S.A.)

(August 13—September 23.)

The *Chicago Journal* bristles with assaults upon error and fraud. Mr. Emmette Coleman continues his onslaught upon the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield, whom he paradoxically claims to be a "medium." His attack is severe, and neither Mr. Kidd nor Mr. B. are very successful in defence. Mr. Mansfield possesses psychic power, but Mr. Coleman is the producing cause of the phenomena in him, and that, in truth, the phenomena are solely upon the intelligence in him, no doubt, exceptions, but that there is very little hesitation in affirming that the latter is couched, in nine cases out of ten; and this may well be v

any fraudulent act on the part of the Psychometrist.—Mr. Coleman has another tilt with Kersey Graves in criticising some statements roughly made in his "Bible of Bibles." Precision and accuracy of statement do not usually characterise works of this type, and it is much to be desired that this quality should be cultivated by Spiritualists, both in the records which they print and in the assaults which they are fond of making on erroneous beliefs in others. Mr. Graves has something to say for himself.—Hudson Tuttle has biographies of D. D. Home and Thomas Shorter, which seem to be good and sufficient.—The *Atlantic Monthly* has been discussing Zöllner's *Transcendental Physics* in a way that is no exception to the usual course pursued by writers in such magazines. A specimen of its fairness and candour is this: "Spiritualism starts with assumptions, reasons with assumptions, and ends with assumptions." This brings out the editor of the *Journal* with an extremely direct contradiction.—Many of the Editorials command our respect and acquiescence. All breathe a spirit of determined straightforwardness, and, if we cannot always admire the language in which they are phrased, we can, at least, go along with the arguments that they contain. The subjoined advice to Spiritualists in view of present needs seems to us worthy of all praise:—

1. Hold up a high standard of ethics and morals, of conduct and character. Let honour, fidelity to home and family and marriage, temperance, chastity, self-control, spiritual culture, and a living interest in all wise reforms abound among us.

2. Let us hold high, with clearness and positive confidence, the facts of spirit-presence and power; as illustrating immortality; as emphasising a spiritual philosophy; as giving light and life to natural religion; and let these facts be rounds to the ladder by which we climb, not clogs to hold us down.

3. Let us learn more of the *inner life* of man, and of the Soul of Things, and so cultivate our own wonderful powers reverently and freely.

4. Let us weed out illusion and fraud and falsehood, hold mediums morally responsible for their acts and words as we hold each other responsible, and no more excuse them for being controlled and led to bad ends than we excuse others who fall into criminal ways from evil influences and their own pitiful weakness.

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT" (MELBOURNE).

(August—September.)

Our Australian contemporary contains two carefully written accounts of the weighing and measuring of materialised forms.

The medium, Mr. Spriggs, submits himself to a sub-committee of the Victoria Association of Spiritualists, and the recorded tests are obtained under their auspices. The first test was the weighing of the Forms on a "small platform weighing machine" placed between the sitters and the curtain behind which the medium was seated. We are not told what amount of light was allowed, but we gather that it was not enough for accurate observation from the statement that "as the figures on the scale-beam could not be clearly seen in the suppressed light, a bottle of phosphorised oil had been prepared" to supplement the dim light. It must at once be said that nothing but a clear light, sufficient for exact observation of the machine and its surroundings, can eliminate possible sources of error. English experiments have shown conclusively that it is possible to play such tricks in darkness, or even in dim light, that no results so obtained can be treated as scientifically exact. Premising this, we find the records very interesting and suggestive, and are far from regarding them as unworthy of attention; nor do we desire to impugn the conclusion arrived at that "the experiments, conducted in the presence of eight intelligent and trustworthy persons, conclusively prove the distinctness of the forms from the medium." The nominal weight of the medium is 146½ lbs., and the various forms varied between 140 lbs. and 80 lbs.—a range of 60 lbs. "Peter" on one occasion commenced at 140 lbs., retired to the medium and returned four times, registering 134½, 129, 121, and 108½ lbs. respectively. He lost 31½ lbs. in ten minutes.—The other test applied was measuring the height. The medium measures 5 feet 5½ inches. The forms ranged from 5 feet 8½ in., 5 feet 3 in., 5 feet 1½ in., through 4 feet 11½ in., 4 feet 10½ in., to that of a child which measured only 3 feet 11½ in., i.e., 21 in. less than the highest register, and 18½ in. less than the medium. We are glad to learn that these experiments are to be continued. We hope that every conceivable source of error will be eliminated, for the sake of the medium, the experimenters, and the value of the results obtained.—A well-defined case of Oriental Spiritualism, which we reproduce elsewhere, is quoted from the *Madras Mail*. The Fakir was a poor man, wearing nothing but a cloth round his loins, yet he "brought grapes and melons out of the air" which would drop into the hands of the observers. He claimed to act through controlling elemental spirits.

"THE THEOSOPHIST" (BOMBAY).

(August.)

The Indian organ of the Theosophists is about to enter on its third year of publication, and boasts a successful record in

the past.—The present number contains an answer to the doubts cast upon the existence of the “Brothers of the First Section of the Theosophical Society,” to one of whom, Koot Hoomi, Mr. Sinnett has dedicated his “Occult World.” The testimony, signed by five Hindû Fellows of the Society, is to the effect that Madame Blavatsky is not a medium, nor are the Brothers disembodied spirits. The evidence lacks definition, and we await with anxious interest a direct statement from Mr. Sinnett respecting Koot Hoomi. We are sure that he will put forth such testimony when he can—he is thoroughly qualified to judge—and his evidence will be clear and precise ; which, with all respect, we are unable to say that what we have before us now is.—A paper translated from the *Revue Spirite* on “Stone-showers,” gives the Editor an opportunity to advance some cogent reasons for doubt as to the source of these phenomena. The Theosophists have always posed as opponents of the Spiritualist theory of the action of departed human spirits. Madame Blavatsky is not slow to point out that these freaks ill-become the departed who are, or ought to be, better occupied. They are referred by her to “a blind though living Force”—“the correlations of Fire, Water, Earth, and Air.” A Physical medium is said to be “an organism more sensitive than most others to the terrestrial electromagnetic induction.” And it is “only the trained eye of the proficient in Eastern Occultism” that can see these causes and tell their course of action. These statements need elucidation: but the note is well worth perusal.—An account of astrological predictions verified, is quoted from Colonel Meadows Taylor’s “Story of my Life.” It is full of interest, and it is difficult to see how the facts can be explained away. Are we to conclude that the temperament, mental complexion, and physical constitution, and, in short, the *personality* of a child are influenced, if not fixed, by astral combinations and mundane conditions prevalent at its conception and birth? This is a point on which we wish some capable student of Psychology would instruct us. It involves far-reaching questions as to Identity and Personality.

Public Opinion is still pleased to commend our method, and considers that “the conductors of this magazine are treating the subject of the science of mind from an accurate point of view.”—Mr. James Kinersley Lewis has a volume of poems and sonnets in the press, to appear before Christmas, 1881.—Dr. Monck is in America.—Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten has again entered the field as a lecturer on Spiritualism and cognate subjects. She has been speaking recently in the north of England.

THE SUFIS.

BY M. A. (OXON.)

THE *Times* of August 20th has a curious article on what we may call Eastern Spiritualism, as exemplified, for instance, by the Dancing Dervishes. It is evidently written by one who has paid much attention to the subject, and is of sufficient interest to warrant our reproducing it in abstract.

The Tourist in Cairo soon makes the acquaintance of the principal mosques, and the howling dervishes. The former perpetuate the worship of Allah, El, or Elohim in the way that the One God has been confessed by the sons of Shem since the known history of the world began. The latter "repeat, gesture by gesture, the physical means employed in times of remotest antiquity for inducing a state of spiritual exaltation; and the exhibition is, probably, almost the same form of devotion as that of the Hebrew Prophets of old. Even in the juggling tricks and horrible self-mutilations of other dervish orders we have a reproduction of the scenes enacted on Carmel by the priests of Baal."

SAUL AND DERVISH RITES.

Mr. Lane, the eminent Eastern traveller, gives an account of dervish ceremonies which is strangely like a passage from the Book of Samuel. After telling how the dervishes chanted the praises of the One God, and sang "an ode of a nature similar to the Song of Solomon," he relates how "they rose, and recited the words again to another air. During this stage of the proceedings they were joined by a tall, well-dressed, black slave, . . . a eunuch of the Pasha." The Zikkeers (performers) continued repeating in a deep, hoarse voice the word Allah, "uttering it apparently with considerable effort: the sound much resembled that produced by beating the rim of a tambourine. Presently the eunuch became *melboos* (possessed or entranced), threw his arms about violently, and called on the name of Allah. What followed and the comparison it suggests must be quoted from the *Times*.

"His voice gradually became faint, and when he had uttered these words, though he was held by a dervish, who was next him, he fell on the ground foaming at the mouth, his eyes closed, his limbs convulsed, and his fingers clinched over his thumbs. It was an epileptic fit. No one could see it and believe it to be the effect of feigned emotions; it was undoubtedly the result of a high state of religious excitement. Nobody seemed surprised at it, for occurrences of this kind at Zikrs are not uncommon." Turning to 1 Samuel,

10:5, we read—‘And it shall come to pass, when thou art come thither to the city, that thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, before them: and they shall prophesy. And the Spirit of the Lord will come upon thee, and thou shalt prophesy with them, and shall be turned into another man.’ And further on, verse 11—‘And it came to pass, when all that knew him before-time saw that, behold, he prophesied among the prophets, then the people said one to another, What is this that has come unto the son of Kish? Is Saul also among the prophets?’ Leaving the question of inspiration aside, the similarity of method is too striking not to be remarked, especially when we remember the strange persistence with which customs and ceremonies linger on in the East.”

MAHOMMEDANS AND SUFIS.

These exhibitions are but the external manifestation of a far deeper religious instinct, and a study of Oriental Mysticism is full of interest to the student of Spiritualism in various ages. The Persian Sufis were a sect who followed Mahomet's son-in-law Ali when he attempted to reform abuses which had, even in the very infancy of the faith, overlaid the simple teaching of the Prophet. There is, it would seem, a tendency inherent in humanity to overlay simplicity of spiritual teaching by elaborate dogmas and ornate ritual interpretations. “The traditions of the Elders” had done for the teaching of Mahomet what Pharisaic minuteness of dogma and ritual had done for that of the Christ. The Arab superstructure Ali removed, and, acting as Imam, or spiritual leader, proclaimed a simple monotheism with “a series of prophetic legends, and an angelology, demonology, and general cosmogony vaguely enunciated,” which might be modified to suit any creed. Ali was the victim of a savage murder, and the breach between Arabs and Persians widened year by year. The Persians advanced in spiritual development as they did in political power, and their influence at length became dominant in the empire, “and sect after sect boldly arose and reproduced the older Magian ideas, scarcely hiding them under a thin varnish of Islam.” Thus originated that system of Oriental Mysticism, one type of which is professed by all the dervish sects, and which has been the source of inspiration to nearly all the poetry of Mahomedan Persia, India, and Turkey.

THE SPIRITUAL TEACHING OF SUFISM.

The main principle of Sufism is that there is no real existence except that of God, and that all the phenomena of the material universe are but emanations from Him, and tend ultimately to re-absorption in Him.

"The key-note is a saying—attributed, of course, for the sake of a universal sanction, to Mahomet,—God said, 'I was a hidden treasure and I desired to become known.' This desire took the form of a creative spirit, by whom, through the instrumentality of the word BE, the whole of the universe was brought into being. The old Aryan cosmogony is exactly repeated in the details of this creation, and planetary worship is represented by the division into the '*alam i suflá* and *alam i a'alá*, the lower and upper worlds, the latter of which controls and repeats the former. When all was complete, God summoned the souls of every human being that should ever exist hereafter upon the earth, and asked them '*Alastu bi rabbikum?*' ('Am I not your Lord?') to which they answered, '*Balá*' ('Yes'), and it is by the mystic words *alast* or *balá* that Sufi poets allude to the origin of the human soul. But as the soul is, like everything else, a mere emanation from God, and as God is the only perfect Being, the remoter it is from its source the further is it from Perfection. To rejoin that source, then, is with them the highest ideal of man, and to lead man to the attainment of this ideal is the aim and object of Sufi doctrine."

Here we have the Buddhistic doctrine of Nirvana in almost exact parallelism. To the Sufi, once set out on his mystic journey to the centre and source of light, all external forms of faith are indifferent. He cares for none of them, except in so far as they minister to the righteousness that is within, and which can be gained only by conquest of his material self. To this end he tries by every means which solitude, contemplation, music, and physical excitement can afford, to bring himself into a state of ecstatic communion with Deity. This ecstatic longing is perpetually typified in Sufi poetry by the "figure of an ardent lover and a coy beloved one," as the following translation from a long mystic poem used by the Dancing Dervishes well exemplifies:—

"List to the reed that now with gentle strains
Of separation from its home complains.

"Down where the waving rushes grow
I murmured with the passing blast,
And ever in my notes of woe
There lived the echo of the past.

"My breast is pierced with sorrow's dart
That I my piercing wail may raise.
Ah me! the lone and widowed heart
Must ever sigh for bygone days.

"My voice is heard in every throng,
Where mourners weep and guests rejoice,
And men interpret still my song
In concert with their passions' voice.

" Though plainly cometh forth my wail,
It is not bared to mortal ken
As soul from body has no veil,
Yet is the soul unseen of men.

" Not simple airs my lips expire,
But blasts that carry death or life,
That blow with love's tempestuous fire,
That rage with love's tempestuous strife.

" I soothe the absent lover's pain,
The jealous suitor's breast I move;
At once the antidote and bane,
I favour and I conquer love."

"The necessity for ecstatic love of self-consciousness is also well expressed in another extract from the same poem :—

" Nature's great secret let me now rehearse.
Long have I pondered o'er the wondrous tale
How Love immortal fills the universe,
Tarrying till mortals shall His presence hail;
But man, alas! has interposed a veil,
And Love behind the lover's self doth hide.
Shall Love's great kindness be of none avail
When will ye cast the veil of sense aside,
Content, in finding Love, to lose all else beside ? "

These extracts, the writer well points out, "alone suffice to show that the dervishes are no mere vulgar fanatics or pretended thaumaturgists, but deep thinkers, earnest seekers after a great ideal, and the depositories of much of the mystic lore of an otherwise forgotten faith."

ANCIENT AND MODERN MYSTICISM.

When the Persian Mystic feels himself possessed by the Deity, who has been the sole object of his contemplation, he proclaims himself either an avatar of God, "as did Syed Mas'ûm Ali Shah in the twelfth century, and was hanged for his pains," or he assumes the lower title of *Wali* or "friend of God," as Abraham was denominated: "and exhibits the ordinary phenomena claimed for the modern and more vulgar phase of Spiritualism."

The *Times* writer thus comes to the discussion of Modern Spiritualism, and it is instructive to note his method. It is "vulgar," of course: has in it "obvious impostures": its mediums are "hysterical patients" with an "apparently uncontrollable and often unconscious tendency to deceive": but there is no attempt to deny the facts, or to do with them anything less than correlate them with those more ancient phenomena which seem to attend on the birth of every new form of faith. We quote at length the passage in which this is discussed :—

"The European in a similar state of superinduced hysteria, especially if she be a nun, exhibits the 'stigmata,' proclaims herself the 'bride of Christ,' or poses as the recipient of a special revelation from the Virgin Mother or the Divine Child. In both cases the causes are the same, and the forms of the assumed phenomena are dependent on the historical form of the religion professed.

"The lives of Christian saints and the annals of the various Sufi or dervish orders of Islam present almost identical phenomena, all of which may be referred to the same cause—namely, hysteria, constitutional or superinduced, with its individual or contagious hallucinations, and its generally contagious affections of the muscular and nervous system; and the same thing may also be observed in the latest modern phase of Spiritualism. Even in rejecting the obvious impostures which we come across in these different accounts we must exercise much discretion, for it is a well-known symptom of this disease that the patient exhibits an apparently uncontrollable and often unconscious tendency to deceive.

"The practice of asceticism in its various forms, and especially the habits of solitude, fasting, and mental prayer, favour more than anything else the development of these abnormal conditions of the body and the mind. It was during his self-imposed periods of solitary retreat on the rugged summits of Mount Hira that Mahomet received his first call to the prophetic office, came shivering home to his wife Khadijah, and begged to be wrapped up that he might hide his face from the terrible angel who had appeared to him. Later on, worn out with anxiety and persecution, he made a despairing appeal to the people of Taif to believe in Allāh, the one God, and was received with mockery and abuse, turned out of the city, and stoned for three miles along the road. It was then, as weary and bleeding he trudged back to Mecca, that he saw the crowds of genii pressing round him, and begging for the words of grace that man had so disdainfully refused. Santa Theresa, a Castilian gentlewoman of the 16th century, having chosen a conventual life, practised prayer in the solitude of her cell, and developed a condition of hysterical ecstasy and vision. At first her religious superiors forbade her the practice of mental devotions, but the habit was unconquerable, and as her malady increased, her visions became more frequent and more real, and she has left behind in her recorded experiences rules for contemplation and prayer, leading by various stages to higher states of 'clairvoyance' and 'ecstasy,' and culminating in actual communion with or absorption in the Deity. The Spanish saint independently reproduced in her own person the physical and psychological phenomena exhibited by Eastern dervishes, and developed from her own experiences a system of mysticism almost identical with that of Sufism itself. Once emancipated from the trammels of the body, and brought thus face to face with the Deity, the mystic naturally believes himself to be in close relationship with and in most instances superior to the supernatural beings with which his imagination, directed by the prevailing superstitions of his age and country,

peoples the unseen. Mahomet saw the Archangel Gabriel in all his glory, and was roughly shaken by his celestial visitant until he obeyed the command to preach. Santa Theresa saw a seraph, who plunged his flaming dart into her entrails, and caused her excruciating, but rapturous pain. The Eastern wonder-worker summons the genii and interrogates them concerning the future or the unknown; while the Occidental spiritualist communes in like manner with the spirits of the dead. In every case the causes are the same—a natural longing has evolved the idea of a supernatural world, and hysteria has given it a subjective, but palpable existence."

AN ARAB MEDIUM AND MYSTIC.

The *Times* writer gives a very interesting account of an Arab poet who seems to have been what would now be called an inspirational and writing medium.

"The Sheikh Omar was of moderate stature, but of very imposing presence; he was handsome, with a rather ruddy complexion, and when he took part in a Zikr, or became ecstatic, a light beamed from his face, and a copious perspiration ran down to his very feet. From an early age he was accustomed to retire to the solitude of Mount Mokattam, in the neighbourhood of Cairo, and spend his time in meditation and religious exercises. Returning to Cairo after one of these excursions, he saw an old man who sold vegetables sitting at the door of a mosque, and performing his ablutions in a way so little in accordance with the ceremonial prescribed by law that Omar was induced to remonstrate with him. The old man merely answered by telling him that the revelation he had so long been expecting in vain awaited him at Mecca, a vision of which city was suddenly placed before his eyes. In obedience to this mysterious summons, he set out for Mecca, and entered upon a life of solitude in the surrounding territory. Fixing his quarters in a valley about ten days' journey from the town, he, nevertheless, attended daily worship in the sacred mosque, being miraculously escorted there and back by seven men of mighty stature, who were frequently visible even to his friends among the learned doctors and pious men of the place.

"After fifteen years of this mysterious life, the strange old man whom he had seen in Egypt appeared to him again in the Arabian desert, and summoned him to witness his death in Cairo. Omar at once answered the summons, was present at the last moments of his spiritual guide, and, in accordance with the instructions of the latter, had the corpse carried out and thrown upon the ground hard by the cemetery at Carafet. No sooner was he left alone with his charge than a man came swooping down from the neighbouring mountain of Mokattam, and prayed with him over the corpse. This ceremony completed, a large green bird appeared, swallowed the corpse, and flew off to heaven; the man from the mountain also disappeared in the same miraculous manner that he had descended, after informing Omar ibn el Faridh that he was a denizen of the Mahomedan purgatory. Here was a realisation of the Moslem superstition that

the souls of the justified remain until the Judgment Day in the crops of green birds of paradise ; the excited imagination of the Mahomedan saint having conjured up as real a picture of the thoughts which were foremost in his own mind as would have been the vision which a Christian saint under like influence would have of angels and of heaven, hell or purgatory.

"The biographers also tell us that *his poems, which are really wonderful productions, both for their mastery of language and their subtle and beautiful thoughts, were inspired to him without any effort of his own will, and generally as he lay entranced* ; that the Prophet Mahomet himself appeared to him, and suggested the title of the longest and most celebrated of them ; and that he would often rush stark-naked into the streets of a town and recite portions of them, dancing wildly along as he did so, joined at every step by an increasing throng of votaries, who had caught the enthusiasm of his ecstasy and imitated his mad cries and gestures. A strange thing is that these poems display no wildness or mental aberration whatever, but have the appearance of having been brought out, written, and polished with the greatest care."

INDIAN, SYRIAN, AND PERSIAN MYSTICS.

"Steering a mid course between the Pantheism of India on the one hand, and the Deism of the Koran on the other, the Sufi's cult is the religion of beauty, where heavenly perfection is considered under the imperfect type of earthly loveliness.

"The true origin of their contemplative mysticism must be looked for in Hindooism, or rather in the more ancient Aryan cult from which both Brahminism and Zoroastrianism sprang. The Vedantic system of mystical philosophy is almost identical even in its technology with Sufism, while the cosmogony, angelology, and demonology have more in common with the older Persian doctrines. There are twelve original orders of dervishes, of which the Mevleves or 'dancing dervishes,' the Rifâees or 'howlers,' and the Saadiyeh, and Kadiriyeh, named after their respective founders, are most frequently met with. The practice of asceticism with the Eastern dervishes, as well as with the Christian recluses, has been always supposed to lead to the attainment of miraculous powers, and eminent dervish saints are always credited with some supernatural faculty or other. The most common assumption is that of the power to heal sick persons by the breath, or by laying on of hands, and is practised by most travelling fakirs. Another is the *Kuwwet i irâdât*, a 'power of will,' by which the holy man exercises a complete mesmeric control over the mind and body of anyone upon whom he chooses to concentrate his attention. The Rifâees claim the power of insensibility to pain and immunity from harm by fire, steel, serpents, or other dangerous objects, and their fire-eating and other strange tricks impose tremendously upon the common people. Occasionally an enthusiast, believing in his powers, attempts one of those feats without due preparation, and his rashness is then followed by

naturally serious results. As a rule, however, the Eastern fire-eater or serpent-charmer has taken precautions which make his displays quite harmless. Lane's 'Modern Egyptians' contains a number of instances of these dervish miracles, and the ceremony of the *doseh*, in which on the festival of the Prophet's birthday the sheikh of the Saadiyeh dervishes rides on horseback over the bodies of a number of prostrate men, is quite familiar to tourists or readers of books of travel. Some of the Egyptian dervishes carry about with them a tame calf, a practice which is believed to have arisen from a certain saint named Dâ'ûd el Azab, who had trained a calf to attend upon him. The real origin, however, must most probably be sought in the little-known cult of the Druses, who trace their religion to El Hakim, the mad caliph of Egypt, and who made use in their ceremonies of the image of a calf (*'agl*) as the antithesis of that 'intelligence' (*'agl*) which is the object of their worship. The Syrian sects of the Druses and the Nuseiriyeh have much in common with Sufism, but they contain a more decided element of ancient heathenism. The Nuseiriyeh, for instance, while openly reverencing the principal personages of the Shiah, yet in their more secret rites practise the worship both of Venus and of the moon. Like the dervish orders, the Nuseiriyeh have certain ceremonies of initiation, not unlike those of freemasonry, though having no historical or other connection with that institution.

"Mahomet declared that there was 'No monkery in Islam;' but monkery had taken too firm a hold on the East for even the *fiat* of the Arabian reformer to remove it, and the contemplative orders of Sufi dervishes stepped naturally into the place of the Greek and Indian ascetics. The religious recluse can have but one aim, and his solitary contemplation or devotion can have but one physical or psychological result; we need not, therefore, wonder that a Moslem anchorite in the Arabian desert and a Christian devotee in a convent cell should independently exhibit identical phenomena. Nor is it, after all, so strange that the prophetic gatherings of ancient Judæa should repeat themselves in the streets of modern Constantinople."

TRAVELLING IN SPIRIT.

The Sufis profess a firm belief in the power of the soul to quit the entranced body and visit distant places and scenes. This is the natural outcome of their contemplative life. The man who spends his time in fixed contemplation of Deity will develop the power of travelling in spirit in proportion as he succeeds in leading a spiritual life independently of his physical sensations. This is expressed with singular beauty in a passage from the poems of Moulana Rumi, the founder of the Mevleev Dervish Order, with which we conclude this notice of a very striking paper.

"Thy hand of power doth every night set free
Unnumbered souls from their corporeal snares,

And prisoners taste the sweets of liberty,
 And Emperors shake off imperial cares.
 Such is the semblance which the dervish wears,
 'Asleep yet waking' to the eyes of men.
 Each natural law a false construction bears;
The hand that writes it is unseen, and then
The world ascribes the action to the moving pen.

*"When deepest slumber doth the sense enfold
 Into the regions of the Infinite,
 Men's spirits wander free and uncontrolled.
 But when the Morning, armed for the fight
 With golden buckler and with sword of light,
 Drives off his dusky foeman—Night, the herd
 Of souls return to their accustomed site;
 Then is the falconer's shrill whistle heard,
 And to his master's hand returns the errant bird.*

*"When morning's beams illumine all the earth,
 And the bright eaglet plumes his radiant wings,
 Then like the angel who presides at birth,
 'He, who divideth light from darkness,' brings
 The spirits back from their late wanderings;
 But though He loose their bridles He doth keep
 The spirits tethered by mysterious strings
 Each to its body. Such a mystery deep
 Lies in the thought of 'Death and his twin brother Sleep!'"*

THOUGHT READING.

BY PROFESSOR BARRETT.

[Part of the following appeared as a letter in *Nature* for July 7.]

FOR some years past I have been diligently gathering evidence on the question of so-called "thought reading"; that is to say, whether or no one mind could influence another mind without the intervention of the senses. I had seen and myself repeated many experiments in mesmerism which seemed to demonstrate the fact not only of supersensuous perception, but also of a transfusion of thought from the mesmeriser to the subject. This of course is not new to those who have studied the hypnotic state, but it is not admitted to be true by physiologists or psychologists. Furthermore, many who play the "willing game" well were undoubtedly more influenced by the will of those present than by muscular action. Hence, an attentive observation of these experiments led me to question the accuracy of that explanation of the phenomenon with which Dr. Carpenter has made us so familiar, namely, unconscious muscular action on the one side, and unconscious muscular discernment on the other. After making the most extravagant allowances for the existence in some

persons of a muscular sense of preternatural acuteness, there still remained a large residuum of facts wholly unaccounted for on any received hypothesis. These facts pointed in the direction of the existence either of a hitherto unrecognised sensory organ, or of the direct action of mind on mind without the intervention of any sense impressions.

Such startling conclusions could not be accepted without prolonged and severe examination, and it was solely in the hope of stimulating inquiry among those who had more leisure and more fitness for the pursuit than myself that I published, at the British Association Meeting at Glasgow, the brief record of my experiments which, some years ago, brought derision and denunciation upon me. As no physiologist came forward to give the subject the wide and patient inquiry it demanded, I went on with the investigation, and for five years have let no opportunity slip which would add to the information I possessed. A letter addressed to the *Times*, asking for communications from those who had witnessed good illustrations of the "willing game," brought me in, at the time referred to, a flood of replies from all parts of England, and down to the present time fresh cases are continually coming under my notice. Each case that seemed worthy of inquiry was, if possible, visited and investigated either by myself during the vacation, or by friends on whom I could rely. It is true that many long journeys have been taken and much time has been spent without a commensurate reward, but this was to be expected. Still, after casting out cases which might or might not have been due to "muscle-reading," there remained abundant evidence to confirm my belief in the insufficiency of Dr. Carpenter's explanation. Until this evidence is published, which it will shortly be, and the accessible cases are examined and reported upon by a competent and impartial committee, I simply ask the scientific public to suspend their judgment on this question. And to show that this is not an unreasonable request on my part, I here give a few particulars of two cases that I have personally investigated, which, if they do not establish the fact of "thought-reading," go a long way in that direction.

The first I will describe is that of Miss M. This lady is most subject to the influence of her sister-in-law, whom I will call Mrs. M. The high social position and integrity of both ladies precludes the idea of collusion, even had I not taken the utmost care to detect anything of the kind had it occurred. The procedure was as follows:—Miss M. left the room and went out of earshot. The doors being closed, an object was selected by those remaining in the room; Miss M.

was then recalled, and Mrs. M., placing her fingers lightly on her sister-in-law's shoulders, or sometimes without touching her at all, Miss M. rapidly and apparently involuntarily did what we had fixed on, and were, at the time, mentally willing.

Experiment 1.—*Hand touching shoulders.* To take up pamphlet A, one of thirty objects scattered on the table: done correctly.

2. to 5.—Books B, C, D, E, in like manner to be taken up: correctly done.

6.—Note B, in third line, to be struck on piano. Done correctly.

7 to 9.—Note B, C, F in various octaves to be struck: correctly done.

10.—To take up a little agate jewel-box from a series of articles on a side-table, put it in a jar of rose-leaves (the cover had to be removed for the purpose); reopen the jar, remove the agate-box, and hand it to Mr. W.—a very complicated series of actions to test the question of unconscious muscular action. Very rapidly and correctly done; an admirable experiment; a triumphant promptitude and precision marked the whole procedure.

11.—*Now hands near, but not touching shoulders.* To take down books O, F, and X from book-shelf; correctly but slowly done, with less certainty of action.

12.—Ditto, book Y taken down.

13.—Middle C to be struck on piano. The next note, D, was struck. Partial failure.

14.—Note F selected, same method of experiment; next note to it struck. Partial failure.

15.—Note C, in third line, to be struck; hands just over head, not touching, however; correctly done.

16.—*A chain of three formed.* Mr. A. and Miss M. left the room. To blow out a particular candle. Mrs. M. touched Mr. A., and Mr. A. touched Miss M. Correctly done by Miss M.

17.—*Same arrangement.* To stick a knitting needle into some work; not done. Mr. A. stood on one side, Mrs. M. now touching Miss M.; done correctly under these conditions.

These experiments will serve as an illustration of all the others.

Out of a total of 130 trials, upwards of 100 were correctly done.

Besides this excellent case, I might give details of the following cases which I have personally investigated—Miss R., Miss H., Major L., Dr. H., Captain S., Miss B., Dr. T., Miss C., and Mrs. R. I am not at liberty to publish the names of any, nor would I wish to do so, as I know how extremely annoying it is to be subject to public curiosity and scepticism. In some cases words were correctly given that were fixed on; in others, the names of persons or places; and once or twice a short sentence was repeated, as agreed and silently willed. All of these cases were in private families, wholly independent of, and entirely unacquainted with, each other. To suppose collusion or trickery by a code of signs in all the cases, is more incredible than to suppose mind can act on mind supersensuously. We know that a sounding tuning-fork can start a silent one of the same pitch; this the law of sympathetic vibration we might expect to occur in the mental as in the material world, and this is all we need assume to account for the phenomena; *how* it occurs is quite another question.

Within the last few months, the following remarkable case has come under my notice, and I have given it the most careful enquiry, both alone and in conjunction with an eminent friend.

A clergyman in Derbyshire has five young children, four girls and one boy, aged from nine to fourteen years, all of whom are able to go through the ordinary performances of the "willing game" rapidly and successfully, *without the contact of the hands, or of any communication besides the air between the person operating and the subject operated on.* More than this, letters and words, or names of places, of persons, and of cards, can be guessed with promptitude and accuracy; the failures in any examination not amounting to one in ten consecutive trials. The failures, I am assured by the father—and there is no reason to doubt his veracity—form a far smaller fraction when the children are not embarrassed by the presence of strangers; for example, the parents assured me that their children, before I arrived, told correctly seventeen cards chosen at random from a pack, without a single failure, and after that correctly gave the names of a dozen English towns indiscriminately selected. I will, however, only ask attention to what came under my own observation, which in brief was as follows:

One of the children, Maud, a child of twelve, was taken to an adjoining room, and both the doors between fastened. I then wrote on paper the name of some object *not in the room*

(to prevent unconscious guidance by the *eyes* of those who knew the thing selected), and handed this paper round to those who were present. Not a word was allowed to be spoken. I myself then recalled the child, placed her with her back to the company, or sometimes blindfolded her before bringing her into the room, and put her in a position where no whisper, or other private communication could reach her undetected. In from two to twenty seconds she either named the object I had written down (the paper, of course, being concealed) or fetched it, if she could do so without difficulty. Each child was tried in succession, and all were more or less successful, but some were singularly and almost invariably correct in their divination of what I had written down; what was more curious, the maid-servant was equally sensitive. Further experiments showed that a battery of minds, all intently fixed on the same word, was far more successful than one or two alone. Apparently a *nervous induction* of the dominant idea in our minds took place on the passive mind of the child, and the experiments recalled the somewhat analogous phenomena of electric and magnetic induction. There seemed to be a veritable *exoneural action of the mind*.

The experiments were subsequently tried by a friend in another house with no one but the children present, and two or three critical and sceptical observers. A fair average of success, notably in selecting cards, was obtained; no sign of any kind could be detected, nor, in my opinion, was any communication possible under the circumstances. Failures occurred, it is true, but these tended to establish the genuineness of the facts, as there was no reason for a trick to exhibit sometimes a long series of exasperating failures in guessing cards, for instance, and then to be followed by unexpected successes. What determines success or failure I cannot say at present; distance in space is very influential, and a certain sympathetic concert between all concerned.

Most remarkable of all were the experiments made when the children guessed what was fixed on, *whilst remaining in an adjoining room*. The experiments are less certain under these conditions, having indeed entirely failed with a friend of mine, but with me the following experiments were made. Instead of allowing the child to return to the drawing-room, I told it to fetch the object as soon as it "guessed" what it was, and *then* return with it to the drawing-room. Having fastened the doors, I wrote down the following articles one by one with the results stated:—*hair-brush*, correctly brought; *orange*, correctly brought; *wine-glass*, correctly brought; *apple*, correctly brought; *toasting-fork*, wrong

in the first attempt, right in the second; *knife*, correctly brought; *smoothing-iron*, correctly brought; *tumbler*, correctly brought; *cup*, correctly brought; *saucer*, failure. On being told this object, the child said, "Saucer came into my head, but I thought you would never ask for that after asking for a cup, so I wasn't sure what it was." Then names of towns were fixed on, the name to be called out by the child outside the closed door of the drawing-room, but guessed when fastened into an adjoining room. In this way Liverpool, Stockport, Lancaster, York, Manchester, Macclesfield, were all correctly given; Leicester was said to be Chester; Windsor, Birmingham, and Canterbury, were failures. I might give many other similar trials, for I spent three long evenings testing the children; but these results and the attempts made to answer the many questions that at once started to the mind, such as the effect of distance, &c., must be left for the present.

I think I have said enough to show that "the influence of a dominant idea" can alone lead one to imagine all the foregoing results to be due to "unconscious muscular action," or "muscle reading"—true causes in their way, no doubt, but not sufficient to explain every anomalous psychological fact.

Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Dublin.

P. S.—I shall esteem it a favour if any readers of your journal who know further illustrations of this or kindred psychological phenomena will kindly inform me, as it is only by the widest possible inquiry in this difficult region that truth can hope to be discovered.—W. F. B.

A SPECIAL Australian edition of Mr. J. S. Farmer's "Spiritualism as a New Basis of Belief" is about to be published by Mr. Terry at Melbourne. We understand that the second English edition is rapidly running out.

THE NEED OF THE AGE.—A renewal of revelation is required now, perhaps even more than it was required in the olden time. We need a renewal of revelation to-day to prove that the supreme fact of the old revelation, the fact of immortality, is an actual living truth, to re-assure us of the power of prayer, the presence of God, the reality of the future life. We need it to carry conviction of God and immortality, to quench our doubts, to renew our faith by knowledge, to revive our hopes, to cast aside our fears of death and the grave, and to vitalise our creeds.—JOHN S. FARMER.

BUDDHISM AND WESTERN THOUGHT.

BY M. A. (OXON.)

PART II.

IN noticing the general parallel between the life of the Buddha and that of the Christ as drawn out in Mr. Lillie's book,* I passed over many points of interest to which I now revert.

The question, discussed at length by Mr. Lillie, of the methods by which the vast and successful missionary enterprise of Buddhism was carried on, is one of extreme difficulty. At the time of which I am now writing, Asia and Europe were overborne by huge priestly and military tyrannies, arresting all progress, oppressing the many in the interests of the few, and producing everywhere the corruption of stagnation. By what conceivable method could a reformer, who set his face sternly against every form of bloodshed, attack these vast evils? How could any teacher hope to assail successfully what prescription had so thoroughly fenced in? Great reforms are seldom bloodless: yet this must be defiled by no shedding of blood. Great reformers have shaken the world by their eloquence, but such an attempt here would have produced the prompt reminder that the punishment of heresy, according to the sacred books, was the perforation of the tongue with a red-hot stylus.

THE SECRET CEREMONIES OF BUDDHISM AND FREEMASONRY.

The weapon of Buddha, Mr. Lillie believes, was *Secrecy*. By means of an organised secret society, infinite in its ramifications, he hoped to undermine and in the end destroy these huge and bloated tyrannies, which already held within themselves the elements of decay. He prescribed for his disciples rigid rites of initiation. He himself had passed a life of stern asceticism, "born under a tree, his soul awakened under a tree: under a tree he chiefly lived: under a tree he died." "The tree was at once the hotel and the chapel of the teacher in his travels." He must despise all external aids, poor as a beggar, live in rags and dirt, on roots and rejected morsels bestowed by charity, and cheerfully submit to every form of contumely and disgrace: "enduring patiently injuries, violence, blows with a stick, being spat upon by the ignorant," "giving up flesh, eyes, head, and body, living in uninhabited deserts and caverns," in some sort like to those disciples of the Christ who were sent out without purse or scrip, apparently friendless

* Buddha and Early Buddhism. A. Lillie. Trübner and Co., 1881.

and alone, to do battle with the world more than five hundred years after. Thus biding his time, he was to aim his blows at all in the dominant system that was contrary to the principles of the Buddha, till the end came.

Evidence of the mystic rites, that fenced round the system of Buddhism with sign and password and elaborate initiation into each separate grade or degree, meets us on every side. Is a Buddhist novice about to become a monk? He goes through a long series of initiatory purifications, the scheme of which was probably borrowed from the Brahmins, and survives in the ceremonies practised by John Baptist in the wilderness of Judæa. He makes an offering of scents and unguents—the Eastern method of approaching a superior, as the Magi approached the Christ—to his instructor (*guru*) or spiritual guide. Four interlaced circles, forming a cross, are drawn on the ground, and the neophyte, seated in a prescribed position, salutes the Trinity, Tri-Ratna, the transcendental triad. In two days the pupil and his instructor continue in prayer; then the Swastica,* the mystic cross (familiar to students of the Catacombs) is drawn, and the neophyte is baptised in water with a number of prescribed ingredients added.

Then comes the abbot who scatters rice and milk, and the postulant submits to the tonsure, pledging himself to "forsake intoxicating liquors, evil thoughts, pride, and lust; and not to injure any living creature." Moreover, he makes public confession of sin, and, being again baptised, receives a new name. This latter is an invariable adjunct to the ceremonies of the various Mysteries, Christian and Pagan alike: and the whole ceremony, in its crosses, confessions, name-changings, and reciting of credos, is vastly like the early Christian Baptism, the parallel even extending to the close of the ceremony when the candidate received the great regenerating change called "The whole birth." At this juncture a light was kindled. So it will be remembered, the early Christians after initiation were called Illuminati.

Mr. King, in his learned work on "The Gnostics," contends that this secret system, with its signs and passwords, made its appearance in the Western world in various secret societies, Mithraism, Essenism, Therapeutism, and so on through the Rosicrucians, to the universal brotherhood of Freemasonry. Certainly there is a more than superficial similarity between the mystic ceremonies of some degrees in Masonry, and the

* The *only* cross found in the Catacombs: and (with the elephant) the symbol prevalent in the Asoka inscriptions.

early Buddhistic mysteries; as we find them, for example, in a very ancient secret Chinese Society—the Heaven-Earth Society, presided over by *three Elder Brothers*, having for its object *Benevolence*, and for its motto—

Our blessings we all of us share;
Our sorrows we all of us bear!

This constitution will be familiar to Freemasons, and the secret signs and passwords, the seal of the society “in the form of a *pentagon* covered with *mystic, zodiacal, and astronomical signs*” will carry on the parallel. *Universal extension over the surface of the globe* is said to be the aim of the society, and the seal further bears a legend that may be rendered thus:—

The brothers in the battle join,
Each ready with the mystic sign:
As brooks, that from the distant past
Unite in one strong stream at last.

The candidate for initiation passes under an *arch of steel*. These ceremonies are, one and all, early Buddhistic rites. Those who know the peculiar signs, tokens, and words of the early Christian secret societies, and of Eastern and Western Masonry, can judge how far they have survived. For those who have not this advantage it must suffice to say that the parallel, expressed particularly in the italicised words above, is as striking as that which I have sketched between the respective lives of the Buddha and the Christ. This is not the place for an exhaustive discussion of this interesting topic. Mr. Lillie has been somewhat misled here, no doubt from want of personal knowledge, and there are points which he has missed. But the argument which he has put forward amply justifies the belief that Buddha borrowed, and developed from Brahminism, an elaborate secret system, religiously fenced round by those esoteric expedients that survive in modern Masonry. This system is traced in the Indian initiation, in the rites of the Triad Society of China, and in some of the most marked ceremonies used among Masons at this hour. It is conceivable enough that a secret system might have been developed in various lands from various sources: but it is hardly likely that rites so distinctive of Buddhistic principles should be found among Freemasons to-day, unless on some such hypothesis as this, that they are, in effect, a nineteenth-century survival of the primitive usage of Buddhism.

BUDDHISTS, THERAPEUTS, ESSENES, CHRISTIANS.

The considerations that have been before advanced are not weakened by an investigation of the parallelism between dis-

tinctive tenets of Buddhism, and those which we discover among the earliest Christians, as well as among the two great pre-Christian Societies,—the Therapeuts and Essenes.

I have already adverted to some points of similarity both in life and doctrine between the Christ and the Buddha. The list might be greatly extended, did space permit. The angel-salutation, the angel-consolation, the devil-temptation, the presentation in the Temple, the disputation with the doctors, the public baptism, the life of beneficent miracle-working, the transfiguration, descent into hell, ascent into heaven, are common to the two Teachers. Each pronounces a blessing on the long-suffering, the meek, those who are not weary in well-doing, the pure, those who cease from sin, those who follow after peace. Each eulogises alms-giving as a seed that, sown on a good soil, yields abundant fruit. Buddha tells his disciples that the effects of uncurbed passion are "like rain breaking through an ill-thatched house" that cannot resist the storm. He gives as his third commandment "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and as his comment on it, that "looking at the wife of another with a lustful mind," is to transgress that law.

The very birthday—December 25th, which points to a solar myth—is the same.

Mr. James Ferguson, a high authority, is of opinion that "the various details of the early Christian basilica, nave, aisle, columns, semi-domed apse, cruciform ground-plan, were borrowed *en bloc* from the Buddhists.*

It is certain that the similarity between the Buddhist and Catholic ritual, which so struck the French Missionary Hue, in Thibet, is more than accidental. The crozier, mitre, cope, dalmatic, the Flabellum or Fan, common to both Pope and Grand Llama, the censer swinging on five chains, the nimbus or saintly aureole of glory, the winged angels, the sign of the cross, the attitude of benediction with extended hand and sign over the heads of the faithful, and, as we have seen, the very details of Church Architecture are common to both. To this list may be added various doctrinal and ritual points of agreement: the celibacy of the clergy, the tonsure, periodical retreats, saint-worship, adoration of relics, flowers and lights upon the altar, litanies, processions, holy water, the worship of the Queen of Heaven, and the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity.

All this is too minutely in agreement with the rites and tenets of a large section of the Catholic Church of Christ, and

* Indian and Eastern Architecture, p. 117 sq. Rude Stone Monuments, pp. 499, 508. Cave Temples of India, pp. 233, 236.

that section, one that most closely represents the beliefs and practices of the earliest Christians—I mean the Orthodox Eastern Church—to be accidental. Mr. Lillie does not notice the very close similarity between the Buddhistic rites and doctrines, some of which I have enumerated, and those of the Eastern branch of the Catholic Church, which, placed where the point of contact between Buddhist and Western thought would occur, if at all, characterised by an inflexible antipathy to change, and by a rigid adherence to primitive custom, is more likely to approximate in minute detail to the ceremonies and beliefs of this early age, than that more changeful Western branch which has its centre at Rome. While the note of the latter in its dealings with the world is *flexibility* in adaptation, the note of the former is *permanence*. To the East, rather than the West, we must look for minute traces of this contact with Buddhism, which has seemed probable, and even demonstrable, to thinkers so dissimilar in mental tone, so like in intellectual power, as Dean Mansel (who maintain that Buddhist Missionaries reached Alexandria within two generations of the time of Alexander the Great), Schelling, Schopenhauer, Lassen, Rénan, and Dean Milman, the last of whom refers the origin of the Therapeuts to “the contemplative and indolent fraternities” of India. No doubt all Roman Catholic writers, and some others, like Rhys Davids, maintain that the current of propagandism has set from West to East. To the present writer the evidence seems to make in the other direction: and a careful study of Mr. Lillie’s argument has revived and confirmed ideas before present to his mind.

For the very close parallel between Buddhism, Therapeutism, and Essenism, the reader must be referred to Mr. Lillie, Chap. xi. pp. 186 sq. He draws it out with a precision that leaves nothing to be desired, and shows how the two systems “make up a complete system of Buddhism with its baptism, its bread-oblations (as opposed to the bloody sacrifice), and its cultus of angels,” twelve dead prophets, or Buddhas. Elijah is the Buddha of the Essenes, and appears, it is instructive to note, with Moses on the Mount of Transfiguration to authenticate the mission of the Christ. All this I cannot dwell upon. I may be permitted, however, to draw brief attention to one parallel that has not yet been touched upon; I allude to the recurrence of Buddhistic symbolism in the Apocalyptic description of Heaven. There we have the “high mountain” [Meru], and the “city four-square,” with its gates of precious metals, and settings of precious stones. The heaven of India, described in the Buddhist sacred writings, has its seven moats, and its rows of jewelled pillars. In the centre of a great hall stands

the throne of the god, surmounted with the white Chetra. The sacred tree figures in both, and the "gem-lake" by the side of which flourishes the tree whose fruit gives immortality, suggests the river of life that flows by the throne of God. Moreover, "round the great throne are the heavenly ministers, who record men's actions in a 'golden book.'" Constant mythical allusions to seven angels, seven stars, seven candlesticks reproduce the Buddhist seven Rishis, the seven Manushi Buddhas, the angels of the Essene cultus. It must have occurred to many to wonder whence came that curious symbolism of the Apocalypse, so unlike the tone of the Gospels in simplicity, so different from the historical narrative of the Acts, and the argumentative or hortatory letters of Paul, Peter, and John; so Eastern in its symbolism, and so alien in conception from Western methods of thought. It may be that the suggestion here thrown out may illuminate the problem.

Passing by much that I should be very willing to dwell upon, it remains for me to point out more particularly than I have yet done the traces of

SPIRITUALISM IN BUDDHISM.

It will be evident to any reader, who has followed me so far, that the Buddhist belief is permeated by what I have described as a distinctive, "a peculiar note of Modern Spiritualism—the presence and guardianship of departed spirits." I confess that this struck me with some surprise, and, I may say, pleased surprise, for I had come to think that there was a marked antagonism between Eastern and Western modes of thought and belief on this point. We have heard much in disparagement of this special article of faith from some friends who have told us a great deal about the theosophical beliefs of the Hindûs, and who have chanted the praises of the Buddhistic as against the Christian Faith with vehement laudation of the one, and with abundant scorn of the other. We have felt, some of us, that the investigations of the rival claims of Theosophy and Spiritualism need not be complicated by the introduction of the *odium theologicum*. And if it be really inevitable that we should contrast the two systems, we have thought that the judicial method was not enhanced by the introduction of the polemics of Mr. Bradlaugh, or by comments on the cases of certain criminous clerks. That is not a comprehensive view, nor are such typical cases. Assuming the extreme truth of the allegations made, "our withers are unwrung." There are black sheep in every fold, and it is not by a *post mortem* examination of a very putrid body that the diagnosis of the body corporate can best be made.

But, be this as it may, we have been told so often, that we have come to accept it as a lesson from those who know better than ourselves, that our Western belief in the action of departed human spirits in this world of ours is a crazy fallacy. We have believed, at least, that such was the Eastern creed. For ourselves, we (some of us at least) prefer our own experience to the instructions of any whose dogmatic statements are so sweeping as those with which we are met from Eastern experts. The statements and claims made have seemed to us altogether too vast. It may be, we are driven to think, that departed spirits do not operate in the East, but at any rate we find that they *do* act in the West. And while we are far from declining to recognise the truth that pervades much of the Spiritualism of the East, and have tried our best to induce our friends to widen their view by adopting it in some degree, we have been sad to think that it should so absolutely contradict the experience of the West.

Mr. Lillie affords me some consolation. I find throughout his book not only most instructive variety of opinion, which I can correlate with my own beliefs and theories to benefit and advantage, but I find that the belief in the intervention of departed human spirits, which we had all of us imagined to be *anathema maranatha* in the East, is, in effect, a permeating principle of Buddhism in his estimation!

I shall not misrepresent Mr. Lillie if I say that his knowledge of and acquaintance with Eastern Spiritual beliefs is far in advance of that which he would claim for himself in respect of Western Spiritualism. His views have not, therefore, been beclouded by English prejudice. I write without any sort of communication with him, and I am, of course, speaking as one who knows him from his work, and the statements therein made, and not from any personal knowledge. There is, however, indication throughout his book that he is thoroughly imbued with the study of Buddhism, and is comparatively slenderly equipped, in proportion, for the analysis of the complex problem of Modern Western Spiritualism.

I cite him, then, as my witness.

There is in his book a chapter on Buddhist Demonology—oddly named—which shows as a logical deduction from its narrated facts that the belief in the return of the departed is evidenced by the idea "*That a certain animal magnetism or some occult force made it more easy for the disembodied spirit to return and communicate with living mortals when they were in the actual presence of his corpse.*" I quote Mr. Lillie's words, and his whole argument hinges upon them.

Father Borri, in his "Account of Cochin China" (p. 807),

details how a certain governor of Palu Cambi, having died his funeral was celebrated in the presence of some Jesuit Fathers to whom he had been very friendly. Father Borri was present. Here is his narrative. "Several 'necromancers' gathered round the corpse, and prayed that some of the governor's kindred, who were also gathered around, might receive a message about the deceased. [*A truly spiritualistic request, grounded, no doubt, on antecedent experience!*] After a while an elderly lady, a sister of the governor [*a private medium, it would seem*], became possessed, and skipped and raved, although she was quite decrepit, until the fury seized her [*i.e., making allowance for the Jesuit Fathers' phraseology, before*]. The stick that she threw from her hung in the air, all the while that the devil was in her body, said the Father." [*A powerful physical medium the old lady was, it would seem.*] The account concludes with a description of the funeral ceremonies, which were devoted to the comfort and glorification of the departed spirit, and were animated throughout by a belief in his sustained relations with the body which he had shuffled off, but which he had not permanently left.

In the same way, "A saint dies and is buried in a tumulus or under a tree; and under this tree, or a tree near the dead man's tumulus, by and by sits another holy man, who periodically gets observed by the dead saint, and in that state exhibits"—the phenomena of mediumship! Nothing in my own experience stands out more clearly and conclusively than this. An earth-bound spirit haunts the place where its body is laid, or the scene of the crime that binds it to earth. In the latter case it is heard of as an Apparition. In the former it seems to have the power of availing itself of the contiguity of a medium to manifest its presence, and, in some cases, to release itself from its bonds. Repeated cases have come within my own knowledge when the presence of a medium near a graveyard, without entering it, has been sufficient to cause a communication to be made at a subsequent séance from a spirit whose body was laid there. In this respect, the core and kernel of Buddhist Spiritualism, round which those of their beliefs that can be correlated with our modern Spiritualism centre, is demonstrably in accordance with my own experience.

We have also, here in the West, a belief that the living may be brought into rapport with their departed friends, in some cases by means of palpable and tangible objects which have been permeated with their "aura" or "atmosphere." The phenomena of Psychometry rest on this idea. The same notion is a root-principle in Buddhistic Spiritualism. The relics of the

Buddha were sub-divided into infinitesimal portions, and these were enshrined in various temples, until "Bengal was covered with stately topes and columns," solely from the belief that the communion with him would in this way be facilitated.

Mr. Lillie further states that "it seems certain that the departed spirit was supposed to make actual appearances in the chamber of its entombment." Form manifestations! Again, "It is certain that Buddha was supposed to make actual apparitions in the inner chambers of topes and cave-temples." All this phenomenal Spiritualism, be it noted, is connected with *the departed human spirit*: and this seems to me to be singularly suggestive, inasmuch as it is not an accident of local belief, but a very central principle round which varieties of belief are gathered. It is not an accident, but a principle that is involved, unless our author is absolutely in error.

It is difficult, indeed, to imagine that the case could be otherwise. Great principles do not vary according to climate. Facts are not really, though they may be superficially contradictory, whether they occur in India or England. The confusion we suspect has arisen from the interpretation of those facts. There are many in England who, like Mr. Spurgeon, even while accepting our interpretation, would vehemently condemn the practice of communion with the departed. Sorcery! Necromancy! and so on. Well! hard names break no bones. Facts remain. And I suspect that our Eastern friends, who so vigorously condemn Spiritualism on the grounds that they take, are giving utterance to a feeling of dislike for what they would admit to be a real, albeit a deplorable fact. They see the dangers of mere phenomenalism, and the beauties of the higher spiritual culture. Far be it from me to dispute that point, so put. I have no brief to defend the vagaries of Spiritualism, any more than I have to defend the abuses that cluster round Christianity. But with the attack made on both, in the manner that it is made, I cannot sympathise or agree.

On the other hand, I have great sympathy with the Theosophical view of the importance of the development of the inherent powers of the human spirit. Mr. Lillie has something to say on this point too. He tells us of the training required of the Neophyte who would aspire to Adeptship. "He had to rise in the air [*Levitation*] to rain down water and fire [*cf. the luminous appearances at many séances, and showers of scented water and flowers*] to make that body expand, and then grow indefinitely small. [*Cf. the elongation of various mediums.*] His sixth exploit was to disappear in the heavens and return to earth, and then rise once more aloft." [*Cf. the account of*

the nailing of Mrs. Stewart's dress to the floor during a séance for form-manifestations, and the disappearance of her form, and its subsequent reproduction.] So trained, the ascetic develops supernatural powers, "is able to pass through material obstacles," "to throw his phantasmal appearance into many places at once": "to hear the sounds of the unseen world as distinctly as those of the phenomenal world": to read the most secret thoughts of others, and to tell their characters." In effect he becomes superior, in certain states, to the laws of matter; clairvoyant, clairaudent, and what we Westerns call, "*a highly developed medium.*"

On this vexed question of Adeptship and Mediumship, Mr. Lillie is silent. He does not tell us whether his Ascetic develops these abnormal powers by his own unaided efforts; nor does he throw any light on the question whether the phenomena of which he speaks are reproducible at will. It is greatly to be desired that some direct proof of this repeatedly claimed power should be given. At present the divine power, if it exist at all, is confined to the East. Such phenomena as we have been able to test, are produced by external agency through the natural powers of the Psychic.

Mr. Lillie incidentally mentions that Messrs. Huc and Gabet, Jesuit missionaries, "report that they saw a Bokhé rip open his own stomach in the great court of Lamaserai of Rache Tchurin in Tartary. After a copious flow of blood had deluged the court he closed and healed the wound with a single pass of his hand."

This interesting chapter concludes thus: "I have dwelt at length on this supernaturalism, because it is of the highest importance to our theme. *Buddhism was plainly an elaborate apparatus to nullify the action of evil spirits by the aid of good spirits operating at their highest potentiality, through the instrumentality of the corpse, or a portion of the corpse of the chief aiding spirit.* The Buddhist temple, the Buddhist rites, the Buddhist liturgy, all seem based on this one idea that a whole or portions of a dead body was necessary. What were these assisting spirits? Every Buddhist, ancient or modern, would admit at once that a spirit that has not yet attained the Bodily or Spiritual awakening cannot be a good spirit. It is still in the domains of Kâma (Death, appetite). It can do no good thing; more than that, it *must* do evil things. . . . The answer of Northern Buddhism, if we consult such books as the 'White Lotus of Dharma' and the 'Lalita Vistara,' is that the good spirits are the Buddhas, the dead prophets. They come from the 'fields of the Buddhas' to commune with earth."

All this is almost exactly what we have learned in the benighted West. Spirits are of various grades—good, bad, and indifferent; and those who most readily respond to the promiscuous invitation are *not* “the spirits of the just made perfect”; in fact, they are those who are nearest to the earth plane. But others come for beneficent purposes, “dead prophets,” if it please us so to call them—“who, being dead, yet speak.”

It is a significant fact that throughout this elucidation of Buddhistic Spiritualism we have not once come upon an Elemental or Elementary Spirit.

In taking leave of our author we may venture to say that a glossary, or explanation of terms which are strange to English readers, would have been a great boon. It takes time to find out that *Prajñā* is *Sophia* writ Eastern-wise: that Spirits liable to return to earth dwell in *Dewaloca*, while *Jina* is the abode of spirits who have triumphed over matter. A page of explanation would suffice to render a good book more intelligible.

And there are points which are necessarily dealt with only cursorily in his book on which I feel sure that Mr. Lillie could throw additional light. The life of the Buddha is permeated with what seems to me uncompromising Spiritualism. The Therapeuts must have handed on the Buddhistic traditions to the Early Christian Church. The training that led to Adeptship is a matter of profound interest. It would be a deeply interesting and instructive chapter that Mr. Lillie would write on these subjects, if he could be persuaded to make the attempt. What he has done is so well done that I am encouraged to hope that he will write this special chapter for Spiritualists.

THE “GLOBE” NEWSPAPER AND SPIRITUALISM.

WHETHER or no due to the exigencies of the “dull season,” it is, nevertheless, a fact that the *Globe* has lately been devoting some attention to spiritual phenomena in its leaderettes and correspondence. Its criticisms are indeed often enough of the baldest and most superficial description, after the cut and dried cynical style which such journals, metropolitan and provincial, are wont to assume. Still, occasionally, we are able to read something which more nearly approaches the real truth, inserted, we suppose, as a set-off against the dull and dreary quotations of the state of the markets, the doings at the vestry, and other items of local news. As a sample of the

latter, we quote the following letter which appears to be a statement of facts, and which was published in the *Globe* of the 23rd September under the title of "Among the Spirits." If the account is to be relied upon, and we see nothing on the face of the narrative to suggest the contrary, it is interesting as coming from an avowed non-spiritualist, and it may therefore carry weight with outsiders, especially as it appears no professional medium was present, and the phenomena took place at the private residence of the witness.

(*To the Editor of the "Globe."*)

Sir,—There is always a difficulty in recounting a marvellous tale, especially if it describe phenomena relating to or allied with what is known as Spiritualism. The difficulty the narrator has to contend with is this—he is either totally disbelieved, or silently put down as a lunatic—probably both. In spite of this anticipated doom I ask for a little space in your paper that I may tell the following story:—Last Sunday evening my sister and her husband, sitting alone in the drawing-room, were attracted by a multitude of little hammerings on wall and wainscot. Unable to divine their cause, my sister came to me in another part of the house to tell me and ask me to return with her. After being in the room (which was brilliantly lighted) a minute or two I heard what appeared to be muffled blows on the mantlesheff. It was then I remarked, "Perhaps they are spirits. I'll ask them to tap on the violoncello," which was leaning up against the mantlepiece. A few seconds after my request was made a blow was struck on the 'cello. I asked a second time, and again it was repeated with a louder rap. Intending to follow this mystery as far as possible, we agreed to conform to the conditions usual on such occasions, and so closed door and windows, extinguished the lights, and sat in the dark close together, with a small table between us. The raps began to increase in number and volume, leaving the vicinity of the mantlesheff for the table. One or two flitting lights—exactly like small electric lights in shape and colour—showed themselves at the further end of the room, moved restlessly about, then disappeared. Presently we were aware that there was something in the room flying round, a "something" that sounded like a huge moth trailing against the ceiling with wiry wings; something that flew about emitting sharp little crackles of sound; a noise altogether peculiar and distinct, perhaps best described by saying it was something like the crumpling of tissue paper, and the metallic little beats made by an electrical machine. After five minutes or so this ceased, and then the table began to sway backwards and forwards; we put questions to it which it answered with energetic thumps. The table, upon being asked to go off the ground, suddenly altered its movements, and apparently tried to rise off its four legs, but failed in every attempt it made, never getting more than three legs up at the same time. We noticed how persistently the table leaned in one direction, how repeatedly it touched the 'cello and

scraped gently on the strings, which suggested to me the remark that "perhaps it wanted the 'cello on the table," a quick confirmation of which was given by the volley of raps that followed the suggestion. The violoncello was lifted on and placed in the centre; then after one preparatory attempt, the table and 'cello simply sailed away as lightly as if they had been feathers. This remarkable action was twice indulged in, the table returning as lightly to the ground each time. During the swaying movement my sister had exclaimed, "I wish the table would play the piano instead of the 'cello;" and, as if remembering this, the table, after its second flight, at once dragged itself across the room, and, with the aid of the "finger end" of the 'cello, struck several notes on the piano, then returned to its original place as we resumed our seats. As we sat there, I holding both my sister's hands in mine, her husband, sitting apart, suddenly said, "Don't push the table on to me." We replied that we were not touching it, or even near it. My sister then asked the table to come to her, which it did at once, jerking itself afterwards on to me, and then going away of its own accord. We sat two hours, the whole of which time, from the first minute to the last, these strange occurrences were taking place. Afterwards, at supper, in another room, the taps continued faintly on the table. The next evening we sat again, but in another place—the house of my brother-in-law, a couple of miles away from the scene of the previous evening. Here also the muffled blows were repeated, and upon our asking "if the object that flew about would return," a faint, shadowy light appeared on the edge of a picture frame near, flickered and then grew stronger, condensed itself apparently, and then to our astonishment a brilliant purple white light appeared of a circular form, with a centre of light brighter still, looking and glistening like a beautiful jewel. This lasted for ten minutes and though we sat for some time afterwards neither the light nor the raps returned. It is a year ago this month since I made some charcoal drawings of two unknown faces that appeared to myself and some friends sitting in a darkened dining-room, an account of which I forwarded to you, and which you were kind enough to insert. I then stated, as I do now, that I am not a Spiritualist, and cannot by any possible means account for these phenomena, which I have here truthfully described.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

C. J. L.

3 Oxford and Cambridge Mansions,
Marylebone Road, W., September 22.

HINDU MAGIC.

The Harbinger of Light quotes from the *Madras Mail* (April 23, 1881) a singular account of Hindû magic, which is not indeed new to us, but which is a fair specimen of such records, and, as such, worth preservation. It would appear that the writer was recently staying with a friend, who gave him *The Theosophist* to read; and

accounted for his interest in it and its records by recounting a chapter of his own personal experience while resident in India. That narrative is as follows :—

“Four or five years ago, on going into my shop one morning, I found a very poor Mahomedan standing near the well in the compound. He wore nothing but a cloth around his loins. Thinking he might be a thief I asked him what he was about; he answered that the shade of my trees, and the water were inviting, and that he merely wished to rest. Concluding that he was a beggar, and wishing that he should go, I offered him money, which he refused. I next asked him if he wanted anything else, and he begged that some milk might be given him. The milk was brought, and he drank it. He next asked for some ganjah leaf, and this also was supplied. He ate the leaf. Although carefully watched he ate and drank nothing else during the whole of his stay, which lasted two weeks. Knowing what the man was I did not interfere with him. He stayed in the compound of my shop, and my servants under my orders supplied him with milk and ganjah whenever he asked for them. On the third day he came to me and said, ‘You have been very kind, I should like to show you what I can do. Let me have a rupee.’ He touched the rupee, and told me to mark it. With my penknife I cut my initials on it. ‘Now send the rupee (he said) to the bazaar.’ I sent it by a servant telling him to purchase sweetmeat with it. The servant went and brought the sweetmeat. The man next held out his hand in the air and said ‘Come! come!’ in Hindustani, and the rupee came into his hand. He handed it to me. It was the rupee with my initials. He next asked me for my watch, which he touched. ‘Put it into a box,’ he said. I got a Chubb’s box out of my shop, and with my own hands put the watch into it, locking the box, and putting the keys, single and duplicate, into my pocket. He made a pass or two over the box, and asked me to open it. The watch had disappeared. ‘You will find it in that room,’ he said, pointing to my furniture godown about twenty yards away, which was locked. ‘Open the door and put your arm in.’ I did so, and the watch was dropped into my palm. ‘Have you any objection,’ I asked, ‘to my having others (my servants were around me) to witness what you do.’ ‘Not at all,’ he said. I therefore, day after day, invited my friends, who came and witnessed various other extraordinary feats. Anything touched by the man in my shop came clean away to us, and we were seated near the godowns. He brought grapes and melons from the air, and they were not in season. He spoke to something in the air, saying, ‘Come, be quick! We are waiting!’ and then, turning to us, would add, ‘There it is coming; hold out your hand,’ and the fruit would drop into them. On asking the man to explain, he said there were spirits in the air, fire and water, not disembodied spirits, but spirits which had their existence there entirely. ‘They are controllable by man, and if you wish to go through the same preparation as I have gone through, you can be equally as powerful.’ He professed to be able without the telegraph to communicate with his Guru, who

was in Cashmere. When he got more confidence in me he produced some papers from his cloth, and on reading them, I saw that they were certificates from men of very high position (Europeans and others) in the Punjab, N. W. Provinces, stating that the bearer had exhibited before them, and that he was a person of extraordinary power. One morning, on reaching the shop I was told that he was not to be found. I sent to the bazaars and all about the town, but not a trace of him could be discovered. You can understand now, I think, why I take an interest in the Theosophical Society. I wish to see whether their investigations will lay bare the secret of the extraordinary power by which matter can be made to pass through matter. If a discovery is to be made it can be made in India alone, where the race of Gurus has not yet ceased to exist."

RESULTS OF SEIZING A SPIRIT FORM.

The *Banner of Light*, of August 13th, contains a very interesting letter from a Dr. F. Hartmann, which, if authenticated, and there is no reason to suppose otherwise, throws considerable light on one of the most perplexing phases of psychological phenomena. We print it entire:—The question has often been asked: "If a materialised spirit should be seized by one of the sitters, what would be the result?" A genuine case of this kind occurred at my house last evening, and an account of it will undoubtedly not only be interesting to your readers, but also prove a valuable contribution to spiritual science.

Mrs. N. D. Miller, formerly of Memphis, Tenn., whose history can be found in Dr. Watson's work, "The Clock Struck One," has been, in company with her husband, a welcome visitor at my house, and gave us a materialising séance in our parlour last night. There were present besides the medium and Mr. Miller, myself and wife, one Mr. Cree, and a Mrs. M. Smith. From thirty to forty materialised forms, sometimes two at a time, came out of the cabinet. Most of them were well recognised, and some excellent tests were given. Toward the end of the séance one materialised form walked up to Mrs. Smith. When Mrs. Smith beheld the form, she recognised the same as her deceased mother; and this fact excited her so much, that with the cry, "Oh, my mother! my mother!" she went into hysterics. She seized the spirit's arms with both of her hands, while she kept on screaming: "Oh, this is my mother! Do not take her away!" We all witnessed the struggle of the spirit to free itself from the iron grasp of Mrs. Smith, who is herself a powerful woman. The struggle took place about eight feet from the cabinet, and fearing that some injury might be done by it to the medium, we went to the assistance of the spirit. When we took hold of Mrs. Smith's hands, they were still clinging to the wrists of the spirit; *but the body of the spirit was gone.* While we were trying to pry open Mrs. Smith's fingers to make her release the spirit's arms, *those arms ended in nothing beyond*

the wrists, and there was no body attached to them. Finally these spirit arms, still encircled by the grasp of Mrs. Smith's fingers, *melted away too*; while Mrs. Smith herself kept on screaming, and was too much excited to be reasoned with or quieted down. What the result would have been if this "spirit-grabbing" had been intentional and malicious, we do not know; but as it was, Mrs. Miller, after coming out of her trance, complained of lameness and fatigue in her arms, and sickness at the stomach.

Of the many other remarkable occurrences during the séance, I will only mention that the medium's babe became restless, and was taken by a materialised form into the cabinet and there cared for, while other forms kept on appearing and walking over the floor. Each one of the sitters were taken into the cabinet to examine the medium, while spirits appeared outside and talked with the rest. One lady-spirit who had passed away some months ago in Hot Springs, Ark., and who had promised to my wife on her deathbed to come and appear to her, did so, and taking my wife's arm, said to her: "Did I not promise to return? Here I am." She also gave her full name, which, however, was unnecessary, as my wife fully recognised her. I must also remark that the agreement entered into between my wife and this lady was known to no one, not even to myself.

I might continue telling of the remarkable tests that were given at this wonderful séance; but all these things have been described in the *Banner of Light* so often, that it would appear only as a repetition of well-known facts. All that appears new are the above-given facts of spirit-seizing; the truth of which I herewith most emphatically and solemnly affirm.

DR. F. HARTMANN.

Georgetown, Col., July 28th, 1881.

P.S. I forgot to mention that during the struggle between Mrs. Smith and the spirit, our heads were touched, and coats pulled, by other spirit-hands, while at the same time the voice of "Red-Face" spoke from the cabinet.

H.

Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., has been appointed to represent the British National Association of Spiritualists at the Church Congress in Newcastle, to be held during the current month.—From *Le Messager* of Liege we learn that a spiritualist paper has just been started, under the title of *La Caridad* (Charity), in the Canary Islands. It is published at Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. We visited the island some four years ago, and were unable to trace the existence of any spiritualists there at that time. Rapid progress must, however, have been made to call for the establishment of a monthly journal.—Next month we shall print statistics as to the number and character of the various newspapers and magazines devoted to Spiritualism throughout the world.—The *Revista Espositista* of Monte Video has entered upon its tenth year of publication.

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"The *Chicago Times* of June 19, 1880, which highly commends the tone and style of the book in a long review of nearly two closely-printed columns, says:—"The author does not weary the reader with spiritual communications conveyed to himself alone; he writes with exceptional clearness, candour, and cogency; he is a master of strong and graphic English; his logic is unassailable, and his spirit extremely suave, manly, and straightforward. He is a high authority among Spiritualists."

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NOVEMBER, 1881.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The event of the month, at least as far as Spiritualism and Spiritualists are concerned, has been the Church Congress held at Newcastle-on-Tyne during the week commencing October 3rd. With the result very few Spiritualists will be disposed to find fault. Although there was plenty of plain speaking, yet it is evident that both the reader of the paper and the speakers in the discussion which followed made a strenuous effort not only to do justice to the subject, but also to recognise any salient points of agreement upon which a bond of union of any sort whatever could be based. No doubt there still remains in some quarters the old reproach of narrowness of thought once so common amongst Christian ministers and members of Christian churches, but such a charge cannot fairly be laid at the door of the late Congress. This in itself is a hopeful sign. When any organisation or movement shows itself open to conviction and willing to investigate facts and methods of thought outside its own pale, it surely augurs well not only for the soundness of heart of the organisation itself, but for its usefulness and power of satisfying the needs of those to whom it appeals. Let us hope that the triumph of the spirit of tolerance there exhibited will grow and bear fruit a hundred fold, and that the day may never return when less disposition is shown to recognise a soul of good in things which at one time would have met with a simple Anathema Maranatha, or a shriek of holy horror, as being, *per se*, diabolically bad.

I must confess I was not myself altogether surprised at the temperate tone taken by one of the speakers, Canon Basil Wilberforce. Now that he has publicly spoken, I am violating no confidence in saying that, from correspondence which I had had with him,

I was prepared for a fair and temperate treatment of the subject when he came to deal with it, and the result justified my anticipation. There is no doubt that Canon Wilberforce spoke fully up to his light, and if there are points of disagreement between us, that was only to be expected, and is a matter for time and extended research to remedy. To a large extent the Canon has been pursuing his investigations under great difficulty, and he is to be much commended for the conscientious and patient manner in which he discharged the onerous duty he had undertaken in bringing an unpopular subject before an audience whose reception of it it was impossible to gauge beforehand.

The first point deserving notice is the recognition of Spiritualism as a fact, and one to which the Christian Church has an admitted duty and responsibility. Nothing could be more distinct than the protest "against all hasty sweeping condemnations," or the caution not to "attribute all new phenomena which we cannot explain to the author of evil." This is very different to the reception accorded to Spiritualism twenty years ago, nay even less than a decade since, and it is not a little significant as a sign of the direction of modern thought. There can be no doubt that within the last thirty years, and running parallel with the new civilisation which may be said to have sprung up in our midst during that period, a new method of thought has dawned upon the world, of which the chief characteristic is a broader and finer charity towards honest differences of opinion. It no longer avails to insist that blind faith is superior to reason, or that facts must give way to theory. All that is changed, and the Christian Church appears to be recognising more and more the necessity of bringing her creeds to the same test of common sense that is brought to the consideration of questions of everyday life. Combined with this may I think be perceived a disposition not entirely to ignore new light. This is wise: the past is too full of the records of defeats and the abandonment of position after position to justify an alternative course. So Spiritualism was recognised as having a foundation on fact, and I believe an earnest endeavour was made to analyse its claims. This is a great advance, and if no other good result follows, the discussion will not have failed altogether.

But it is interesting to note that this very change has been brought about mainly by the unconscious and hitherto little dreamt of influence of Spiritualism. The religious and higher aspects of Spirit-teaching correspond almost entirely to every point in which a change of front is observable between the teaching of to-day and that of thirty years ago. To satisfy myself on this point, I have most carefully read the principal and most noted pulpit utterances previous to that period, and have found little or no sign or forecast of the more liberal, and, let me add, *human* theology of to-day. But mark! Almost immediately after the advent of Modern Spiritualism a new chord of teaching was struck, and ran like a golden thread through

the whole area of religious thought, until to-day it has so permeated the popular teaching, that it is forgotten that a contrary view was ever received.

Another factor in the changed attitude of the clergy towards Spiritualism has been pointed out by "M. A. (Oxon)" in his able comments on the subject in *Light*, for October 15th, and also by Mr. Farmer in "A New Basis of Belief in Immortality," which latter, by the way, Canon Wilberforce "commended for perusal." It is as M.A. (Oxon.) points out, "the Church has found itself face to face with a most determined and dangerous enemy which assumes various forms, and which in this discussion appear as Secularism, Agnosticism, Infidelity, Scepticism, Materialism, and like designations. This ubiquitous foe to spiritual truth has assumed proportions which are calculated to inspire profound alarm. Speaker after speaker rose to confess its prevalence and deplore its development." The real issue is theories and assertions against facts and proof. The Church's *raison d'être* lies in the reality of the duality and continuity of life. Destroy that hope beyond the shadow of a doubt, and the whole fabric of Christian teaching falls to pieces. This covers the whole ground; and the fact was recognised by the Bishop of Durham and other speakers. Dr. Thomson, in taking Secularism for his subject, classed it as Atheistic, Republican, and Malthusian. Some, the *Spectator* to wit, think he might have omitted "Republican" as having nothing to do with the matter, religion being at least as safe with a Garfield as with a king. But I apprehend it was not Republican in this sense that Dr. Thomson meant. It was rather the materialistic Socialism and Nihilism—call it what you will—which has of late worked such dire evil, that he had in view, and I for one think he was quite right. Its extreme tendencies are seen in Russia, Germany, and indeed almost everywhere throughout the civilised world, applying, however, with far greater force in those countries named, because there social inequalities are stronger, cruder, and more unbending. They are suffering from the spread of that materialistic gospel whose acceptance must necessarily lead all but the most steadfast and disinterested minds into revolutionary paths. "You have taken from us," says a German Socialistic writer, "the other world. We are determined to compensate ourselves by taking possession at least of this one." The allusion, of course, is to the spreading disbelief in a future state. If men and women have once convinced themselves that one life, and one only, is all they will ever enjoy, the common run of them will make it as pleasant as possible in a material sense, and will view with envy and a certain sense of injustice the persons whose material well-being contrasts vividly with their own. Looking then at the question squarely and plainly it resolves itself into this. When attacked by this insidious foe as to the surety of its foundation, and required to furnish proof palpable thereof, the Church is silent. She has no proof, and the very point in her defence which should be the strong-

est, is, strange to say, the weakest and the least able to withstand assault. As remarked by another speaker, Mr. John Fowler, "the weakest point in a scientific and philosophical sense, which the Church has, is its affirmation of the immortality of man. The record alone is appealed to to prove this great fact; but men die, and disappear, and are lost sight of to us, and the unbeliever challenges the believer to demonstrate by natural fact—that the soul lives when the body dies. The authority of the New Testament is assailed, and the influence of the Church by a growing number unrecognised." Turning to physical science we find not only that it knows nothing of any life beyond the present, but also that it furnishes Materialism with its strongest weapons and arguments. In this juncture Spiritualism steps in and offers the very evidence for lack of which the Church fails to stand her ground. Canon Wilberforce seemed to half recognise this when he said that "they should realise that the sole strength of Spiritualism lies in the knowledge, partial and imperfect though it be, of the future life. The weakness of the Churches as opposed to the strength of Modern Spiritualism is in the ignorance of that life, and in mis-apprehension of Scripture teaching concerning it." To my mind that was the keynote of the whole discussion, and it is to be hoped it will not again be lost sight of.

Canon Wilberforce also quoted a statement of Professor W. F. Barrett's as to the disastrous effects which Spiritualism, it is alleged, has upon those who regard the subject as an end, and not as a means to an end. While admitting in a measure the ill effects of the *abuse* of Spiritualism there pointed out, it seems to me too unqualified a condemnation, and one which is likely to mislead. Prof. Barrett has, however, more fully explained his meaning in *Light* for October 29th, and in this month's Summary (see page 199) the gist of his letter is given. I need not, therefore, touch further upon the question in this place.

Another feature which is worthy of special notice is found in Dr. Thornton's paper, and detailed in what he calls the "*points of agreement*" between Christian teaching and Spiritualism. It is that Spiritualism in its fundamental truths is in perfect accord with the fundamental truths of Christianity, or indeed with the radical elements of every religion that has appeared amongst mankind. It is only in non-essentials that they differ. As Max Müller has pointed out, religion like the history of language shows us throughout a succession of new combinations of a few fundamental principles. An intuition of God, a distinction between good and evil, and a belief in the immortality of the soul. These are some of the radical elements of all religions. Turning to Dr. Thornton's paper we find him saying of Spiritualism—

"1. It is a system of belief, not of mere negation, of all that is not logically demonstrated. Its adherents are not ashamed to avow that they hold as true propositions which are incapable of mathematical

proof. They are at least Theists, if no more ; certainly not Atheists. 2. It is in its very nature antagonistic to all Sadduceism and Materialism. It flatly contradicts the assertions of the miserable philosophy that makes the soul but a function of the brain, and death an eternal sleep. It proclaims that man is responsible for his actions, against those who would persuade us that each deed is but the resultant of a set of forces, an effect first, and then a cause, in an eternal and immutable series of causes and effects, and that sin and holiness are therefore words without meaning. It tells of angels, of an immortal spirit, of a future state of personal and conscious existence. 3. It inculcates the duties of purity, charity, and justice, setting forth as well the loving Fatherhood of God, as the brotherhood of men, to be continued with personal recognition, in the future life. 4. It declares that there can be, and is, communion between spirit and spirit ; and so, by implication, acknowledges the possibility, at least, of intercourse between man and the Supreme Spirit—in other words, of revelation, inspiration, and grace.”

I do not look upon Spiritualism as a new religion, but rather a revivification of Christ's teaching, and an amplifying, widening-out of its truths, combined with a renewal of its evidences to satisfy the needs of the world to-day—just what the Great Exemplar taught us we might expect. Spiritualism, in fact, simply reduces the teaching of the Christ to practice. It is therefore a matter for congratulation that the clergy, at least a portion of them, are beginning to recognise that our aim is a common one, and that in fundamentals we substantially agree. It is true both Dr. Thornton and Canon Wilberforce afterwards qualified their admissions, but such qualification did not touch the true and higher aspects of Spiritualism—only that which is as foreign to it as to true Christianity. At the close of their papers they dwelt somewhat at length on the dangers and general anti-Christian tendency of many of its professed followers. True there are dangers, and so there are in anything that men choose to abuse—even down to the necessities of life. As to the alleged anti-Christian tendency, I believe it is only to a certain extent true, and, in so far as it is true, to be attributed mainly to the position which the Church itself took at the onset towards the new movement. Spiritualists were driven away from the Churches and Chapels as accursed agents of Satan, and the whole thing was relegated to the limits of sorcery or delusion, and, to my mind, it is a matter for thankfulness and congratulation that a sufficient number remained steadfast and true to its higher aspects to impress even a slight individuality of soberness and truth upon the movement. It is thus, and thus only, that Canon Wilberforce's allusion to Dr. Nichols' statement as to Spiritualism “breaking up hundreds of Churches and changing the religious opinions of hundreds of thousands,” bears a semblance of truth. *It was not Spiritualism that broke up the Churches ; on the contrary, it was the action which the Churches took with regard to the new and strange thing that had appeared in their midst—a very*

different thing. However, it may not have been an altogether unmixed evil, if evil it was. Spiritualism appeals more to those who recognise neither God, angel, or devil,—and it may be that by coming as it did, its influence for good will be the more marked amongst the very classes to whom it specially appeals. Certain it is that sceptics in their present attitude will be more disposed to listen to new teaching from outside the pale of the Church, than if it had been hall-marked, or “signed, sealed, and delivered,” by the latter.

There are many other points of interest which might be touched upon, but I have already dwelt too long upon the subject. The small amount of space at disposal each month in this magazine will not allow of the papers and discussion being reported verbatim. Those who have not already perused them should do so. Admirable reports appeared in *Light* for October 8th, *The Spiritualist* of October 7th, *The Herald of Progress* for October 7th and 14th, and the *Clerical World* for October 12th, in addition to which I understand the report which appeared in *Light*, together with “M.A. (Oxon’s)” Comments and other matter suitable for inquirers is to be published at once in the form of a pamphlet. It will be in the hands of our readers, probably, as soon as these words, and should be of permanent value.

As a pendant to the foregoing, the attitude of the press may be cited. The metropolitan journals almost unanimously avoided reference to the subject of Spiritualism at the Church Congress, and confined themselves to very meagre accounts. As might have been expected, the Newcastle journals gave verbatim reports of all that took place. The *Newcastle Daily Journal* of October 15th, in the course of a leader, said that “Spiritualism is indeed the best answer for Secularism; and we are rather surprised that the Archbishop of York did not more decidedly strengthen his argument by pointing out that it is so.” Further on the writer explains himself: It is so because “one folly is often the best answer and antidote of another,” and goes on to say—“When we contrast the harsh-voiced Secularist proclaiming his doctrine of a Godless Universe and of the universality of matter, subject only to an all dominating and eternal law of evolution, with the rhapsodies of a trance medium, delivering voluminous messages from another world to a room full of awe-struck believers, we have the natural paradox in all its curious completeness. Faith, banished from the lecture-hall and the classroom, accumulates, ferments, and runs to seed as credulity, in the dark seance.”

The absurdity of the picture would be amusing were it not for the utter disregard of truth and the ignorance of the writer which it displays. The rest of the article displays a similar peculiarity for ignoring facts, and picking out statements with which to tickle the ears of those who, blindfolded as it were, accept the statements of some newspapers as matters of fact in relation to Spiritualism. The

Newcastle *Daily Chronicle* of the same date took a middle course, and did not commit itself one way or the other. It said—

"Spiritualism received special attention. The Rev. Dr. R. Thornton's paper on the subject shows that he has given it considerable study. Perhaps the most interesting book hitherto written on this question is that of Robert Dale Owen, entitled 'Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.' A master of style, Owen treats the question in a manner which, if it does not necessarily command assent, rarely awakens hostility. Another treatise, entitled 'Miracles and Modern Spiritualism,' from the pen of that distinguished naturalist, Alfred Russel Wallace, may also be consulted on this subject. The notion that the denizens of another sphere are agents to modify the character or influence the destiny of mankind is not peculiar to Spiritualism. Modern Spiritualism dates from March, 1848, and began with Miss Kate Fox, then a girl of five years of age. America has its 'Year Book of Spiritualism,' and there are between two and three hundred lecturers on the subject in the United States, with about the same number of public mediums. Though the question has not made the progress in the old world that it has in the new, it has attracted sufficient attention here to warrant its discussion in Congress, and spiritualists cannot object to the tone in which they were treated there."

The *Christian World* gave a condensed report, fair, readable, and courteous, as also did *The Guardian*. The *Church Standard*, lately *Hand and Heart*, edited by the Rev. Chas. Bullock, held up Stuart Cumberland *à* Garner as its beau idéal of a "defender of the faith"! while I would specially notice *The Christian Herald* or *Signs of the Times*, edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, of Second Advent fame, as an example of what dirty work some papers will lend themselves to. It professed to give a *resumé* of the papers which were read. So it did. But it forgot to include any points in favour of Spiritualism, and only printed such as seemed to tell against it. This is lying, if there is such a thing; but it is to be hoped this is not a "sign of the times."

WEIGHING AND FORM MANIFESTATIONS.

In last month's Summary attention was directed to some accounts of the weighing and measuring of materialised forms in Australia, and reference had been previously made in these pages to similar experiments made by the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society. I am glad to notice that these are being continued. On Sunday, October 2nd, Mr. and Miss Blackburn of Blackburn Park, Didsbury, near Manchester, paid a visit to the Society's rooms, and had an excellent séance, with Miss Wood as medium. Four or five forms came forth, and were each weighed, the weights varying from four to fifty-four pounds, that of Miss Wood being about seven stone. An improved plan for weighing the medium and the forms separately and at same instant is nearly completed. Eighteen persons were present, and

Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., gives the following statement of what took place:—

"On the afternoon of Sunday, October 2, I visited the séance room, Weir's Court, Newgate Street, for the purpose of witnessing phenomena through the mediumship of Miss Wood. There were five ladies and thirteen gentlemen present. We sat near the walls of the room, and the sitters occupied two of the walls and a small portion of the third wall. The closed cabinet was on the vacant corner of the room, and into it the medium entered, and the door of the cabinet closed. The door was screwed outside by two sceptical strangers present, and the sitters occupied their seats, the nearest sitters being eight feet from the cabinet. A good gas light was burning in a large street lamp during the whole séance, the lamp being glazed with ruby coloured glass. The light was good. I could distinguish every sitter, and time by a watch could be read.

"After waiting, conversing, and singing for a short period the curtains which screened the cabinet were opened, and a female form, draped profusely in white, slowly emerged. She walked across the room to near where I sat; her height was about four feet six inches. Near where I was sat was a weighing machine with steelyard attached. She was asked to step upon the scale, which she did, and her weight registered twenty-seven pounds. She retired, and another similar form speedily appeared; she stepped on the scale, and her weight was eighteen pounds. She retired, and another much taller form appeared; she weighed fifty-six pounds. I asked permission to stand near her, and ascertained that her height was five feet four inches. She retired, and a small form appeared, which weighed four pounds. Another taller form weighed eleven pounds. A child appeared about three feet two inches in stature, spoke, walked, and caressed some of the sitters. And she was succeeded by a tall female form, who weighed forty-five pounds. This form shook hands with several of the sitters, and fondly and gradually vanished from our sight in the middle of the room. All conjuring explanations are unmitigated folly, and it is pitiable to see the number of credulous people who are gulled by those simulations of genuine phenomena, when a few hours' real investigation would assure them of their genuineness."

The value of such experiments cannot be overstated. Past experience has shown that phenomena of this nature taking place in the dark, or even a dim light, are worthless as far as practical results go, and it is satisfactory to note that the light was good and sufficient to enable Mr. Barkas to read the time by his watch. This is, I believe, always a noteworthy feature of Miss Wood's séances. On one occasion I was present, and the light was sufficient to enable me to distinguish very clearly the features of strangers present, and also to read a pencilled note which was handed me by one of the sitters during the séance. The results of the different weighings are striking and curious. At present, however, the data are too scanty to allow of accurate and definite deductions.

Save under exceptional circumstances for a specific object, I have very little sympathy with the general methods of investigation hitherto in vogue. Reference is here particularly made to the use of cabinets in which to exclude mediums from the view of investigators, and the absence of light sufficient to enable those present clearly to distinguish what is going on around them. Even at best, the results thus obtained have been far from satisfactory, and have more or less placed both medium and sitters in a false position. Now, are such methods at all necessary? It will scarcely be denied that there are few mediums who have not *occasionally* obtained as convincing phenomena in the light, and while in the presence of the sitters, as when separated from sight in a cabinet, and in a partial light which is, if anything, worse than absolute darkness. No doubt, the phenomena in question have been for the most part stronger and more easily elicited in the one case than in the other; but is there any reason why, *with cultivation*, the manifestation should not be as readily obtained under the more satisfactory conditions? So far, from some cause or other, the latter have not been cultivated, and in the long-run mediums have suffered by exposure to suspicion of foul play and fraud. That they are not altogether to blame for this state of things may be readily admitted. Like most things, mediumship to some extent (how far it is not easy to say) seems governed by the laws of demand and supply, and mediums have simply given what has been asked of them. I do not now speak in an absolute sense. I know well enough that mediumship is a gift, but, like all other gifts, it can be cultivated or neglected; hence my argument is not affected, viz., that the phenomena *have occasionally* been produced under circumstances far more favourable than those ordinarily obtaining. Had these been persistently adhered to, many an unfortunate *contretemps* which has thrown discredit upon the movement at large might have been avoided. There are, however, indications that Spiritualists are now waking up to this fact, and are becoming more keenly alive to the advantages of the sensible methods of investigation. Such signs are the most encouraging amongst the present aspects of Spiritualism.

As an illustration of what I have been saying, take the account of a séance with Mr. Eglinton, which took place at Signor Rondi's studio, 22 Montague Place, W., as recorded by Signor Damiani in *Light* for September 24th. It there appeared that three blank cards were placed simultaneously, one in a double slate, and the other two in two separate books. The three enclosures were placed under the hands of the sitters, Mr. Eglinton occasionally laying his own upon them. In a few minutes the three cards were found written upon in three different languages; one in English, another in Italian, and the third in an Oriental idiom. All took place in the full light.

But it may be argued, this is all very well as far as direct writing is concerned, but there are some phenomena for which darkness and privacy are necessary conditions, even as some phenomena of nature

require it. Granted that "spirit lights" would require darkness to enable us to observe them, I remember no other phase of the phenomena in which that condition would be an absolute *sine qua non*, and as to privacy, that can easily be secured in other ways. I fail to see, however, that "form manifestations" (and this is the chief phase where darkness or semi-darkness has produced such disastrous results) come under this category. Mr. Eglinton has frequently obtained them in the light, and while he himself has been in full view. Dr. Monck, Mr. Williams, Mr. Rita, Miss Barnes, and others, may also be cited. It will augur well for Spiritualism when mediums refuse to sit for manifestations, except under conditions which eliminate every possible source of error. Such a course will not only be better for Spiritualism as a movement, but for themselves personally also.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

A book* which calls for notice this month is the second edition of what is probably one of the widest known and ablest works ever published in connection with Spiritualism. I know of no book more suitable to place in the hands of an inquirer than this. Everything Mr. Russel Wallace has written is well worthy of perusal, and I venture to say, that this will be one of the best remembered of his writings, and certainly that which, to most minds, will do the largest amount of good. The author may reap some satisfaction from the thought that his book, albeit the contumely and abuse with which it was received in some quarters when first published, has perhaps more than any other induced serious thoughts of, and investigations into, the important facts, and the deductions arising therefrom contained in it. It need only be added that the name of Messrs. Trübner as the publishers is a sufficient guarantee that the typographical and other departments are well done.

THE GODS OF THE CLASSIC WRITERS THE SPIRITS OF THE MODERNS.

"Notwithstanding that the use and meaning of the word *deus* is sufficiently known, yet we do not think it superfluous to remind our readers that when they are thinking of the Latin *Deus*, they must quite throw aside the notion of the German word *Gott* (or the English *God*). For it would lead us to very false ideas of the religious views of the ancients if, for instance, we should regard the deification of Roman emperors according to our notions of a Divine Being. A *Deus* is far from being so much as a *Saint*, since every person's soul, after quitting the body, and after the performance of ceremonies like those employed in the apotheosis of an emperor, became a *deus*. The

* On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. Three Essays, by Alfred Russel Wallace. Second Edition. London. Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill. 1881.

invisible guide assigned to every man by heaven was called *deus*, a word which denoted not only a good, but also a wicked being. According to this view, the word *deus*, denoted in general only an invisible, or spiritual personality. These spiritual beings were as the corporeal appearances which presented themselves to the senses, since not only every man, but also every plant, every place—nay, every property of these creatures and objects had, in the belief of antiquity, their spiritual counterpart.”—(HURTUNG. *Religion der Römer*, b. 1, s. 31.)

DEATH NOT A PARTING BUT A REUNION.

In the *Christian Life*, (Sept. 3) I came across the following beautiful little poem by the late Dean of Westminster. It is so good, that I should like to see it set to music.

TILL DEATH US PART.

“Till Death us part.”
 So speaks the heart,
 When each to each repeats the words of doom;
 Thro’ blessing and thro’ curse,
 For better and for worse,
 We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
 Our yearning souls shall clasp,
 By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder;
 In bonds that shall endure,
 Indissolubly sure,
 Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till Death us join.
 O voice yet more Divine!
 That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime;
 Through lonely hours,
 And shattered powers,
 We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with its healing hand,
 Shall once more knit the band,
 Which needs but that one link which none may sever;
 Till through the Only Good
 Heard, felt, and understood,
 Our life in God shall make us one for ever.

THE “DAILY TELEGRAPH” AND GHOSTS.

For nearly a fortnight a discussion has been going on in this metropolitan newspaper under the caption—“The truth about ghosts.” Some remarkable narratives have been published, and, in so far as they draw attention to the subject, and rouse a spirit of inquiry, are doing a good work. For all practical purposes, however, they are

valueless, for although names and addresses are given to the editor as a guarantee of good faith, yet, in but few instances are the stories substantiated by their publication, and consequently the outside public is unable to judge for itself as to their value. Two contemporaries—*Light* and the *Spiritualist*, have embalmed the most noteworthy, and under the circumstances there is no need for this magazine to follow suit.

THE "PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW" FOR DECEMBER.

I have much pleasure in announcing that the *Psychological Review* for December will contain, besides the usual Notes and Comments, and the Summary of Contemporary Spiritual Literature, an article from Mr. A. Lillie, the author of *Buddha and Early Buddhism* (reviewed by "M. A. (Oxon.)" in the September and October issues), entitled, "Indian Supernaturalism." Mr. Lillie has also promised to contribute a narrative of personal experiences to the *Review* next year. The next number in addition will contain a paper from the pen of "M. A. (Oxon.)," and a complete tale illustrating some of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE perceptions of the human mind are accessible to the intimations of external truth through many avenues of approach. In its very structure it is made to be responsive to some of these intimations by immediate apprehension. Man has that within him by which the Invisible can be seen, and the Inaudible can be heard, and the Intangible can be felt.—*Duke of Argyle*.

SPIRITUAL RESEARCH.—Notwithstanding the vastness of the field of inquiry, there are certain facts in Spiritualism which almost any one can with care and patience establish. 1st. That those who have died, so far as the flesh and blood body is concerned, do still exist, and can under certain conditions make known to those still in the earthly body that they live and retain their identity and individuality. 2nd. That the next stage of our existence is one of progress—rapid with those who have been kindly natured and active here, and who act up to the law promulgated by Confucius 2,300 years ago, and adopted by every great subsequent lawgiver, namely, "Do you unto another what you would that that other should do unto you." Progress is slow with those who have been brutal, slanderous, and guilty of high crimes causing great suffering, such, for instance, as that imperfectly expressed by the phrase "sharp practice." 3rd. It further seems to be beyond doubt that in man's next stage of existence he is unable to conceal his true nature, his body in that state being formed of what was his memory in this life. The whole of his acts and thoughts while on earth are constantly before himself and his neighbours so long as the consequences of those acts and thoughts remain in action.—CROMWELL VARLEY.

MONTHLY SUMMARY
OF
CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"THE SPIRITUALIST."

(Sept. 23—Oct. 21.)

The Spiritualist calls for no special comment. It is singularly deficient in matter worth attention, a good deal of the personal and unpleasantly acrimonious element finding place in it. Signor Rondi records (Sept. 23rd) a remarkable séance with Mr. Eglinton, whose powers are developing rapidly. We regret that he should be about to leave England, and wish him success in the East. Many phenomena that occur through his mediumship parallel the alleged phenomena of adeptship. —The "Nomenclature of Spiritualism" is best left alone. —Mr. Swinburne has a curious article on "The Performance of Algerian Ecstasies." —The estimate of the "Discussion of the Church Congress" shows lack of appreciation of a remarkable event. —Some further facts are added to the *Pall-Mall Gazette's* "Ghost at Noonday." —Mrs. Gordon sends some personal testimony as to the existence and powers of the Himalayan Brothers which advances the controversy a step; but nothing that has yet been said compensates for the lack of plain and direct evidence, such as that which Spiritualists rightly demand as to the phenomena in which they believe. When this is forthcoming, it will be time enough to discuss theories.

"THE MEDIUM."

(Sept. 23—Oct. 21.)

The editor's "Friendly Chat on Spiritualism" is characteristic and hopeful of the future of Spiritualism. —Mr. Hargrave Jennings gives an extremely laudatory review of Sinnett's "Occult World." —"Medium Ignorina" criticises adversely "J. K.'s" notion of the adeptship of Christ. "A Mechanic" protests, too, that "J. K." goes "fair over his head," as does "Ouranoi." It is extremely likely. "J. K." is fully equal to the occasion in his reply. —Mr. Burns gives a very interesting account of J. C. Husk's mediumship. The phenomena are clearly defined, and occur under good conditions. —Miss Chandos L. Hunt's address on "Magnetism as a Science and Art" contains some suggestive matter. —The most important utterance is Mr. Burns's discourse on "Spiritualism and Ecclesiasticism." It is

replete with his peculiar methods of thought, and is pessimistic and, in our opinion, most unfair in its conclusions. Let us thank God, and take courage that—better late than never—a powerful corporation has recognised the claims of Spiritualism on its attention. Why grumble at that?

“LIGHT.”

(September 24—October 22.)

Light is full of valuable matter, to which our space precludes more than a very brief allusion.—Mr. Eglinton's remarkable manifestations of Psychography are attested by Signor Damiani, who witnessed direct spirit-writing in three languages, in the light, under what seem to be unexceptionable conditions.—Mr. C. C. Massey contributes an excellent notice of a curious paper in the *North American Review*, on “Ghost Seeing,” by Professor F. H. Hodge. The writer, he says, “is evidently qualified by extensive reading and study of occult literature,” which is more than can be fairly said of most writers on the subject in such magazines. From what Mr. Massey quotes—we have not had the advantage of reading the article—it would seem, however, that the writer is strongly prejudiced against what he calls sorcery and necromancy. Mr. Massey points out the value of even the most commonplace manifestations of the circle, and commends to Spiritualists the criticisms which come, he thinks, “from a point of view they cannot fail to respect.” We are disposed to join in the commendation; but we should like to see a little more breadth of view in Professor Hodge. Spiritualism is neither necromancy nor sorcery, and no good end can be served by importing such nicknames into the discussion.—The number dated October 8 is distinguished by an excellent report of the proceedings of the Church Congress, which we have noticed elsewhere. The enterprise which furnished so soon so complete a report of what must be of interest to all Spiritualists, is highly to be commended.—Mr. Fitzgerald confirms the accounts given of Mr. Eglinton's mediumship. The consentient testimony now published is of high scientific value.—Volvox records a case of the apparition of a living person, which is very curious. One of the actors, he says, “Ann Anderson, is still living, and is willing any time to testify to the facts of the case.” The account is well worth perusal.—The “Notes by the Way” and “Spirit Teachings,” for both of which we are indebted to M. A. (Oxon.), are features in the paper. The comments on the Church Congress are to be published in connection with the report, and

should be useful. The Notes on Dr. Davey's case of "transferred sensation" or clairvoyance are full of interest. The writer seems to suggest that Dr. Davey, although he avows himself roundly as a Materialist *pur et simple*, has personal acquaintance with Spiritualism. If so, his position is peculiar. But is there any ground for the assertion?—The most important contribution to the spiritual literature of the month is a letter from Professor W. F. Barrett respecting some statements made at the Church Congress by Canon B. Wilberforce. The Canon had quoted Professor Barrett as condemning Spiritualism on various grounds, especially as distracting the mind from the business of life, causing mental, moral, and physical deterioration, "much so-called Spiritualism being merely a kind of inebriated Materialism." These are sweeping words, and Professor Barrett writes to explain that Canon Wilberforce asked him to put on paper the substance of a conversation, in which he had pointed out the danger that beset those who "*make Spiritualism an end, instead of a means to an end.*" The Canon's speech requires modification which, says Professor Barrett, "had I been present I should have asked to be allowed to make clear. . . . I know and rejoice in the blessing Spiritualism has been to my own faith, and to that of several dear friends of mine. Moreover, I cordially recognise the fact that in bereavement and deep distress numbers have been cheered and consoled by the hope that Spiritualism has set before them." We are glad to have this correction of what, as stated, did undoubtedly convey an unjust and sweeping condemnation of what the Professor, as now read, highly values. He points out dangers which are real, but we are glad to have his distinct acknowledgment of the debt due to Spiritualism as an aid to faith. The vigorous words in which Professor Barrett expresses his conviction that "every Materialist, and especially every Positivist, is *bound* to inquire into the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism" are very refreshing; and equally true and good is his statement that "what a man *affirms* is always worth listening to—what a man *denies* is seldom of importance, for it leads no further." We can do no justice to the cogent force of the whole letter.

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS."

(September 24—October 21.)

The *Herald of Progress* has a lamentably inadequate account of the proceedings at the Church Congress, supplemented by a report of a speech by Mr. T. P. Barkas, which has not appeared

elsewhere. It is, we presume, a report of what Mr. Barkas would have said if he had had the chance. It is to be regretted that he was debarred from the opportunity of delivering an excellent apology for his faith. He would have testified to personal observation, under test conditions, of most of the phenomena of Spiritualism, movements of ponderable objects, playing of musical instruments, levitation of tables, psychography, form-manifestations, and the subtler mental phenomena. He puts aside crude objections, and gives as his personal opinion, "after years of observation and much careful reflection," that "the phenomena are produced, *for the most part*, by disembodied intelligences of various grades—the majority, if not all of whom have passed through their preliminary stages in this life." That is the consentient testimony of all experts.—Mr. Fowler also prints a paper "proposed to be read" at the Congress on "The Attitude of the Church to Secularism," and another on "Church and State."—Mrs. E. Hardinge-Britten, whose return to the platform we cordially welcome, is highly commended for her efforts at Newcastle. "The address on 'The Origin and Destiny of the Soul,' was one fervid picture of beauteous imagery, and its effects will never be obliterated from the minds of the enchanted audience."—Mr. Blackburn, whose generous aid to scientific research in Spiritualism dates far back, has presented to the Newcastle Society some apparatus for weighing the form and medium at the same time. We have referred elsewhere to the facts already elicited.

"THE TWO WORLDS."

(Sept. 17—Oct. 8.)

Dr. Crowell's new venture is a well printed and quite unexceptionable paper. The prevalent tone is that of his *Spiritualism and Primitive Christianity*. He announces it to existing editors as "a reinforcement coming to their aid in the struggle for the spiritual rights and the advancement of the best interests of mankind;" and as such it has been welcomed. We wish that the same good feeling prevailed here. Selfish interests and jealous antagonisms should have no place in Spiritualism.—A very appreciative notice of M.A. (Oxon.'s) articles on Buddhism, and of our September issue "sparkling with good things" demands our grateful recognition.—Quaint J. Wetherbee, always welcome, gives us his running comments; and there is no lack either of literary ability or of spiritual food.—We renew our good wishes.

"CHICAGO TIMES" (U.S.A.)

(Aug. 21—Sept. 18, 25.)

We have received the above numbers containing accounts contributed by Mr. Kiddle of some experiences of his with Mr. Jesse Shepard, "musical and physical medium." The *Chicago Times* is a paper of wide circulation, and it is astonishing that it should be willing to give space to such descriptions as these, couched in the language of hyperbole, and recounting phenomena which fairly take away one's breath. We hear of "Sappho playing the harp in different portions of the room" (in the dark); of Meyerbeer accompanying Madame Sontag and Signor Lablache on the piano; of Sontag sustaining high D with a clear ringing bell-like purity never attained by Patti; of orations by Lord Bacon, Galen, Paul, and *hoc genus omne* of all lands and ages, in all languages under heaven;—and so on, and so on! We unfeignedly regret that the facts of Spiritualism should be thus travestied, and presented to the outer world in such guise. If only a paltry thousandth part were true it would be startling enough. This wholesale raid upon the heroes and sages and philosophers and composers and artists of the past, who all come rushing up to perform at Mr. Shepard's will would be a mere burlesque, if it had not its sad and serious aspect too. There is material in the published essays that is of merit; and the phenomena recorded are powerful. Why cannot they be allowed to rest on their own merits? The same spread-eagle style is used in describing Mr. Shepard. In Europe "he was received with honours little less than royal"! This is news to us, and we believe London is a capital of Europe!

"RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

(September 10—October 1.)

The Journal discusses the relative potency of embodied and disembodied spirit, and justly concludes that the Theosophists "make the psychic power too prominent, the spirit-power too feeble," while "it is equally true that some Spiritualists incline to almost ignore psychic power, and make the spirit-power all." This is precisely the position we occupy in the controversy.—Col. Bundy, with his brother-editor of *The Great West* (a Denver Journal of an extremely vigorous type, to judge by the specimen sent us), is on a visit to Colorado, and gives a graphic account of the journey over the highest wagon-road in the world, 14,000 feet high. We hope his health is re-established.—A. J. Davis defines his position in

respect to phenomenal Spiritualism which is reasonable and fair. He is severe on the frauds which defile some phases of public physical mediumship.—There is in an editorial a scathing denunciation of one of the Bishop of Liverpool's tracts. Printed in the midst of the liberal and broad ideas that characterise the theology of Spiritualism, it does indeed seem strangely grim and repulsive. The emendation of it given by the Journal is a gospel which is better for man, and more honourable to God.—W. Emmette Coleman again writes on Mediumship and Psychism. His words are measured and forcible. He is one of the most cogent writers in the movement.—Hudson Tuttle contributes a capital sketch of the life of Wm. Denton. The two plague-spots of Spiritualism in America—men and women who merely pretend to psychic gifts for purposes of gain, and mediums obsessed by evil or undeveloped spirits, whose lives discredit the movement,—are boldly pointed out. Spiritualism would be a different thing if these spots could be wiped out. The Journal has done much in that direction.

“THE BANNER OF LIGHT.”

(September 10—October 8.)

The leading American journal of Spiritualism has justified its title to that position by enlarging its borders. It now gives 12 pp. of matter, and is, indeed, a “feast of fat things.” We are aghast at the enterprising vigour which can cover week by week so large a space with such matter as, for instance, fills the issue of October 8th. Three long addresses by Mrs. Richmond, and Messrs. Colville and Wallis—when contrasted with the sermons that feed the orthodox, all of high merit and value:—a long and interesting account by Mr. Hazard of some of his many experiences:—a review by S. B. Brittan of Dr. Peebles’ “last book:”—to say nothing of the message department and editorials:—all this in a single number. If this can be maintained, and we do not see any reason to fear it, *The Banner* will occupy a position that no spiritual paper in the world has reached. We heartily wish our contemporary all success.—It is manifestly impossible even to name all that is worth notice in five numbers of *The Banner*: we can but indicate a few of the most striking articles.—Mr. E. W. Wallis we see is cordially received, and for that is indebted in no slight degree to the efforts of Mr. Colby.—Mr. A. E. Newton has a thoughtful paper of high tone on “The Spiritual Theory of Ethics,” the conclusion of

which may be summed up in the motto, "Live for the good of all," which is, in effect, the Christ-precept, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"; and again the Buddha-teaching, "Offer loving thoughts and acts to all."—Dr. Brittan is doing valuable work which is not sufficiently appreciated in the Secular Press Bureau. It is no small benefit to have at hand a man of his calibre, versatile power, and varied information, whose pen is devoted to exposing mistakes, and answering objections in the secular press. A letter of his on Dr. Beard as a "Psychological Expert," addressed to the *New York Times* is excellent; and it is but a sample out of many that find their way into the public press.—Dr. Rodes Buchanan on "The Physiological Basis and Philosophy of Spiritualism" is excellent reading.—Spiritualists should know something of what Theodore Parker used to call *the religion of the body*.—"The Age of Reason," and the "Age of Intuition," is an address given through Mrs. Richmond by a spirit purporting to be Thomas Paine. The ideas are such as he might utter: the language is not. But the style of such addresses is usually one, and must be, to a large extent, that of the medium.—Mr. Colville's address on the death of President Garfield is of slightly unequal merit. It was not easy to do justice to such a theme. Mrs. Richmond rises nearer to expectation in her touching words on "The Nation's Sorrow." These various addresses must be of great service in distant parts of country districts where the dwellers are debarred from listening to any form of spiritual instruction. They form a feature of *The Banner* that is undoubtedly highly prized.

"Mediums usually are plastic-minded, kind-hearted, and passively good natured; with laudable aspirations to be developed, to become spiritualised and to render acceptable service to their fellow-men."—*Mental Disorders; or, Diseases of the Brain and Nerves*, by ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.—The philosophy of Spiritualism teaches us these things:—1st. That man, the inhabitant of the universe, is endowed with an immortal spirit; and that all material creation exists only for the development of that spirit.—2nd. That when this spirit breaks through the clay, it finds itself in a new phase of existence.—3rd. In this new phase the spirit works out its further advancement by deeds of love—by acquiring knowledge, and by imparting such knowledge to men or spirits less favoured.—4th. This progression is infinite as knowledge. From one stage, or phase of progress, the spirit, never losing its identity, passes to another and higher.—DAMIANI.

THE CHRISTIAN SAINTS; THEIR METHOD AND THEIR POWER.*

BY GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

IN my various writings I have repeatedly attempted to draw a comparison and a contrast between the method of the Oriental Adepts and the method followed by the Christian Adepts or Saints.

In the address I delivered to the British Theosophical Society in January, 1880, and which is reprinted in my *Theosophy and Spiritual Dynamics*, I attempted to show that the powers claimed by the Oriental Adepts and the powers manifested by the Christian Saints were almost identical, but that the method by which these powers were obtained, although *initially* the same—namely, the force of will or desire—yet immediately diverged or polarised in opposite directions.

The Oriental Adept, by soul or will force and a *systematic* training of his soul and body, attempts to seize on the Spirit, and thus to scale the heavens and there to rule as a demi-god.

The Christian Saint, on the other hand, undergoes no *systematic* training, but he ardently wills or desires to shun the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to “crucify those affections and lusts which war against the soul.”

He takes Jesus Christ as his model, and attempts literally to realise the life and teachings of his Master. He believes that if he lives the life he will have a revelation of the doctrine, and he believes that if he knows the doctrine he will have a gift of the Spirit, and thus he desires to possess that knowledge which is Christ's power.

The Oriental Adept trusts to the powers of his own divine birth-right, the Christian Saint trusts entirely to the gift of God. The Adept asserts the power of his own will, the Saint desires with abject humility to submit to the will of God operating with his own spirit.

The pneumatological results are to a great extent identical; that is, both the Adept and the Saint become more or less spiritual beings with the powers of the Spirit. But the Adept, as he chiefly worships abstract power, lives in secret as a thinker and practical psychologist.

The Saint, taking Jesus Christ in all respects as his model, expends his life in openly transmuting his spiritual powers into good works, and by his miraculous powers converting and regenerating the souls and bodies of the wicked and diseased men and women around him.

* Read before the British Theosophical Society, 31st July, 1881.

The Oriental Adept, by a long, severe, and systematic discipline, by pure diet, cleansings, and magnetic aid, attempts to regenerate his body.

The Saint commits the great error of despising his body. He abuses it unnaturally and cruelly. He forgets that as his body should be the temple of the Holy Ghost, he should make it clean, strong, and beautiful. He disgraces his body instead of "presenting it a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is his *reasonable* service."

The Saint, in his attempt to imitate the sufferings of Jesus, seems to forget that these sufferings were of the soul, and thus it is that he often mistakes the letter for the Spirit, and distorts the original into a caricature.

With reverence I conceive that Jesus of Nazareth, as Jesus, had a body of perfect health, and as the Christ had a body in all respects perfect, being a body regenerated as by water and the Spirit.

The powers obtained by the Adept and the Saint are those of the Spirit.

They are what is called miraculous powers, by which I mean the central power of the One Spirit as distinguished from the circumferential powers of the complex soul.

By the central dynamics of the Spirit the possessor becomes a clairvoyant, a seer, a prophet. He can directly, or as an instrument, change the magnetic conditions, and thus rearrange the molecular constitution of matter, and thus heal disease, or ascend from the earth or transmit his power and his form to a distance.

He can triumph over fire and water, subdue wild beasts, control madness, and convert the wicked into good men. As St. Catherine says, "Those in perfect obedience to God, receive the obedience of all creatures." But the Adept, so far as we know, is satisfied with the possession and *secret* exercise of these powers; while the Christian Saint, as an imitator of his Lord, openly expends his strength and his life in his desire to regenerate the souls and bodies of wicked and diseased human beings.

In my attempt to bring before the reader a true portrait of the Saints, I will give a brief outline of the lives of four Saints—two women and two men,—namely, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Teresa of Spain, St. Francis of Assissi, and, lastly, the Curé D'Ars of France.

Of these four Saints, St. Elizabeth was a married woman; the other three were celibates. The three first lived in the middle ages, but the Curé D'Ars died only twenty-two years ago.

I shall attempt to show that these Saints, by the power of faith, love, purity, fasting, and prayer, obtained all and, so far as we know, more than Oriental Adepts obtain by physical and soul training and will force.

The Romish Church as a corporation, dealing as it does with millions of ignorant and superstitious men and women chiefly of the Latin and Celtic races, has not unfrequently degraded the Saints in the eyes of thoughtful people by, showman-like, overlaying them with a childish garniture of tinsel.

Protestants, on the other hand, in their blind intolerance of all that has arisen within the Romish Church, have not only remained deeply ignorant of the lives of the Saints, but have ignorantly laughed to scorn their asserted sanctity and their miraculous powers.

But the Theosophist—knowing scientifically as he does the reality and power of the hidden spirit in man, and its godlike nature and attributes when evoked, and knowing the capability of man actually and potentially to become, as a matter of fact, a Christ-like being—can not only believe, but can truly and philosophically explain the nature and power of the Saint, his physiology and his psychology, the method and nature of his power—the *practical science* of the true Christian religion.

St. Elizabeth was a daughter of Andrias II, King of Hungary, and was born at Presburg in 1207.

At the age of fourteen she was married to the Langraf of Thuringia. She had three children—a son and two daughters. Her husband died when on his way to Palestine when she was twenty years of age, and she died at the early age of twenty-four years.

As a Saint, her life has this peculiar interest, that she was a married woman and had children; it being a general idea of Theosophists and others, that celibates only were capable of reaching the exaltation and marvellous powers of the supernatural spiritual life.

But although married, she was married to one who entirely appreciated her saintly virtues, and who was himself a perfectly pure and saintly man, living in simple love, and dying while on his way as a crusader to the Holy Land.

This St. Elizabeth, although a king's daughter, lived a life of what is called "the joy of holy poverty," that is, she gave up all worldly riches for the good of others, and received in exchange the graces, gifts, and powers of the Saint.

The power to heal disease, and to convert the wicked, and to work physical miracles, accompanied her during her husband's life, but especially after his death.

She worked incessantly among the poor, carrying to them alms and bread, while she herself fasted; and there is a well known picture which represents her as meeting her husband on the mountains, when on one of these missions, when the loaves in her apron were transformed into roses, symbolical of her beautiful and fragrant deeds, while above her head shone the luminous cross of divine love and life.

She not only gave all her property to the poor, but nursed them in their illnesses, washing their sores, and associating with the terrible lepers.

Notwithstanding all which, being, after her husband's death, set aside by her brother-in-law, she fell into great troubles—was driven from place to place—resting in pig stys, and was beaten, insulted, and slandered.

But king's daughter though she was, she endured all this with the most beautiful patience, resignation, and love; esteeming herself only too happy to suffer thus the agonies of her Lord.

She had many beautiful visions of Christ, and experienced not only "the joy of self-sacrifice," but "the joy of *actual* union with Christ," or the *One* Spirit.

These early Saints, living in an age of darkness and cruelty, went to such extremes of self-abasement and mortification, as seem to me to dishonour God, as if their loving Father or their Lord could possibly be gratified by excesses which were beneficial to no one, and which precipitated their own death. Mortifications which not only killed the body, but which were in themselves sometimes revolting and disgusting.

When in doubt as to the truthfulness of any action or mode of life, we cannot err in asking ourselves,—“Did Jesus Christ act thus, or did he teach thus?” and if he did not, then that action and mode of life is not in accordance with his will, but is an error, if not a sin.

But inasmuch as St. Elizabeth did all in faith and love, and erred because of the badness of the age in which she lived, her works may be said to have been counted to her as righteousness, and thus by the crucifixion of the flesh in love, she attained to the resurrection of the Spirit.

She believed all things were given to those who prayed in faith, and, while thus engaged, her face is described as becoming luminous, and her body as ascending in the air, as she saw and conversed with angelic beings.

After her death, it is said, her body emitted a perfume, her face became radiant, and the birds of the air sang her requiem.

Her utter unselfishness during life melted all hearts, and thus she received those spiritual and miraculous gifts which the utter surrender of the Self-hood to the Divine, seems, by the law of our higher nature, to secure.

St. Francis of Assissi, founder of the Franciscan order, was born *twenty-five* years before St. Elizabeth, in 1182, and died 1226, aged forty-four years.

It was from his influence that St. Elizabeth, in the first place, drew her inspiration.

He began life as a gay, generous, handsome, and extravagant young man, the admiration of his native city.

He was also a chivalrous soldier, but, being taken prisoner, and falling into bad health, he came under spiritual influences, and from henceforth determined to live in severe literal exactness, according to the rule of the Sermon on the Mount and the Gospels.

He adopted "holy purity and poverty," with their entire freedom from worldly cares, and having renounced all claim to his patrimony, he assumed the garb of the monk, and the avocation of the preaching mendicant.

He supported himself by begging from door to door, and lived on crusts of bread and water.

His enthusiasm *necessarily* attracted many, and he and his associates became itinerant preachers of the gospel, and boldly attacked all the vices and luxury of the age.

"He exalted poverty to an active and positive principle," for "blessed are the poor in spirit, and to the poor is the gospel preached." Some of his followers became missionaries to foreign lands, and there denouncing what they considered idolatries, suffered martyrdom, and "their blood thus became the seed of the church."

Although his rule was severity itself, yet he himself ever remained the simple, humble, and loving man.

Like Daniel, by his purity, he subdued wild beasts, and he regarded all the lower animals as his brothers and sisters, addressing them in loving words, and the birds are said to have listened to him and to have obeyed his voice, ceasing to chatter when they disturbed his devotions, and ascending into the air singing at heaven's gate when he asked them to do so.

He wept as he saw lambs led to the slaughter, and the rivers and hills he also spoke to, as if they were his brothers and sisters.

Almost we might call him a Christian pantheist, for he believed that

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

He read the thoughts of men, and he cured their diseases, and frequently, in ecstatic prayer, visions of Christ stood before him, as he, rising in the air, became luminous, and the chapel was full of light, "For the eye being single, the whole body was full of light."

He wept much for his own sins and for the sins of others, and gloried in being despised and rejected of men.

His rule was purity, chastity, obedience, humility, love, faith, fasting, and prayer.

Finally, desiring ardently in all things to be worthy of the glory of carrying the cross of Christ, he became pierced with the Stigmata—the five wounds of the crucifixion.

These wounds he bore for two years. They were seen by many, although he carefully hid them, as too sacred for profane or curious eyes, and he carried them to his grave.

He was a man utterly devoted to his ideal Christ; by following whose rule literally and with intensity, he—being in the Spirit—by the creative power of imagination and love, became regenerated into the likeness of his master, and with his master's powers.

About 300 years later than St. Francis, was born St. Teresa, at Avila, in Old Castile, in the year 1515. She died 1583, aged 68 years.

From a child she was a mystic, and longed for martyrdom; and when 18 years of age she became a Carmelite nun.

She was, however, 40 years of age before the serious business of her life began in asceticism, and that continual desire of the soul—which is prayer—followed by visions and supernatural powers.

Unlike St. Elizabeth, St. Teresa was a woman of a subtle, metaphysical, analytical, and literary turn of mind, and for these reasons, and also because she lived in a more historic period, her life has for us a far greater interest than those of the older Saints.

Like St. Francis and others, she also when in ecstatic prayer frequently became luminous, and ascended from the earth; and she describes her spiritual visions as transcending all merely human imaginations, and altogether beyond mere human vision.

She describes some of these visions as that of the crucifixion

of the flesh, which was as an *ecstatic pain*, and, in common with most of the Saints, being on the Spirit-plane, she encountered demons, and had conflicts with the Evil One.

A saying of hers was, "The highest power of the soul consisted not in thinking, but in loving;" and another saying was, "The highest perfection and power comes from the total abnegation of self, and, by submitting our will to the will of others, we obtain the perfect mastery over selfishness and its sins."

In describing her ecstatic unions with Christ and God she uses the remarkable theosophic expression, afterwards used by Boehme, "It seemed as if *the Spirit of my Soul* became one with God."

Thus also she obtained what in theosophic language she calls "*the perfect interior repose*."

She also, with theosophic wisdom says—"With God, to speak or think is to do or create."

Her revelations were more interior than external, and hence her physical miracles were fewer than with some other saints, but she still healed many sick folk.

She was beautiful in death, and from her body came the odour of sanctity.

With her was that clearness and exactness of reason which comes to the pure in heart; and she knew, as a biographer says, that "*The illumination of the understanding was the Science of the Saints*."

Her life is a deeply interesting mystical study; and Protestants without an understanding of such lives must continue to remain ignorant of those deep secrets of the soul and spirit which alone can reveal the *Hidden Christ*.

Lastly, I will bring before you the life of one—although not canonised, yet not the less a saint—Jean Marie Baptiste Viennay, commonly called the Curé D'Ars.

He was born at Dardilly, a village near Lyons, 1786, and died 1859, aged 73 years.

His parents were poor, simple farmers. He was always a simple and good child, and at an early age took seriously to religion.

He was a simple, pure, loving, and pious soul, and he set himself literally to live the life of Christ, like a little child.

Poverty, continual self denials, the absence of all self indulgence, total self abnegation, humility, untiring forgiveness and charity, with continual prayer, was his rule of life.

He established an orphanage, himself occupying a humble chamber almost devoid of furniture.

He lived on crusts of bread and water; and if at any time

kind souls, compassionating his poverty, left presents at his house, these he invariably and immediately gave away to the poor.

As one very *thinly* separated from the Spirit world, he encountered demons, and for twenty years was tormented by the Evil One, whom he called *Grappin*.

This demon came nightly to him for twenty years, calling out his name and denouncing him, knocking his furniture about, screaming and roaring like a condemned soul, and threatening his life.

These facts were substantiated by many sceptics who went for the purpose of testing their reality.

At first he was greatly alarmed, but he soon got accustomed to these things, enduring them with the utmost patience and good nature.

At last Grappin, finding himself despised, left him; but then began the persecutions of men—the neighbouring priests and others who envied his celebrity, or suffered from the reflections which his pure and holy life cast on themselves.

These persecutions included the vilest calumnies, but all this he not only bore with the sweetest patience, but rejoiced that he was found thus worthy to suffer for his Lord.

His simple goodness, charity, humility, and truth at last, after eight years, lived this persecution down; and some of those who had reviled him came and on their knees and in tears asked his forgiveness.

Many miracles of healing were wrought through his prayers, and the faith of the sick, especially cases of lameness and paralysis.

On one occasion it is asserted that with two or three pounds of flour, all that remained in the house, the housekeeper made about two hundred pounds of bread for the orphanage. She asserted that the batch rose and multiplied under her hands. Those who believe in spiritual powers and in the promises of Christ have no right to deny this statement.

On another occasion the granary was found empty, but in answer to prayer, next day it was found filled with corn.

The sceptic will at once say—"O, yes, by the hands of kind friends, who no doubt knew of the famine." But those who are acquainted with the phenomena of Spirit apporports know that this asserted miracle might have happened.

He became and was, for twenty years, a centre, attracting pilgrims from all quarters; and it is asserted that from fifty to eighty thousand people were attracted to his remote village annually, that they might see him, or confess their sins, or be healed of their diseases of body and mind.

At these most laborious duties he, as a rule, worked eighteen hours a-day in the chapel for twenty years, without one holiday, an amount of labour on a minimum of rest and sleep and nourishment which seems supernatural.

He read the secrets of those who came for confession, and often told all before one word was confessed; and at other times if acts of sin were withheld by the penitent, he sometimes pointed out the day and hour such sins were committed.

At other times he could pick out of the waiting crowd those who stood most in need of his assistance, and many men of the world and sceptics were converted by a glance of the eye, a look or a word.

He prayed and wept much for his own sins and the sins of others; and on one occasion as he thus wept, the hardened sinner then under confession said, "Father, why do you weep so?" His reply was, "I weep, dear friend, because you do not weep."

He was an unlettered man, but he also, like St. Teresa, had that clearness of mental vision and logic which comes to those whose eye being single their whole bodies are full of light.

On one occasion a man who earned a portion of his living by playing the fiddle at Sunday dances called on the Curé and begged for his prayers in aid of his crippled child.

The Curé, in confessing him, begged him to give up this fiddling. The man could not find it in his heart to do so, but on returning home he suddenly repented, and breaking his fiddle into bits, threw them into the fire. As the wood burned the crippled child suddenly leaped from his bed, crying out, "I am cured, I am cured," as he ran through the house.

On another occasion the crippled child of a soldier was cured by a word; and another child, eight years old, believing in the promise of the good Curé, was "suddenly cured next day, and ran through the village like a hare."

He used to say many deep things, although himself so simple, as thus—

"A pure soul can get all it asks of God."

"When I can give away everything to God he gives me all I ask."

"Prayer disengages the soul from matter—it unites us with God and fills us with light."

"It is Sin which brings all war, pestilence, disease, and death."

"God casts no man into hell: he casts himself there."

"The best way to be rich is to give everything, for then we have treasures in heaven."

"In self-surrender is the power of the saints."

"Those who are true and pure see all things with clear and exact minds."

He is described as one who seemed to be an embodied spirit before whose gaze and in whose presence all vanity and folly fled away.

His biographer says, "Faith was his only *Science* and explained all mysteries, while his intimate union with God showed all mysteries as *palpable realities*."

A commentator says—"Sanctity is the fruit of Sacrifice: it is a death and a new birth; but there is no death without suffering, and no childbirth without its pangs."

Thus, the Curé D'Ars says, "When I could follow this rule I got all I asked, and fastings and vigils attract gifts from God."

Praise and flattery gave him positive pain, but under slanders and censures he felt peace and gratitude, saying, "how pleased he was that these good people had found him out."

He died as he had lived, in perfect peace, expressing only one regret—that his illness should give any one trouble.

Thus passed away, in our own day, this sweet and beautiful soul—an illustration of the graces and powers given to those who fully live the entirely unselfish life, who, utterly emptying themselves of self, are filled with the Holy Spirit. Triumphant over "the world, the flesh, and the devil," in patience, humility, and love, they are regenerated as the well-beloved sons of God and brothers of Jesus Christ.

I have dwelt at greater length on the life of the Curé D'Ars because he lived in our own day, and thus not only touches us more nearly, but because his life and his words and his acts and his miraculous powers have been witnessed by innumerable observers, many of whom are now living in our midst.

Those who believe in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism can have no difficulty in believing in nearly all which is recorded of the Curé D'Ars and the other Saints described in this paper.

Those who may think it profanity to draw a parallel between the saintly powers of holy men and women and the many times disorderly and often wicked manifestations occurring among Spiritualists, or rather Spirit-ists, must remember that evil spirits can work miracles or wonders as well as good spirits; and it is admitted that modern Spiritualism, so called, too frequently no more resembles that spiritual power which comes through "holy purity" than the mischievous and unclean gambols of apes resemble the dignified walk and conversation of good and high-souled men and women.*

* While admitting so much, I must still assert, that it is only through the *phenomena* of modern Spiritualism that materialism is refuted.

It will have been noticed that many of the Saints, when engaged in ecstatic prayer, have been raised from the ground.

This is a statement which the sceptic will not readily accept, and yet the present writer knew a lady who, while on one occasion engaged before the altar, in intense prayer, began to find herself rising from the ground, but on becoming alarmed, re-alighted. Yes there is a magic in intense prayer; and the elevation produced by Divine love is not only psychologically but physically true.*

The Saints were men and women who resolved *literally* and *exactly* to live the life and follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, and thus they became born in his likeness.

By purity of life, by fastings, by self-denials, and by continual desire or prayer they became *spiritualised* human beings, and as such, according to the mystic teachings of Jacob Boehme, they became Christ-like *actually*, and their will and imagination became creative.

Thus, "the Science of the Saints" is the Science of Theosophy and Christian Magic.

The mechanism of the saintly life is not taught by the Romish Church, but it would seem to teach that the Saints were so far mediums, inasmuch as their powers are often ascribed to the assistance of other departed saints.

Undoubtedly the Saints were mediums; but how far their powers were *centred* in their own spiritual nature, and how far they were assisted by angelic beings, is difficult to determine. If any one be truly in spirit, or in the spirit plane, he is "in Christ" and at one with the Divine, and hence the marvellous powers thus manifested cannot be strictly individualised.

Jesus Christ worked miracles by his personal power, and yet even he was ministered to by angels.

Celibacy and extreme fastings are rules with the Saints; but this being a physical world, the great majority of men and women must marry, and increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it.

The entire Saint must therefore be an exceptional being, the singular spiritual phenomenon of his age, produced as a mani-

* These elevations of the body, contrary to the law of gravity, occur only during ecstasy, and are mystically explained by the attractive power of Divine love, drawing the loving soul from earth to heaven.

Physically, I venture to give the explanation: that as two magnetic negatives repel each other, the earth being magnetically negative, repels that human being from its surface whose body is rendered magnetically negative by the total abnegation of selfishness.

festation of the Son born of the Holy Spirit in the midst of a carnal world. "A light shining in darkness," although, as in the days of Jesus, "the darkness (for the most part) comprehendeth it not."

But although the entire Saint with miraculous powers must be an exceptional being, it is yet open to all to live a life of purity in body and soul—a life of self-denial in all things, including a simple diet, with occasional reasonable fasts—a life of humility, truth, charity, faith, and prayer, or continual desire for all good.

Those who can thus live, and especially if, in *patience*, they persevere therein, will at least so far become regenerated as to obtain an increase of health, beauty, happiness, clear mental vision, and magnetic healing power, and they will be able somewhat to comprehend *how* the Saints came to *know* that "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

IF we would exterminate all slavery, and everything that is unchristian, from the world; if we would baffle the Despotism that writes catechisms, misinterprets the Bible, panders to brutality, and hinders the upward progress of mankind in righteousness and spiritual growth, we must teach the young to be kind and compassionate to the animals over whom the Creator has given us pre-eminence and entrusted us with Power.—DENNETS.

THE CREDENTIALS OF SPIRITUALISM.—The credentials which Spiritualism has to offer are indisputable facts—facts as hard and stubborn as those which have been deduced for any physical science. The witnesses of these facts are innumerable, and the character of many unimpeachable. Upon this basis we may well be content to rest our *raison d'être*. Spiritualism does not fear inquiry: it has nothing to lose, but everything to gain thereby. All that it desires is a candid and honest method of investigation, and not a rough and ready mode of settlement, as too many scientists, unfortunately for themselves, have adopted.—J. S. FARMER.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.—In producing proof in favour of spirit-communication, we are necessitated to use the evidence of others. Those who have never seen objects move say it is an impossibility. That is a word of ready use, but is an expression of conceit and ignorance. The wise will rather acknowledge that he knows too little to say anything is impossible. Of the laws which operate in the vast unknown, we know not; and it is puerile to draw positive conclusions from the little that is known. Columbus and Harvey, Kepler, Galileo, and every one who has given expression to a new thought, has been met by the "impossible." After a time, their truths become possible enough; and the present always smiles at the positive expressions of past ignorance.—HUDSON TUTTLE.

"FORMS THAT HAVE PASSED AWAY."

BY JOHN S. FARMER.

"Oh for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress,
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

—Tennyson.

It was evening—a soft, balmy evening toward the close of a hot and sultry summer in one of our southern counties. The golden harvest moon was rising, pouring its bright beams with lavish effulgence on the world, softening some objects into rare beauty, while it touched others with an almost unearthly pallor.

A fair prospect of wood and water, hill and dale, was spread out in all its picturesque beauty. Rich meadows, skirting a narrow winding river, basked in the moon's bright beams, while on the opposite bank stood golden fields of waving grain all ripe for the reaper's sickle. In the distance could be discerned the village green, and groups of cottages with red-tiled roofs nestling amidst the trees—an unmistakably English landscape, the deepening tints of which told but too surely of the fading, dying year.

Yet none of this rural and sylvan beauty was seen by the beholder and possessor of all the fair prospect before him. John Hemsleigh had sought that deep bay-window recess as a shelter in which the hopeless grief of his despair could be relieved in a flood of blinding tears. His sorrow was no common one. He was not a man to lightly give way to excessive expression of grief. But now his short married life—it had lasted but two years—was being severed by the most inexorable of all causes—his wife, Muriel Hemsleigh, was dying.

The apartment was one of moderate size, panelled in oak to the ceiling, and decidedly what may be called snug. The rich Turkey carpet, the carved, antique furniture, the heavy velvet hangings, massive mirrors, and rare porcelain—all spoke of the wealth of the owner—a wealth which but mocked his present misery, for all his possessions availed him nothing in his sorrow.

Upon a couch facing the window lay a sleeping woman, upon whose face of rare loveliness, Death had plainly set its mark. The features, though somewhat emaciated with sickness, were faultless, and the large, violet eyes, when opened, might be seen to gleam with an unearthly brightness. Her hair, a rich chestnut brown, had been loosened from its bindings, and hung luxuriantly over her shoulders.

The slight stir which she made in waking recalled her husband to her side.

"Can I do anything for you, darling?" he said, bending over the couch, and taking her hands in his own.

Looking at him, her face lit up with a smile bearing the impress of intense and fervent love, she replied, "No, dearest, nothing;" and then noticing his grief, she continued in a somewhat sad and weary tone, "but I wish you would not grieve so much."

At this all his pent up sorrow burst forth in a wailing cry:

"Muriel, if you die, you take my life with you. Try to live. Oh! Muriel, my darling wife, try to live!"

There was a thrill of fear and agony in the speaker's voice, a passionate anguish in his face. It seemed as if the awful bitterness of his despair was fiercely racking him. He was just realising how near his sick wife was to the coming change—a change which is the inevitable fate of all kinds and conditions of men. Friends pass from our midst, and disappear in the gloom and darkness of the grave. The voice is hushed in death, and not one word or look of love comes in response to the passionate, yet vain and hopeless longings inherent to the human breast, which is ever seeking, yet ever failing, to lift the Veil of the Isis and penetrate the sacred mysteries of the Holy of Holies beyond, where alone can the universal problem of Life be solved in actual knowledge. At least, such were the thoughts which were passing through John Hemsleigh's mind as he had spoken.

His anguish was mirrored in Muriel's face. For a few moments she did not speak. She was possessed with a longing for a renewed term of life for her husband's sake.

"I would live if I could," she said; "for your sake I would live, but it is not to be. I feel I am dying. Oh! my husband, it is hard to part, for I love you, and my love is but intensified by the nearness of the Shadow of Death!"

In his agony he bowed his head, hiding his face in the folds of her dress, and smothering his sobs there.

Too exhausted to speak again immediately, she suffered cruelly in this his suffering. Presently some thought seemed to flash across her mind, and she said:

"I have something to say, John," and on his looking up she made a sign for him to take her in his arms. When he had done so, she closed her eyes, and remained for a brief space as if in thought. Then she murmured:

"Yes! I am sure it must be so!"

"What is so, my darling?"

"Why, I have been thinking, John, that God is too good to keep us apart from each other. I am sure he would in his infinite goodness permit me to be near you, to guard and watch over you. Do not grieve, my husband; I will come back to you."

"Would that it were possible," he groaned.

"It is possible," she cried eagerly, as if she would if she could close the flood-gates of his heart. Indeed, in her face could be read her full conviction of the power of her spirit. It seemed as if the very intensity of her desire rendered it possible.

"Listen, darling," she said; "we know that the spirits of the dead are sometimes allowed to come back to those they have loved. If others have done this, why should not I? Do not fear but that my love for you will conquer all difficulties, and by some means I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence."

I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence!

Such was her promise. All the shadows had disappeared from Muriel's face; her countenance glowed with a radiance of indescribable beauty—the dawning upon her of the sunlight of that other and brighter life. Upon her lips played a smile of perfect peace; her whole being seemed enveloped with a halo of suffused light.

She had sunk back exhausted into her husband's arms, her head resting on his breast. Every now and then a convulsive twitching shook her frame. Thinking she might be in pain, he inquired.

"No; it is all gone. The pain is past," and she again relapsed into silence. Muriel's face bore no trace of suffering now. Death had wiped it away.

After a while she said:

"I have come to feel that death is no real separation, John; it is but a thin veil that will divide us."

"My darling wife, do not talk of dying. You must not go—you shall not go!" he exclaimed, kissing her passionately the while.

No answer was made to his appeal. She was apparently unconscious for the nonce to things immediately around her. She was gazing vacantly into space.

"What is that light, John?"

He looked in the direction she pointed to, but could see nothing.

"I can see no light, darling."

"But it is there. It is getting brighter. Ah! I see some people now. Some one is beckoning me. They want me to go to them, and oh! they all seem so glad and happy. Upon the forehead of each shines a star. The stars are of different colours, and some are brighter than others. Oh! John, it is heaven that I see."

"I see nothing, Muriel. Oh, my love, look at me and tell me you are not going to die!"

"I must go, John." Then, looking round again, "John! there is mother and sister Mary. Yes! I'm coming, I'm coming," and she stretched out her hands toward her unseen visitors. The next moment she was senseless.

John Hemsleigh thought his wife was dead, and called for help. It was, however, but a swoon, from which she soon recovered. She lingered on for several days, and Mr. Hemsleigh was cherishing a hope that she would recover. His hopes were but vain and delusive. On the fourth day, just as the evening was setting in, Muriel Hemsleigh called her husband to her side.

"It would be cruel not to tell you, John; mother and Mary are coming for me to-night. I will remember my promise."

Ah! that promise. *I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence.* He could say nothing. He simply clasped her in his arms.

Muriel was playing weakly with her wedding ring, which hung very loosely on her worn finger.

"Take the ring, darling. You put it on my finger, and now I am going, you must wear it. I wish that——"

The sentence was unfinished, for her attention was again arrested.

"They've come, John. My mother and Mary."

He bent his face close to her own. He was weeping.

"Good-bye! my dearest husband. Good-bye! But not for long. *I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence.*"

"Muriel! Muriel!" gasped he, holding her tightly to his breast. She did not answer save by a smile. Her spirit had flown.

Three months have passed away, and the snow lies thickly upon the ground. John Hemsleigh is sitting in the same room where we last saw him. He is thinking—thinking of his dead wife and her promise.

Good-bye! but not for long. I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence.

Such were her last words, and he was thinking of them. Was she near him then? It seemed at times as if he could pierce the shadows surrounding him, and could see Muriel's fair form by his side, and hear her gentle voice as in the days of old.

For some weeks after Muriel Hemsleigh had passed away, he had been thoroughly overcome. His hopes appeared just then all wrecked around him. Before his mental vision there ever appeared the impress of his wife's fair face as he had last seen it. All the old love and tenderness were still there, and the thought that all his hopes and joys had vanished drove him almost to the verge of despair. He felt that unseen powers were wrestling within him—the powers of Evil and the powers of Good—each struggling for the mastery. Oftentimes a black, overshadowing presence would haunt him for days, mocking his misery with derisive jeers, tempting him to end all the turmoil within. But in his darkest hour of gloom and desolation, there came a small still whisper—the voice strangely familiar—and bright gleams of hope pierced his weary and agonised soul. This soft and gentle influence invariably chased away the dark shadows of evil.

Strange things had happened to him during the three months which had elapsed since Muriel's death. At times he thought he felt a hand upon his head. It was a woman's hand, soft, and warm, and gentle. It trifled with his hair in a fashion which thrilled him with memories of the past.

These things perplexed him. He had asked once whether Muriel was with him. No answer had come.

One evening, however, toward the gloaming, and while sitting deep in thought as to the strange things that were happening, and hoping that he might soon be able to fathom the mystery, he was somewhat startled by the touch of a hand, warm and life-like, upon his brow. Turning his eyes he saw Muriel by his side as distinctly as he had ever seen her when alive.

He rubbed his eyes to reassure himself that he was awake. He spoke. "Muriel!" Directly the apparition vanished, and since then he had not again seen her. Had it not been that other and stranger things were daily occurring in his presence, he would have

persuaded himself that it was a trick his eyes had played him. No. The proofs he daily received of the presence of *some* invisible being could not but convince him his vision had been a reality.

Flowers had been brought to him by an invisible hand. These flowers he noticed were always those which had been favourites with Muriel. Then came soft caresses, a kiss, and a touch of a hand upon his cheek. He was no longer unhappy, for he felt that the hand which was thus ministering to him was Muriel's.

It was these things John Hemsleigh was thinking of as he sat gazing into the blazing fire, which threw fantastic dancing shadows on the wall. For a whole week he had had no intimation of the unseen presence. Had he been deceived? Where were the hands which were usually hovering about him? He began to fear that he had driven the ministering spirit from him. As the shadows deepened he grew more and more restless, fear and hope alternately taking possession of him.

Presently he became conscious of a woman's cheek against his own, and a hand was laid upon his. His longing for an audible sound became intense.

Would his wish be gratified? He waited. Suddenly a nervous trembling took possession of him. An irresistible influence drew him to the writing-table. It seemed as if some powerful but gentle hand was guiding him. He seized a piece of paper and a pencil. His hand wrote the following words:

"I am Muriel. I have returned to you as I promised. I still love you and am ever near you."

He felt that it was not himself who had written the message. Each stroke of the pencil was made by some unseen person who used his hand as an unconscious, passive instrument.

He looked at the paper. What was it? As the probable truth flashed on his mind, he started and trembled. Should he proceed or not? He could not bear to be trifled with. While he hesitated the message was again repeated:

"I am your wife, Muriel. My love has brought me back to you."

"Muriel! my loved wife! is it indeed you? Let me again feel the touch of your hand!"

Immediately his wish was gratified. He felt a hand and arm thrown around his neck.

Again his hand was controlled to write:

"John! husband! I have come back to you to take away the sting of death! I still live and love you."

"Can you show yourself to me?" he asked.

"Yes; at times I may be able," was the answer written by his hand.

"Can you do so now, darling?"

"Wait! I will try!" was written. The pencil dropped from his hand. John Hemsleigh returned, he knew not why, to the chair in front of the fire. The consciousness of the unseen presence had departed. Yet he seemed only half himself.

He could almost have wept for joy! He was to see Muriel again—the Muriel whom he had so loved! At last he had found the bridge over the yawning gulf of death! Henceforth the union of the spheres would be complete, and the pang of death would be lost in the joys of life.

Soon a strange faintness seized him. He struggled for a moment, and then his head dropped back. John Hemsleigh was now completely unconscious to anything in the room. He could see far away into space; no object obstructed his vision.

Presently he heard a sound as of music. A light began to fill the room. A halo of mist, soft and radiant, appeared over and around the couch, which he now saw plainly. A picture began to form, at first dim, but growing clearer and clearer. A figure was lying on the couch, and another form was standing by it. As the picture became perfect, he saw that the prostrate form was an exact representation of Muriel as he had seen her last, when the spirit had deserted its earthly tenement. The figure standing by him was—yes, it was Muriel herself!—Muriel as he had known her in all her loveliness!

She approached him, at the same time motioning him not to stir. She went and knelt down by his side, placing her head upon his breast. He could feel the beating of her heart against his own, and he murmured:

"Muriel! my own, my loved wife!"

Strange as it may seem to you, my friend, the things which I have written are true. I know them to be absolute and demonstrable facts. Yet I do not hope or expect that you will deem me otherwise than mad, until you have had like experience yourself. These appearances, at first subjective, gradually grew objective, and now I see them while I am conscious and in my natural state. Each evening, when alone, Muriel comes to me, takes part in my joys and shares my sorrows. Love's desire has been granted; death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory. I have a joy and happiness that cannot be taken from me. I am gradually becoming conscious of living in two worlds at the same time, knowing and feeling the nearness of both. Thus, hand in-hand with my angel-wife, we travel along life's path together—separated yet united, dead yet alive. Thus am I content to wait the coming of that time when I too shall cross the narrow boundary separating the two worlds, and when Muriel and I shall clasp hands in that brighter and better life to come.

"Gently as drops the feather
From the swan's breast, your dust, ye weary hearted,
Shall from you fall, and none shall ask you whether
Ye feared or hoped; each rankling wound that smarted
Shall pain no more, for peace dwells with the world's departed."

—T. L. Harris.

THOUGHTS REGARDING THE MYSTICAL DEATH.

BY A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

IN the first series of the *Psychological Review* (August, 1879), the writer in "Some Thoughts concerning the Mystical Death," sought to draw attention, under the designation "Mystical Death," to that change of "interior condition" by means of which is effected an entrance for man into a more divine state of being. It is there suggested, that three distinct groups of persons, passing through the ordeal of the "Mystical Death," diverse in character, yet nevertheless kindred, may be studied with profit by the thoughtful student of Psychology—the group of Religious Enthusiasts, the group of "Spirit-Mediums" undergoing their development, and the Insane. The writer having glanced at the phenomena presented by the two last named groups, and connecting them with the phenomena attendant upon the death-beds of the *physically* moribund, closes the article with a remarkable account of the death-bed experiences of a Lutheran clergyman, who, whilst yet in the body, passed into the "middle kingdom," or purgatorial state, thereby manifesting remarkable mental and physical phenomena entirely analogous to those through which the so-called "medium" passes in the process of his development.

The writer will now describe certain changes in spiritual condition witnessed by herself, in accord with those of the Lutheran clergyman referred to. The account is extracted from a diary kept at the time by the writer.

THE "MYSTICAL DEATH" OF AN AGED PHILOSOPHER.

On the 3rd of April, 1879, I was summoned to the death-bed of a dear and aged friend. He was in his ninetieth year. Our revered friend had been a Social Reformer throughout the course of his long life—a reformer, not alone in theory, but in the daily routine of his existence, placing on all his actions the seal of realisation. For fifty years he had been a strict Teetotaler and Vegetarian; also for many years he had been, not only a firm believer in the phenomena of Modern Spiritual-manifestations, but was himself a seer. He had been favoured to receive, through spiritual vision, many beautiful and soul-comforting assurances of the constant companionship of guardian angels and departed friends. Various of his noteworthy experiences had, from time to time, appeared in the pages of that storehouse of facts, the *Spiritual Magazine*.

Thought of the next life; preparation for the great change which we call "Death;" the prayerful and ever earnest desire

to become worthy to enter into nearer union with the Father of all Life, may be said to have been the very essence of this good man's existence. In his early career he had passed through much religious "exercise" whilst seeking after truth amongst many sects and churches. He had come forth from so-called "orthodoxy" into a Theosophic system of his own, which revealed Divine Truth and Love under aspects and ideas of a very interior and refined nature. The symbology and phraseology of his system of Theosophy were, however, markedly of a geometric, rather than of an allegorical or pictorial character. With the symbology of the Holy Scriptures and of the Poets, he had personally but small sympathy. To his mathematical intellect, the imagery of the Bible and of the Poets was too loose and inexact to satisfy him. Nevertheless, in all his spirit-seeing, throughout his life, the poetical imagery of symbol and of allegory presented itself and dominated his intellect.

In appearance this remarkable man embodied one's preconceived idea of an ancient "Seer." He retained remarkable vigor both of mind and body up to the period of his last illness. Only in some picture painted by Fra Angelico, amongst the assembled companies of prophets and saints, could one find a countenance of so spiritual a type, or a head of so venerable an aspect. His features were finely chiselled; his complexion clear and delicate, giving the face an appearance as if carved in rose-tinted alabaster. The eyes, deeply set, were of a pale blue, translucent and sparkling as the eyes of youth. The head was made venerably beautiful by masses of snow-white hair, which fell upon the shoulders; his long beard was equally white. His brow was fully and roundly developed.*

"My husband is hovering between life and death," wrote his wife to me. She had been my friend from early childhood. Within a few hours from the receipt of her letter, we stood together beside the bed of the aged philosopher and seer.

All was peaceful and silent in the cottage. The sunshine of a morning in early spring filled the room. The Angel of Death now overshadowed the house with her dusky pinions, but she had come under her most gracious, though ever awe-inspiring aspect. Sunshine and shadow seemed to mingle.

Our friend, when I arrived, lay in his bed very weak; he was suffering from difficulty of breathing. Otherwise no sign

* For further account of this remarkable man, vide "*Master and Disciple*," the introduction to "*Triune Life, Divine and Human, being a selection from the common-place-books of James Pierrepoint Greaves*." London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, E.C. 1880.

of illness could be observed in his venerable and mild countenance. His wife watched his every movement—anticipated his every desire. He was still fully conscious of external things, and cordially expressed his pleasure at seeing me. I suggested cheerfully the possibility of his recovery. To this he gravely shook his head as if in utter denial of any such probability—adding “that he had received his summons.” He was attended by a homœopathic physician of the neighbourhood, who considered that his illness was—simply old age. He had taken to his bed on the Tuesday: this was the Friday.

During the early days of his illness he was heard repeating to himself—

“Oh, for such Love! Let rocks and hills their lasting silence break!”

until he appeared to lose consciousness of his own words.

I had not long been in the room before our friend spoke of a wonderful book, which he appeared to be reading. L—, his wife, in explanation told me, that two nights previously he had dreamed that he was perusing a remarkable volume. It was, he declared, “the most extraordinary book he had ever read.” It contained an account of the growth in the world of a certain family. Who this family was he did not tell us. In its commencement the family had been of no importance. It gradually, however, multiplied and increased in riches, in importance, in honours, and in good works. This volume contained a detailed account of all the mighty labours accomplished by its members, which in time had covered the earth,—of the schools, churches, hospitals, and other public institutions which had been founded by them. He informed us that there was also a second volume, which had reference to the collateral branches. This volume, however, he said, was less full of interest.

Scarcely had I taken my seat before he exclaimed—“There! there is the book! It is coming towards me from the wall.” As he thus spoke you saw his eyes sparkle with pleasure, and keenly fix themselves as if upon some object which was drawing near to him. He stretched forth his hands as if to receive it, then appeared to place the volume upon the bed before him and to commence to read in it. For this he required no spectacles. He became, for some time, absorbed in its perusal, and unobservant of all around him. Ever and anon his fingers were seen to turn over an invisible page. Questioned as to what thus occupied him, he always replied—“Oh, it is the book! the account of that great and good family, and of all their benevolent deeds.” Then once more he would appear to become *steeped* in its perusal. Occasionally he would exclaim

in a tone of disappointment that the book had disappeared! After a time it would evidently return, and he recommenced the study of its contents. What *was* this mystic volume? "And the books were opened."

Intermingled with this reading, we observed a delicate movement of the thin fingers of the aged seer: this was what is familiarly termed "picking the sheets"—a well-recognised death token. But in very truth, what *is* this so-called "picking"? Is it simply a nervous, convulsive action of the hands preceding dissolution, occasioned by a morbid action of the brain and nervous system? Or is it, perhaps, something psychological as well as physical? We, with keen interest, mingled with no small awe, watched the movement of the fingers. By the fixed gaze of the seer's still keen, clear eyes, which were directed towards the bed-clothes, and which moved in the same direction as the fingers, it appeared evident that he beheld some minute objects before him which he was, with ceaseless assiduity, seeking to collect. These objects, whatsoever was their nature, appeared also to fill the air around him. He raised his arms, and at recurrent intervals throughout the whole course of his moribund condition, continued to collect with delicate care, and to separate these minute objects. The action of the thin, alabaster-like fingers was eloquent as words. At times the movement was as if the fingers, with almost fairy-like daintiness, separated papers into fine laminæ, and we seemed to catch the words from his lips—"Oh! these papers! these countless papers!—the room is filled with papers!" His words came forth in such a dreamlike voice, as though he spoke from such a far distance that it was always difficult for us to be certain that we had heard aright. More generally, however, the action of the fingers was similar to that of the spinning of delicate gossamer threads, or to the weaving of them in an invisible loom. As the dissolution of the body drew nearer, this mystical "*weaving*"—as we, the watchers, called it—became to him ever more absorbing. We observed, with ever increasing awe, the manipulation of the almost skeleton-like fingers as they drew the invisible thread, and divided and twisted it with ceaseless interest and solicitude. When questioned as to the purport of this weaving, he would, speaking to himself in his mysterious muffled voice, be heard to say—"This is a strong one! This is a good one!" But he gave no direct reply to our questions. Is there a "mystery" in "the craft" of the Dying which they are bound over to preserve unrevealed and sacred, the knowledge of which can alone be attained to by us when we shall have been elected of that vast brotherhood?

L—— reminded me of Dante G. Rossetti's lines in "The Blessed Damozel"—

"Weaving the golden thread
To fashion the birth-ropes for them
Who are just born—being dead."

Is it, indeed, possible that the indwelling spirit, caterpillar-wise, weaves out of its own electric aura a garment, a "birth-robe," for itself, ready to wear when it shall be new-born? Is it possible that this so-called "picking at the sheets" may be a portion of the process, the collecting together of the electric life-threads of the Spirit-body?

Once he appeared to gather together a handful of this diaphanous material, and carefully laid it within the palm of his wife's hand; after which he also placed in her hand his walking-stick, as though it had been a pilgrim's staff, and as though he were preparing her to set forth upon some pilgrimage.

I must explain how our dying friend came to have his walking-stick in his hand. He—ever more as he lost consciousness of the things of the outer world—appeared to regard himself as preparing to set out upon a journey, or as already started upon one. To this end he had desired us to bring forth his garments and clothe him in them. They must be his best, because, as he assured us, "a great company was invited to meet him."

Travelling along "the valley of the shadow," and of the sunshine "of Death"—for blessed be the divine Creator, there is also sunshine as well as shadow awaiting travellers along the path of fleshly dissolution—he was always seeking for his "*Home*." This home he evidently felt was not far off. It appeared to him somewhere aloft, whither he had to climb upwards by a stairway, the entrance to which, for some time however, was obscured and full of perplexity. Thus he had, at the commencement of his entrance into "the valley," bidden us to clothe him in his great coat—with him it was still "the winter" of the spirit—give him his hat; put shoes upon his feet, and his trusty stick, or in Scriptural language "his staff," in his hand.* After this, we could not induce him to remain

* Dennis, in his learned work upon the Ancient Tombs of the Etruscans, mentions with admiration a certain figure of a man, or spirit-man, upon a sarcophagus, represented as about to start upon a journey;—he kneels to fasten his sandals upon his feet. The old sculptor, with the observation of detail in life and death, so peculiar to the Etruscan genius, may possibly have here handed down the ages, a symbolic act of the dying man whose sarcophagus he had been called upon to adorn with sculpture.

for any considerable time together in his bed. The vigour and strength of body which still remained to him were marvellous.

From this time commenced an increasingly restless movement from his bed to his arm-chair; even from room to room, and a desire to ascend the stairs—stairs, where no staircase was. Also, there was an equally extraordinary and constantly repeated changing of garments. It would appear as though this moving from place to place, this putting off and on of garments “corresponded,” to use the expression of Swedenborg, with his varying conditions of the spirit. Throughout three days and three nights did this Pilgrimage-state continue. Now he believed himself going to one place, now to another; but it was always to some far-distant place; and we, the watchers, the one on the one side and the other on the other side, must continually bear him company. We must pause, watch and pray, or offer up praise, with the aged Pilgrim at the various stations of tribulation or of consolation upon the way. His wife, younger than he was by many years, would, spite of her grief of heart and softly falling tears, sing ever and anon snatches of some beautiful old hymn appropriate to the mood of his mind, or repeat some passage from Psalm and Gospel. It was wonderful to observe how perfectly these venerable words—consolation to countless generations of suffering humanity—came forth with the eternal freshness and greenness of youthful hope, in these hours of grey decay and dissolution. As rapid in their change, and yet as consistently varied in their alternation, as the flickering shadows and lights upon the ground beneath an aspen-tree which stands in broad sunshine, and yet which is agitated by a breeze, did trouble and joy vary in the path of this good man hastening towards his spirit-home. Sorrow and joy were as the expiration and inspiration of his breath. As varied were the visions presented to his sight.

Sometimes he would exclaim that an Angel was seated in the atmosphere above him. You would perceive his eyes keenly directed toward a certain spot in the air. He would evidently appear to be reading proclamations of glad tidings held forth for him to decipher by the Angel; and which, he led us to understand, were inscribed upon a tablet or an open volume. Word by word would he read aloud these proclamations; sometimes for a moment pausing, as if he could not clearly make out a word or sentence, then continue his reading with eager-eyed attention. The reading was all for himself; not for us. Though he read aloud, we could only catch here and there a word; for his voice seemed muffled, and as if it came from a long way off. We could alone catch such broken

sentences as—"Wisdom in highest acceptance"; "Constitution of the angelic nature"; "This self-same message from Divine Wisdom," etc., etc.

"Now," he cried, "there is a young man come with a black pony. He is dressed in black, and wears black gloves." "Look towards that table!" he once more exclaimed, "there is an old gentleman seated above it. He is seated upon a huge bunch of grapes, and leans upon a loaf of bread! Near to him stands a silent youth! He is his son, he says. He is so silent! He has been here for hours. I wonder why he does not speak? I wish he would speak. And now—Look! down the staircase comes a gentleman all covered with feathers. The people standing by call him 'my Lord.'" (Feathers in all spirit-visions, it would appear, are signs of an approaching change of state.) And, again,—"There is an Angel, a Messenger from the Holy Ghost," he cried, "who says he brings a message from the Heavenly Mother—your God, and my God!" This was spoken with deep reverence.

His wife offering him once some water to drink, he received it in a most devout manner, and, pausing before he drank it, said in a low and solemn voice as he bent over the glass—"I drink this as emblem of the Waters of Life."

I have noted, with special interest, his perception of the above-mentioned visionary symbolic personages, together with his perception of the symbolism of this water—the more remarkable since our friend, as I have already observed, was in no wise orthodox in his religious belief, although of a highly religious nature. He was no lover, either, of the symbolic in the rites of religion, in poetry, or in art. Nevertheless, during this, his entrance into the "border-land," as well as throughout his years of seership, and in his numerous remarkable dreams—alone, by means of symbolical form and representative personality, was the Interior Truth made manifest unto himself, and through his words, to others.

At other times he appeared to be led into very mournful places, and to behold—as was the case with the Lutheran clergyman—scenes of great misery. One especial experience of this kind greatly affected us, from the almost despairing grief into which the vision for a while cast him. "Oh! what misery," he exclaimed. "Oh! who *shall* pay for all this? Oh! my God!" he cried aloud, "who *shall* save? who comfort? who restore them? Not I? Oh, my God! who shall pay the ransom? It is beyond anything of misery that man can conceive."

Evidently he was beholding the "hell" or "purgatorial" condition of the drunkard and sensualist. His distress of

mind at thus, in vision, beholding the suffering laid up in store for sinful conditions of unregenerate man, was, indeed, pitiful to witness.

It occurred to us that probably these visions had been called forth before him through the reading of *The Alliance News*. This, his favourite paper, had arrived whilst he was still able to occupy himself with outer things. He desired it to be given to him, and occupied himself for some time, as he lay in his bed, with reading the reports in its columns. All *subjective thought* becoming, as we have reason to believe, *objective scenery* in the spiritual world, these dreadful details of intemperance had become *active realities before his eyes*; or had, in some mysterious manner, transported him into their midst. After a while this terrible vision of purgation passed away. Although there were seasons—or“stations,” so to speak—of repose in this pilgrimage; places where his spirit for a short time appeared to pause and rest itself—where angels fed him with ideas and symbols of consolation and beauty—yet, again, after a time, came entrance into gloom, and painful vision.

During the first night of the pilgrimage the predominate idea was that there should be a great conflagration; that the house in which he was staying should be utterly consumed. He did not believe he was dwelling in his *own* house,—not in his “dear little home,” as he fondly called it—but in lodgings. All preparations were, however, to be made to prevent this conflagration, if possible. After this fire a flood was to come. The river was to rise and utterly wash away every vestige remaining. Boats he ordered to be prepared and kept in readiness for this expected rising of the waters.

Might not these ideas of destruction by fire and by water symbolize the destruction of the earthly body—the fire and water baptisms also of the spirit? Was he not passing through his initiation into “the Mysteries,” and had not heart-saddening and mind-appalling visions to be endured before the glory “burst” upon his vision?

During the evening of this first night of distress, a great anxiety fell upon him as regarded money. He who for so many years had most faithfully and successfully led the life of utter trust in the fatherly goodness of God, and never found the oil in his cruse to fail, nor yet the meal to come to an end—*now* doubted! He was beset with carefulness about money. He felt about in an invisible purse; he counted with anxiety his visionary money; speaking in that strange inward, muffled voice about payment of bills, of banks, of bankers. He was troubled about many debts—about many payments. “Who can and *will* pay that bill?” we heard him say. He

had no debts: he had no bills. "The Great Banker will pay all," replied L——; proffering that holy suggestion in pitiful hope of comforting her husband—for this trial of the money was to L—— the most distressing, the most inexplicable of all these death-mysteries. "Yes, yes! the Great Banker will pay all! will pay all!" we heard him hopefully reply. This hope, like a strong cord, had drawn him forth from his flood of despair.

After such a season of trial you would behold him reposing for a space, exhausted, but calm. I could not but think of a tempest-tossed sailor who has gained some rock amidst the boiling ocean, whilst the heavens become ever calmer and brighter above him. Or of some traveller in a terrible desert, who has escaped the simoom, and suddenly finds himself beneath the waving palm trees, beside a bubbling fountain, in a green oasis. At such times he would seem to behold heavenly fruits descending to him from above. "Oh," he would exclaim,—his countenance appearing almost transfigured as he gazed upwards and stretched forth his thin fingers—"What beautiful grapes! Oh, what lovely golden plums! What exquisite strawberries!"—and we saw his lips move as if he were eating the fruit. Again, he would behold the descent of lovely, fresh, and fragrant flowers. "See! see what beautiful red roses," he would exclaim. The trial past—the consolation arrived. Such lovely and restoring visions having comforted and calmed him, he would resume his mystic weaving; and, reclining upon his bed, continue his mysterious occupation until he again rose and demanded his hat, shoes, and staff, in order to re-commence his wanderings.

At one point in this mystical wandering—and towards its termination—as his wife and I stood on his either hand, he believed himself already arrived at the foot of a flight of steps, leading—as he assured us—upwards to his home. Here he took his solemn and affectionate farewell of us; then turned as if he beheld a guide—invisible to us—and said, with great solemnity, as he bowed before him, "*You lead—I follow!*" His wife regards this as the actual moment when his emancipated spirit ascended to its Heavenly Home, to return—as she fondly believed—however, at the supreme moment of dissolution, when the last breath was being drawn through the earthly lips to give her a last grasp of tender affection through his dying earthly hand.

But now came the closing act of this "Mystery-Play." During the last day of the Pilgrim's sojourn on earth a peculiar phenomenon presented itself. He was seated in his large cushioned arm-chair, in a joyous frame of mind. He

had previously announced that on *that* day he should go to "the Grange." "The Grange" was the country-house of a beloved friend residing in a beautiful county in the south of England, whither annually, in the full summer, our friend during the last two years had been accustomed to pay, with his wife, a long visit. This visit to "the Grange" was the delightful holiday of the year. He was in entire mental accord with his friends at "the Grange"—it was a holiday therefore to him of heart, mind, and body; "the Grange" and its inhabitants typified the "Earthly Paradise" of our friend. It would appear now to have become for him the symbol of the Heavenly Paradise-state. As the day progressed, the idea of this immediate journey was the dominant idea. He no longer wandered about; he sat joyful in his chair, giving orders for the journey. It was no common occasion. *It was a festival.* No going by railway *this* time! We were to accompany him and other friends also—all the beloved of his heart—we were to drive thither in two carriages—not *one* carriage must be ordered, but two! Were the "wraps" ready to put into the carriages?—were the baskets of fruit and biscuits? We should not stop to dine on the way; it was a long drive, but delightful, this lovely weather! All was joyous preparation with him and impatience to be off. His face was full of animation; his voice also. But now comes the *mystery!* It was no longer our old friend whom we seemed to see before us.

Here, in the solemn hours of approaching dissolution, his countenance, his whole being had become transfused with a powerful dramatic genius. The aged face appeared simply to have become a transparent mask, through which, one after another, varied intelligences gazed forth—each one enacting his brief part—then giving way to some new comer. Now the face was quite youthful—childlike—now middle-aged; countless were the varied mysterious changes which thus passed over the countenance. Not alone did the expression vary, but the voice also; the language employed marked each individuality; clearly, and distinctly marked its sudden advent and retirement. Together with these changes of character were corresponding changes of costume. Now one garment was assumed, now another was removed. Even as a clever actor can instantaneously vary his dress by the putting on or off a handkerchief—so was it with our friend; now his large white pocket handkerchief was tied over his head as a cap—now arranged deftly by the thin, nervous transparent fingers into a veil or hood—now it was removed, and a velvet cap took its place—or a coat was wrapt around the figure like a mantle.

Here was another *mystery* for us to solve, with reference to "The Mystical Death!" As in the initiations of the "Ancient Mysteries," dramatic-representation held its own, and was manifested as an outbirth from the World of Spirits. With regard to the dramatic nature of spirit-manifestation, in general, and its connection with symbolic-representation, much remains to be said. Here we cannot do more than refer to its existence as an innate and indivisible characteristic—indeed, attribute of Spirit.

These dramatic manifestations of spirit-power were observable in our friend alone during the last afternoon of his earthly sojourn. As the sun gradually sank towards the west, did this singular activity of spirit-life subside. Sleep stole over his dying frame—calm, profound, gentle slumber as of a babe reposing in its cradle. He was enwrapt by sleep as in a soft, heavenly mantle. As twilight and early night came on, thus, with his head sunk back upon his pillows, he sat erect in his large arm-chair. We sat on either side and watched in prayerful and tender silence. With three softly drawn sighs—or rather sob-like expirations of breath—with the one tender pressure of his wife's hand in his dying grasp, the aged Philosopher passed over into the next stage of existence. He fell asleep to awake no more on earth at the exact hour—9 o'clock—at which, for many years past, he had been accustomed to nightly retire to rest.

Who shall say what was his awakening? Had not now his great holiday of the years begun? Had he not really now finished his journey? Did he find himself arrived at the beautiful mansion in the southern country—in "the Paradise of God"? Was he welcomed by "the Great Friend," above all other friends? At least, we had seen him setting forth for that blissful goal, and fondly pictured to ourselves how, possibly no great break in the gentle sequence of events occurs in a harmonious and quiet passage of a Spirit such as his, over the "border-land!" May not *transfiguration*, of the earthly state—the *revelation of the spirit within it*—rather than *utter severance from its past*, be one of the mysteries of the change called "Death"?

THE

PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1881.

[The Editor of the "Psychological Review" desires it to be distinctly understood that he can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.]

TO THE READERS OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

THOUGH it is no special business of mine, except as one who has done his best for many years to improve and develop the literature of Spiritualism, I venture to make this statement and suggestion to the friends of the movement in this country and America.

Until recently, we had been for some time without a magazine in which extended papers could find publication. Journals we had, but their space was small, and they could not print such papers as from month to month find space here. It will not be doubted that this was a great loss, and the *Psychological Review* was put forward to meet it.

Nor will it be doubted that it has met this want ably and well. I hear warm commendation of it on all sides, as a credit to its editor, and to the movement. An efficient body of writers make it a useful and valuable addition to the literature of Spiritualism, and sustained effort is made to this end.

This being so, it becomes, I think, a duty on the part of Spiritualists at large to maintain it on a secure financial basis. It should depend on the generosity of no man, but on the intelligent and steady support of all Spiritualists.

Holding this view,—the only one financially sound—I venture respectfully to suggest to my many friends here and in other countries, to do their part in one of the following ways:—

1. By gaining one new subscriber.
2. By taking an extra copy, to be sent to persons likely to be interested in its contents.
3. By supplying the "Review" to Reading-Rooms, Libraries, and Societies where it will be seen and read.

The *Psychological Review* has, I believe, done well hitherto, A very simple effort, if united, will put it on a basis which will allow of energy being devoted solely to the maintenance of a high standard of literary excellence. This is what I desire to see done.

M. A. (OXON.)

LONDON, November, 1881.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

An American religious paper, published in Pittsburgh, Pa., rejoicing in the cognomen of "*Zion's Watch Tower*," has recently issued a free supplement in the form of a book of 160 pp., of which I am informed upwards of a quarter of a million copies have been printed for gratuitous distribution. Some of these have found their way to England, and one to myself. It is entitled "Food for Thinking Christians," and is "designed to supply a fuller knowledge of 'Our Father' and his plans." It contains dissertations on various theological and other topics, amongst them Spiritualism, supported in the main by numerous textual quotations from the Bible. Now, while desiring to recognise and appreciate the general temperate tone taken by the writer of the book in question, I contend that there is no more delusive and ensnaring source of erroneous and false deductions than the dangerous habit of Bible text quotation. You can prove anything and nothing by it, and the writer under consideration has fallen into this error when treating of Modern Spiritualism.

There are, however, many what I may call "points of agreement" between the views here brought forward and spiritual teaching. For instance, speaking of the resurrection of Jesus, our writer says "he appeared as a man. He was 'raised a spiritual body,' consequently the same powers which we find illustrated by angels—spiritual bodies, should be true of him, and such was the case. . . .

"Remember that the object of Jesus' appearing to them was to convince them that 'he who was *dead* is *alive* for evermore;' that they might go forth as '*witnesses*.' Being a spiritual body, it was simply a question of expediency which way he could best appear to them—*i.e.*, in which way would his object in appearing be best accomplished. . . .

"We presume that it was to guard against the idea that he was a *fleshly body* that he appeared in various *forms* and in miraculous ways, coming into their midst, the doors being shut, and vanishing from their sight. He not only showed that *he* had undergone a change since death, but he illustrated his own teaching to Nicodemus, that every one born of the Spirit ('That born of the Spirit is *Spirit*') can go and come like the wind. 'Thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goes, *so is every one* that is born of the Spirit' (John 3:8). So did Jesus go and come. 'But some doubted'—some wanted to thrust their hands into his side, and put their fingers into the print of the nails, and Jesus thus appeared."

And so on. The argument of the writer being to show that Jesus' risen body, though bearing the shape and general characteristics of his mortal frame, was not the same; did not possess the earthly flesh and blood; and yet had the power of appearing as a man—in any form he chose. With that I have no disagreement.

But I must join issue when he comes to deal with Spiritualism. The claim put forward is that "what is at the present time called Spiritualism, is a counterfeit of the true as taught in the Bible." As a rule—and I have over and over again urged this—it is not well even to attempt to answer the charges of necromancy—for such in effect is this—so often preferred against Spiritualism. Those who bring them forward either cannot or will not distinguish between "things that differ." In this case, however, the general tone of the book is so moderate that I am induced to take up the gauntlet, believing that ignorance of the truer and higher aspects of Spiritualism is the basis of condemnation, and new light on the subject will not be rejected and without effect.

I will try and select extracts that will fairly and impartially state the view taken. First, I must point out that the fact of the existence of spirits, and the possibility of communication between the two worlds is admitted. This is implied at least as far as Bible times are concerned, in the claim above mentioned, and its application to the present day will be more fully brought out in the extracts given below.

"Spiritual beings, as we have heretofore shown, possess powers greater and higher than humanity. . . . Angels can and have appeared as men. . . . Some other powers of angels can be discovered by examining the record; for instance, the angels who delivered Lot and his family from Sodom had power to smite the rioters of Sodom with blindness.—Gen. 19:11. An angel 'did wondrously before Manoah,' another performed a miracle before Gideon.—Judges 6:21, and 13-19. The angel of the Lord delivered the apostles from prison, and yet left the prison-doors unmolested; again, an angel delivered Peter from prison, the doors opening of their own accord.—Acts 5:19-23, and 12:8. On many occasions they made known to men things which were about to come to pass, etc. Now, the evil angels—the devil and his angels—have by nature the very same powers, but are restrained."

Then follow numerous quotations of the well-known texts as to "wizards" and "familiar spirits," etc., and the writer goes on to say:—

"And so ever since, Satan has kept up his practices with various changes of method to suit the circumstances; sometimes with characteristic devilishness, at other times in the garb of religion, 'for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light, therefore it is no great thing if his ministers (*mediums*) also be transformed as ministers of righteousness.'—2 Cor. 11:14. In our day, when knowledge is so great, and morality (called *Christianity*) so popular, Satan *must*, if he would continue to oppose truth, take the religious cloak; and so he does. To-day Spiritualism ranks itself among the religious sects. 'The synagogue (church) of Satan,' truly.

"Spiritualism, though refined and modernised, is yet the same that it ever was, in ages past. *Its object is not the inculcation of truth, nor of love for God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ.* They claim that Jesus was a fine *medium*, and taught and used Spiritualism in his day as well as he understood it. They do not outwardly profess to oppose the Bible and its teachings, but they do so really, both teaching and practicing the very things therein condemned. . . .

"They still possess supernatural powers, too, just as in the days of Saul, and Paul, and Moses. While we do not question that some of the things claimed to be done are mere deceptions, yet we know of many things done by them, where no deception was possible. Among those who believe '*in this way*' we know of several who once were *mediums* of the devil, and did 'those things whereof they are now ashamed.' These, when coming to a knowledge of the truth, are thankful for their escape from that 'snare of the devil.' Spiritualism hates the light, and their wonders are done under cover of their favourite principle—*darkness*. . . .

"Though working stealthily, their numbers are large, and embrace many of the influential of earth—judges, senators, etc. The queen of what is known as the greatest *Christian* kingdom on earth, on whose possessions the light of day is said never to set, called the 'Christian Queen,' is known by many to be a 'Spiritualist.' It is coming before people in a way that commands attention, and those

who do not realize it to be the work of Satan, are almost sure to regard it as a power of God.

"The Rev. Joseph Cook, justly celebrated for his able defence of the Bible and its Author, against the attacks of atheists and infidels, such as Huxley, Darwin, Arnold, *et al.*, has lately had his attention aroused to the recognition of the growing influence of 'Spiritualism,' and having investigated the subject to some extent, he recently delivered a lecture on the subject, in which he expressed his belief that many of their tricks and performances are done by no human power, and are actually *supernatural*. He does not pretend to say how, or by what power, but claims that not only himself, but some of the profoundest scientific minds of Germany have reached the conclusion that Spiritualism cannot be condemned as *false* by any scientific tests yet applied to it."

These extracts, I think, give fairly the "statement of claim," and I will now briefly comment upon it. It is here admitted that spiritual beings are of two classes—good and evil. Taken broadly and generally, this is true, also that they possess higher and greater powers than humanity, that both good and evil possess these powers alike, but use them in different ways, and for different purposes, in one case for beneficent, and in the other for evil objects. In the latter, their power is to a certain extent restrained. All this is true, and so far I have nothing to complain of. But note the whole begging of the question that follows. Modern Spiritualism is assumed to be the sorcery and necromancy so strongly denounced in Scripture. The writer admits the existence in olden days of two kinds of Spiritualism, one good, and lawful, and reverent, and the other bad, unlawful, and degrading, and yet he assumes that *all* Spiritualism now-a-days comes under the latter category. He is, however, hardly consistent, for in another part of his paper he says—

"There are portions of Scripture which *seem* to teach that during this 'Day of the Lord' there will be manifestations of the saints *as men* in fleshly bodies—those who have been *changed* to spiritual bodies like unto Christ's glorious body—and that they will *appear* as he 'appeared' after his resurrection, and do a work of teaching as he taught the disciples, opening men's understandings that they might understand the Scriptures."

How does he know that the "Saints" have not already begun their work, and that Spiritualism in some of its higher phases is not the very attempt to "open men's understandings" that is here alluded to? Certain it is that no more powerful elucidator of the Bible has ever appeared than Spiritualism, which does not deny, but rather enforces and illustrates the truths taught therein. As to the statement that "*its object is not the inculcation of truth nor of love for God the Father,*" and so on, I directly and emphatically deny the assertion. It is not true. I know of no more powerful incentive to not only right thinking, but right doing from pure motives, than is Spiritualism. It teaches men more than any thing else, nobler and

truer views of life and being;—that wrongs and misdeeds must be not only repented of, but atoned for, if not in this life, then in the next; that the soul's day of judgment is ever here, and sooner or later the spirit must gather up the threads of its former sins, and weave the lines of life afresh into garments of light and beauty, with which it may clothe itself anew.

With regard to the devil-angel transformation scene, that is an argument that cuts both ways, and spiritualists could with as much show of reason retort that such transformation had taken place with regard to the views enunciated by the writer; "that as Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light, *therefore* it is no great thing if his ministers (clergymen, editors of religious papers, writers of articles against Spiritualism, etc., etc.) also be transformed as ministers of righteousness," and so on. I have just as much right to turn the argument in this fashion as my opponent has to use it in the way he has done. It is valueless, and not worth the paper it is written upon.

FURTHER CONCERNING THE "HAUNTED HOUSE IN BRIGHTON."

In my Notes and Comments last month I made reference to the discussion in the *Daily Telegraph* about Ghosts and Hauntings. I then pointed out that so far as it drew attention to the subject, and roused a spirit of enquiry, a good work was being done; but that for all practical purposes it was valueless, as stories of this kind required not only the furnishing of names and addresses to the editor as a guarantee of good faith, but also that the narratives should be substantiated by the *publication* of these details in order that the public might be able to judge for itself as to the value of the evidence before them. Since then my argument has been singularly strengthened in this-wise. It will doubtless be remembered that the *Herald of Progress* and the *Spiritualist* of the 28th of October contained a remarkable story, entitled—"A Haunted House in Brighton, which had first appeared in the *Brightonian*. I was so struck with the story, and thought it offered so favourable an opportunity of investigation into the phenomena of hauntings, that I determined to obtain further details, and if possible, to make arrangements for renting the house in question for two or three weeks with a view of (1) testing the genuineness of the phenomena recorded in the narrative, and (2) of ascertaining their cause and purpose. I invited Mr. Frank Podmore, who has, for some time, been desirous of making a similar investigation to join me, and he made enquiries in one direction, and I in another. The result has induced me to think that the whole story is a fabrication, without the slightest foundation in fact, and written, probably, merely as a spicy tale for the *Brightonian*, which is a weekly paper of the same stamp as *Society*. My reasons for so thinking are these:—I addressed a letter to the editor of the paper wherein the story was published, asking if he could supply me with details

as to the position of the house in question, or put me in communication with the agents, adding that my object was to endeavour to arrange for the renting of it for a short period. I further requested him, if he were personally unable to supply me with the information I required, to kindly forward my letter to the writer of the narrative. In due course the editor of the *Brightonian* courteously informed me that he had complied with my last request. Sometime—three weeks or more—has elapsed, and I have heard nothing further from that quarter. In the meantime Mr. Podmore had communicated with friends of his, residing in Brighton, and who hold responsible positions there. Their report was to the effect, that they had made careful enquiries in the town, of people whom they could trust, and were assured that it might “safely be concluded that the story of ‘a haunted house in Brighton’ is a fabrication.” Of course, the evidence is not absolute, that the affair is a hoax; but it looks very much like it, and, at anyrate, it clearly bears out my remarks, that the first *sine quâ non* of evidence in such cases as these, is the full publication of names and addresses of those concerned. It is possible the writer did not, for private reasons, wish publicity; but in my communication I pledged myself not to mention his name if so desired, and I think, that as I prepaid a reply, I was entitled to that, even if assistance in the matter were declined. I wonder how many of the *Daily Telegraph* stories would stand even a similar preliminary investigation?

Appropos of Haunted Houses, I shall be obliged if any of my readers can supply me with apparently genuine cases. I shall be prepared to enter into arrangements, if that is necessary, to rent any that seem likely to stand enquiry.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN HISTORY.

A well known Spiritualist—Mrs. Howitt-Watts—has sent me two or three narratives which may be interesting to readers of the *Psychological Review*, and as her communication needs no elucidation from my pen, I give the story in her own words. She says:—Once let the mind have fully recognised the existence of the spirit-world; once let it have ceased to doubt and cavil at the possibility of “the other world people,” influencing the fates and fortunes of the people of earth, let it have become a probability to the understanding, that the two spheres of being—the disembodied and embodied ever have impinged upon each other, and ever must impinge—that it is the appointed order for one world to act and re-act upon the other; then when the eyes of spiritual-perception have thus become “couched” of their materialistic “cataract,” the pages of history, the pages of biography, the experiences of every day human-life, will be discovered to teem to overflowing with illustration of this momentous reality.

As an example of what may be found in the works of popular historians, we will give a passage from the pages of Miss Strickland's

"Life of Queen Elizabeth." It relates to the last days of that great Queen. "A trifling incident," says Miss Strickland, "is imagined to have made a painful and ominous impression on her imagination. Her coronation-ring which she had worn night and day since her inauguration, having grown into her finger, it became necessary to have it filed off, and this was regarded by her as an evil portent. In the beginning of June she confided to the French Ambassador 'that she was weary of life,' and with sighs and tears alluded to the death of Essex, that subject which appears to have ever been in her thoughts. 'Her Majesty,' says Lady Southwell, in her singular narrative preserved at Stonyhurst, of the last days of Queen Elizabeth, 'being in very good health, one day Sir John Stanhope, vice-chamberlain, and Sir Robert Cecil's dependant and familiar, came and presented her Majesty with a piece of gold of the bigness of an angel, full of characters, which he said an old woman in Wales had bequeathed to her (the Queen) on her death-bed; and thereupon he discovered how the said testatrix, by virtue of the piece of gold, lived to the age of 120 years, and in that age, having all her body withered and consumed, and wanting nature to nourish her, she died, commanding the said piece of gold to be carefully sent to her Majesty, alleging further, that as long as she wore it to her body, she could not die. The Queen, in confidence, took the said gold, and hung it about her neck.' The adoption of this talisman, however," observes Miss Strickland, "was followed by a general breaking up of her constitution instead of a renewal. 'Though she became not suddenly sick, she daily decreased of her rest and feeding, and within fifteen days,' continues Lady Southwell, 'she fell down-right ill; and the cause being wondered at by my Lady Scrope, with whom she was very private and confident, being her near kinswoman, her Majesty told her—commanding her to conceal the same—that she saw one night her own body, exceeding lean and fearful, in a light of fire. This vision was at Whitehall, a little before she departed for Richmond, and was attested by another lady, who was one of the nearest about her person, of whom the queen demanded *whether she was not wont to see sights in the night? telling her of the bright flame she had seen.*" Miss Strickland remarks, "this is a common deception of the sight in a highly vitiated state of bile, but in the commencement of the *seventeenth century, educated individuals were as ignorant of physiology as infants.*" We might observe with reference to the remark of Miss Strickland, that educated individuals in the middle of the nineteenth century, were as ignorant of psychology as infants.

On the 14th of January, the queen having sickened two days before of a cold, and being forewarned by Dr. Dee, who retained his mysterious influence over her mind, to beware of Whitehall, removed to Richmond, which she said "was the warm winter-box to shelter her old age." Elizabeth removed on a wet, stormy day to Richmond. "The Queen," says Carey Earl of Monmouth, "had fallen into a state of moping, sighing, and weeping melancholy; and being asked

by her attendants 'whether she had any secret cause of grief,' she replied 'that she knew of nothing in this world worthy of troubling her.' She was obstinate in refusing everything prescribed by her physicians." "I found her," says the same authority, "in one of her with-drawing chambers sitting low upon her cushions. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or go to bed. The Lord Admiral was sent for as the person who professed the most influence with her, being also one of her nearest surviving kinsmen. The Admiral came and knelt beside her, where she sate among her cushions, sullen and unresigned, he kissed her hands, and with tears implored her to take a little nourishment. After much ado he prevailed so far that she received a little broth from his hands—he feeding her with a spoon. But when he urged her to go to bed, she angrily refused; and then in wild and wandering words, hinted at phantasma that had troubled her midnight couch. 'If he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed,' she said, 'as she did when in hers, he would not be persuaded to go there.' Secretary Cecil, overhearing this speech, asked '*If her Majesty had seen any spirits?*' He was not in her confidence, and she replied majestically, 'She scorned to answer him such a question.' But Cecil's perverseness was not to be subdued by the lion-like mein of dying majesty, and he told her that to content the people, she *must* go to bed. At which she smiled wonderfully, observing, 'The word *must* was not to be used to Princes,' adding, 'Little man! little man! if your father had lived, ye durst not have said so much; but ye know that I must die, and that makes ye so presumptuous.' She then commanded him and the rest to leave her chamber, all but Lord Howard the Admiral. When Cecil and his colleagues were gone, the Queen, shaking her head piteously, said—'*My Lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck.*' The Queen understood Secretary Cecil had given forth to the people that *she was mad; therefore, in her sickness did she many times say to him—'Cecil, I know I am not mad; you must not think to make Queen Jane of me!'* alluding evidently to the unfortunate Queen-regent of Castile, Joanna, mother of Charles V.

Some attempt appears to have been made to charm away the dark spirit that had come over the Queen by the power of melody, for the French Ambassador says—"This morning the Queen's music hath gone to her."

Lady Southwell affirms "that the two ladies-in-waiting discovered the queen of hearts with a nail through the forehead, and thus fastened to the bottom of Her Majesty's chair. They durst not pull it out, remembering that the like thing was used to the old Countess of Sussex, and afterwards proved a witchcraft, for which certain persons were hanged, as instruments of the same."

As the mortal illness of the Queen drew to its close, Lady Guildford, then in waiting on the Queen, and leaving her in an almost breathless sleep in her privy-chamber, went out to take a little air.

and met Her Majesty, as she thought, three or four chambers off, Alarmed at the thoughts of being discovered in the act of leaving the royal patient alone, she hurried forward in some trepidation, in order to excuse herself, when the apparition vanished away. "Lady Guildford," says Lady Southwell, "returned terrified to her chamber, but there lay Queen Elizabeth, still in the same lethargic, motionless slumber in which she had left her."

"The Queen kept her bed fifteen days," continues Lady Southwell, "besides the three days she sate upon a stool, and one day when being pulled up by force, she obstinately stood on her feet for fifteen hours. When she was near her end, the Council sent to her the Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates, at the sight of whom she was much offended, bidding them be packing, saying she was no Atheist, but she knew full well they were but hedge-priests. About six at night she made signs for the Archbishop of Canterbury and her chaplain to come to her, 'at which time,' says Carey, 'I went in with them and sat upon my knees, full of tears to see that heavy sight. The Bishop kneeled by her, and examined her of her faith. Then the good man told her plainly what she was come to, and though she had been long a great queen upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the great King of Kings.'" The spirit of the mighty Elizabeth, after all, passed away so quietly that the vigilance of the self-interested spies by whom she was surrounded was baffled, and no one knew the moment of her departure. Exhausted by her devotions she had, after the Archbishop left her, sunk into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke, and about three in the morning it was found she had ceased to breathe.

We will conclude with an extract from Masson's "Life of Milton," relating to a singular dream of Mr. Herbert (attendant on Charles I.), during the night before the King's execution. "Late into the night of the 29th, accordingly the Bishop (Juxon) remained with the King in private. After he had gone, Charles spent about two hours more in reading and praying, and then lay down to sleep, Mr. Herbert lying in the pallet-bed close to his. For about four hours he slept soundly; but very early in the morning, when it was dark, he awoke, opened the curtain of his bed, and called Mr. Herbert. The call disturbed Herbert suddenly from a dreamy doze into which he had fallen, after a very restless night; and when he got up, and was assisting the King to dress by the light of the wax-cake that had been kept burning in the chamber as usual, the King observed a peculiarly scared look on his face. Herbert, on being asked the cause, told His Majesty he had had an extraordinary dream. The King desiring to know what it was, Herbert related it.

"In his doze (he said), he had heard some one knock at the chamber-door. Thinking it might be Colonel Hooker, and not willing to disturb the King till he himself heard the knock, he had lain still,

A second time, however, the knock came; and this time he thought His Majesty had heard the knock, and told him to open the door and see who it was. He did go to the door, and on opening it, was surprised to see a figure standing there in pontifical habits, whom he knew to be the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Laud. He knew him well, having often seen him in his life. The figure said he had something to say to the King, and desired to enter. Then, as Herbert thought, the King having been told who it was, and having given permission, the Archbishop had entered, making a profound obeisance to the King in the middle of the room, a second on coming nearer, and at last falling on his knees as the King gave him his hand to kiss. Then the King raised him, and the two went to the window together, and discoursed there, Herbert keeping at a distance, and not knowing of what they talked, save that he noticed the King's face to be very pensive, and heard the Archbishop give a deep sigh. After a little they ceased to talk, and the Archbishop, again kissing the King's hand, retired slowly, with his face to the King, making three reverences as before. The third reverence was so low, that, as Herbert thought, the Archbishop had fallen prostrate on his face, and he had been in the act of stepping to help him up, when he had been awakened by the King's call. The impression had been so lively that he had still looked about the room as if all had been real. Herbert having thus told his dream, the King said it was remarkable, the rather because, if Laud had been alive, and they had been talking together as in the dream, it was likely, albeit, he loved the Archbishop well, he might have said something to him that would have occasioned his sigh." Herbert only mentioned the fact of his dream in the body of his memoir; but the detailed account of it in his own words, written in 1680, is given in the appendix, 217-222, and in a note to Wood's *Ath.* (respecting Herbert), IV. 32-36.

PSYCHOGRAPHY AMONG THE CHINESE.

The Chinese have for ages believed in the existence of spirits, and in the possibility of communication between the natural and spiritual worlds. This belief has been over and over again exemplified by various writers who, however, in relating the phenomena attributed to spiritual agency, have simply regarded them as the tricks of jugglers or the impositions of lying priests. It is, of course, probable that false pretenders to spiritual power exist in Eastern as well as in Western Spiritualism; but there is no reason to suppose that the sweeping relegations to the limbo of fraud and delusion that the majority of witnesses of Chinese psychological phenomena indulge in, are any nearer the truth than similar lucubrations by those who, without knowledge and investigation, oppose and denounce similar manifestations in our own country. The usual course in both cases is to jump to the conclusion that the occurrences are due to trick and imposture. It is easy to do that; but it can scarcely be said to show any great discrimination on the part of those who adopt such a procedure.

The foregoing remarks have been called forth by reading a short account of a native séance in Mrs. Gray's "*Fourteen Months in Canton*." Mrs. Gray is the wife of an English clergyman resident there, and I have already given in this magazine* a short account of a native séance extracted from the above named book. On pages 109-112 she narrates her further experiences as follows—

"One morning we went in our sampan to the Wong-Sha suburb to the temple of Loi-Sun-Yaong, as it is there that devotees resort to receive from Loi-Sun-Yaong communications through the medium of spiritualistic writing. . . . We were asked to walk into the reception-room, and were supplied with tea, but before we had time to drink it a monk came in to say that the devotee was impatient to ask the gods for some information he much required. We therefore went at once into the shrine, and saw the monk and the petitioner kneeling before the altar. The monk was kneeling in front of the devotee. Wax tapers were already lighted, and burning joss sticks were in the incense burners. These were gifts from the votary. Both priest and petitioner seemed very earnest in their supplications. Three minutes, perhaps, were occupied by these prayers, then both men rose from their knees.

"Our attention now became absorbed in another monk, who had before him on a table a large wooden board covered with sand. He was standing by the altar. A second monk was by his side, with pen and paper, to write down the message supposed to be delivered by the god whose image stood on the altar. A third monk joined the other two, whose duty, we learned, was to explain the message when written. As a spiritualistic language is the medium employed, it requires to be translated. This language is supposed not to be understood by the other two assistants at this strange ceremony. The chief performer now took his instrument, which was a piece of stick about a foot in length, into his hand, or rather he balanced it on his two forefingers. It resembles a long pen handle, and is made of white wood. From the centre below projects a small piece of wood which writes on the sanded board. It altogether reminded me of the planchettes, so much in fashion a few years ago in England. In a few minutes the wooden instrument began to move, as was supposed, without the help of the monk who held it. It moved up and down on the board, tracing large characters on it; and when the board was marked all over, that part of the message was transcribed on paper by the monk, the sand was shaken, and the board placed again on the table ready for the continuation of the writing. This happened three times, the petitioner looking on all the while with rapt attention. The fourth time the lightly-balanced wooden instrument refused to move, and the monk said the god had retired. When the writing was translated by the third monk, it was found to be a message for the foreigners, and not a word was addressed to the poor devotee.

* "Psychological Phenomena amongst the Chinese"—*Psychological Review*, July 1881, pp. 42.

The paper was handed to us, and was translated as follows—‘The god is very much pleased that the foreigners are present; he holds communication with their god, and he knows that they have come to China on a good errand.’ . . .

“Is it not difficult to come to a conclusion about it? The monk who acted the chief part did not certainly appear to move a muscle of his hand or arm. If it be a fraud wilfully committed, it seems incredible that men should give up the world and practice such deceit.”

PASSING AWAY OF MR. H. D. JENCKEN.

Though Spiritualism removes the *sting* of death, and banishes its terror and misery, it is not in human nature to be wholly unmoved by the passing onwards of those whose names have become almost as household words amongst us, and more especially when the transition is as sudden as was that of Mr. H. D. Jencken on Saturday, Nov. 26th. I heard the news with much regret. It will be remembered that Mr. Jencken in the year 1873 married Miss Kate Fox, the medium through whom Modern Spiritual manifestations first began in America. He was a sincere spiritualist, and one of the few who publicly testified to the truth of Spiritualism at a time when such a course drew nothing but ridicule and obloquy upon the heads of those who had anything to say in its favour.

* * * I beg to call special attention to the fact that the Editorial and Publishing Offices of the *PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW* are now located at 4 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C. All communications should therefore now be sent there.

J. S. FARMER.

SPIRITUALISM is, above all, a science of observation, and its conclusions are proved in a rational and natural manner, viz., by an appeal to hard and stubborn facts, the evidence of which cannot be denied. Opinions and theories may be annulled by time, but not so any fact which has once been found to be true after fair and partial examination. Thus, Spiritual phenomena having been tried and tested by thousands of individuals in all countries, the only logical conclusion at which we can arrive is, that no matter how long and strenuously they may be denied on *à priori* ground, sooner or later, they will, in spite of all opposition and ridicule, come to be universally acknowledged as true. It required but extended knowledge of natural laws to establish the truth of Galileo's proposition concerning the motion of the earth. Had he given no proof of his assertion, it might still have been disbelieved, but all denial falls before a knowledge of the principle. So it is with Spiritualism. It requires but a recognition of its absolute foundation upon facts governed by natural laws to render it capable of universal acceptance. Those who deny the possibility of spiritual phenomena are in the same false position as those who denied the motion of the earth. They pre-judge and declare them absurd, even as a belief in the Antipodes was once held in light esteem.—*A New Basis of Belief.*

MONTHLY SUMMARY
OF
CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"LIGHT" (LONDON).

(October 29—November 19.)

It is not easy to direct attention to all that is worthy in a journal from which unimportant matter is carefully excluded. If we except, perhaps, some reports of local societies, to which disproportionate space is given, all is of interest and value.—We ventured last month on an expression of wonder as to Dr. Davey's exact position. It turns out that he *has* had some considerable opportunity of forming an opinion on the phenomena rightly called *spiritual*, and that he illogically refers them "to a decidedly physical basis." Mr. Beattie, who has known him for thirty years, says of him that he is transparently truthful, yet unable to expand. He is where he was, and has "not made one step ahead for thirty years: root-bound, as if growing in a pot." His is one of those minds in which is no niche into which these things will fit. He will get his growth hereafter.—"Student" recounts some interesting experiences respecting clairvoyant vision of what may possibly be the Nature-spirits, or Theosophical Elementals. Mrs. A. J. Penny contributes to the discussion some interesting evidence from the writings of Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Lake Harris, and J. Böhme. But it seems by no means certain that "Student" did not simply see the spirit-form of animals that had once lived here, and were waiting for re-embodiment. There would be an appreciable time before the spirit-form would be entirely dissipated, and "Student's" opened vision probably saw these evanescent spiritual entities.—"Umbra" gives a personal record of mediumship which is of great interest.—"The Apparition to Dean Donne," very imperfectly narrated in the *Argosy*, is correctly and fully reproduced from Izaak Walton's "Life of Donne," by Mr. P. P. Alexander, whose cautious comments on the occurrence are destructive, though the writer admits that, taken in conjunction with other like stories, he is "inclined to believe in the *reality* of such apparitions"—a statement which does not err on the side of excess. The evidence is overwhelming.—Mr. H. Wedgwood, who has paid great attention to the subject of Hauntings, gives an excellent account of a haunted chateau at Baden-Baden, which must be read in entirety.—Mr. R. Cooper gives valuable evidence as to the passage of matter through matter (loosely so-called): a

phenomenon of which some old Spiritualists, like Mr. Hudson Tuttle, have not yet succeeded, he says, in gaining perfect proof.—Mr. Wallis writes of the progress of Spiritualism in America: and at home the vitality of the B.N.A.S. is evidenced by an account of the most successful opening soiree that that society has ever held.—Mr. S. C. Hall reprints a challenge made many years ago to Maskelyne and Cook. He offered £50 to any charity named by them if they would duplicate in his house, under similar conditions, phenomena which he had witnessed through mediumship. It is needless to say that the challenge has never been accepted. Mr. Fowler and Mr. Hall have done good work by proving to the average intellect, *to which nothing appeals so forcibly as a challenge backed by money*, that the conjurers are merely impudent pretenders when they affect to expose Spiritualism.—“Notes by the Way” cover a large area, and treat of a variety of interesting subjects, among which we may instance Mr. Tennyson’s fine poem on “Despair,” and Mr. Fred. Myers’s estimate of George Eliot.

“THE SPIRITUALIST” (LONDON).

(October 28—November 18.)

Considerable space is given to reproducing letters on “Ghosts” from the *Daily Telegraph*: among others one from Mr. Maskelyne which is headed “Mr. Maskelyne’s Mother and Mother-in-law Mediums!” Some have credited Mr. Maskelyne himself with mediumship, and it is reported currently that his mother believed that he had some abnormal psychic power.—From the *Brightonian* is reprinted a sensational narrative of a haunted house in Brighton. By reference to our “Notes” it will be found that this very suspicious account is purely imaginative and untrue in fact.—The pretensions of the Himalayan Brothers are once more canvassed, and Mr. H. D. Jencken is invoked, “as one of the very few existing authorities,” to decide between the rival theories of Adeptship and Mediumship! A curious narrative is reprinted from a native journal, the *Amritza Bazar Patrika*, which makes for the existence of these mysterious beings.—Mrs. Showers treats of Spiritualism Ancient and Modern; Mr. Otley, of Apparitions; and Signor Rondi of the marriage of one whom many will recognise in “Prince G. de S.,” which marriage, he says, was foretold by spirits. The details are very curious, and point to prevision on the part of the spirits.—Lord Derby seems to have committed himself to a hasty opinion on Spiritualism according to the *Liverpool Daily Post* of October 27th. This is the more to be regretted, as he is a man of cautious mind,

whose considered expressions possess deserved weight. But then he generally writes and speaks on subjects of which he knows something: of what is vaguely called Spiritualism, which may mean almost anything psychical, he knows nothing.

"THE MEDIUM" (LONDON).

(October 28—November 18.)

Four discourses are given this month: one a sermon by the Rev. C. Ware, preached at Plymouth, thoughtful, earnest, and good, on "The power of spirits disembodied over men in the flesh": another, an alleged control of Mrs. Richmond by the spirit of President Garfield: a third, by Mr. Howell of Manchester, on "Man and his relationship to God," which repays perusal: and the last by Mr. Iver M'Donnell on "Original sin." Viewed as methods of public instruction all contrast favourably with ordinary pulpit utterances.—A. J. C. writes from Lucerne on the Church Congress. As a vegetarian and teetotaller he is glad that those subjects were noticed by Dr. Thornton, though he naturally smiles at the idea that they are inseparably connected with Spiritualism.—Mr. Fowler's challenge to conjurers leads the Editor to make some very pertinent and proper strictures on the unholy alliance between the Church and conjurers, such as was seen at Liverpool when Bishop Ryle presided over and sanctioned the performances of a professional exposé.—J. K. writes very intemperately on the Adeptship of Jesus Christ, and draws upon him a merited Editorial rebuke. Adept or no adept, he manifestly has not reached the philosophic calm that characterises true knowledge. Such disquisitions are regrettable from every point of view.—Two more sermons: one by Mr. Ware and the other by Archdeacon Colley, complete the supply of spiritual teaching.

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS" (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE).

(October 28—November 18.)

Trance addresses through Mr. Wright deal with such questions as "How do spirits control trance-mediums," "Philosophical Spiritualism," and "The morality of Spiritualism." "Harry Tarleton, a story founded on facts familiar to Spiritualists," is continued, but at such long intervals that the thread is lost.—A. T. T. P., we much regret to find, has been disabled for two months by successive attacks of gout. He returns to his work in the number for November 11.—Some facts as to the weight of materialised forms are given. Here is a sample. Miss Wood was secured within the cabinet by

two strangers. She weighs 102lbs. The "form" appeared "in good light," touched two of the sitters, and was weighed four separate times—34, 46, 11, and 7 pounds being the result. —There is not in the present month much matter of permanent value, and there is, we regret to see, some which we could have wished absent. We hope the day of angry recrimination is giving way to one in which, if we cannot all agree to work side by side, we may each concern ourselves with our own special business, and do it to the best of our power and knowledge.

"THE TWO WORLDS" (NEW YORK, U.S.A.)

(Oct. 15—Nov. 5.)

The Two Worlds gives space to a criticism, from the *Indianapolis Journal*, on "Spiritualism and its Pretensions," which is characterised by an attempt on the part of the writer to treat fairly a subject of which he is manifestly ignorant. That he fails is a matter of course; and the editorial reply is at once courteous and complete.—"The Church Congress" occupies attention; and the editor's remarks are well worthy of perusal. He concludes that, "notwithstanding his mistakes and misapprehensions, Dr. Thornton has done the cause of spiritual truth a most signal service in thus presenting it for discussion." That is so.—Full evidence is given of the fact that President Lincoln lived in the practice of Spirit-communication, and was a Spiritualist.—Dr. Crowell narrates an interesting case of Spirit-identity, in a communication made to him from a sister, who had left the earth but a week, through a medium who was perfectly ignorant of her decease.—An account is given of a reception to Dr. Monck, at the residence of Mr. H. J. Newton, New York. The genial and kindly Prince de Solms wrote as he would write of any one who had suffered; but the letters presented to the meeting were in some cases, at least, not written for that purpose, and referred to a time long antecedent to the present, and to circumstances specially had in view in writing. This may lead to misconception, if we may judge by the report.

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT" (BOSTON, U.S.A.)

(Oct. 15—Nov. 5.)

We approach the massive pages of *The Banner* with admiration, but with an utter sense of inability to do any justice to their contents. We can but give a general tribute of praise,

and direct special attention to some among many good things. —Dr. Ditson's "Reviews of Foreign Spiritual Journals," are as good as ever. —W. J. Colville and Mrs. Richmond afford, as usual, instructive and eloquent teaching to the readers of *The Banner*. The enterprise that provides so much intellectual pabulum is most commendable. —Various striking narratives of the "Presentation and Recognition of Materialised Forms" are given. The cumulative testimony, making every allowance for possible mistake, enthusiastic exaggeration, and imperfect conditions of observation, is very strong. —The account of the phenomena in Philadelphia, through the mediumship of a young man, named Ackerly, of 1128 Vine Street, is eminently worth attention. "Hands are materialised in full gaslight, and these hands write messages for those who desire them, they holding the paper while the message is being written." It is phenomena of this kind that we so much desiderate. —The editor at large continues his useful work; and the "Message Department" is as provocative of wonder as ever.

"RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" (CHICAGO, U.S.A.)

(Oct. 8—Oct. 29.)

The *Journal* also devotes considerable space to the doings of the Church Congress. —"The Historical Building Material of the Religion of the Future," translated from the German of Dr. Hartmann, by Hudson Tuttle and J. A. Heinsohn, is full of matter; and whether the reader agrees or not in the conclusions arrived at, he will find plenty of material for thought, if his antecedent training fits him to assimilate it. Such essays are of unquestionable value. —Jesse Shepard's curious discourses, which Mr. Kiddle is sending to the *Chicago Times*, are reproduced. They hardly merit it, though they are, considering the alleged method of their deliverance, singular psychological studies. —Another essay from the German, "The Accepted Return of the Dead," is translated by Dr. Bloede, and written by an Austrian, Baron Hellenbach, who is an exponent of the philosophy of Kant. It is elaborate, and repays perusal, though it does not yield to condensation. —"Burial Reform" is well handled by A. C. Bristol. It is a subject that Spiritualists may well take up. —W. Emmett Coleman writes with his usual vigour, and assaults Dr. Peebles for his views on the connection between Krishna and Christ. Mr. Coleman, we are glad to see, has in preparation a work on the subject. The four numbers are fully up to the average.

"THE THEOSOPHIST" (BOMBAY).

(October.)

Mr. C. C. Massey, having been appealed to by the editor, answers some questions on astrology in a way that shows his growing belief in the facts underlying that somewhat *bizarre* subject, which we know of chiefly through Zadkiel. He would agree, we suppose, in our opinion that astrology is associated with much that is both absurd and reprehensible; but would maintain that there is truth at the bottom of it. He has the advantage of having studied the subject.—J. K. falls in with a very sharp handling from the editor for his arrogant and foolish criticisms. He has caused considerable irritation against the journal which first published his strictures: a feeling to which Baron J. Spadaliéri gives forcible expression, in a letter dated from Marseilles. The Baron sends some "Thoughts on Death and Satan," from unpublished MSS. of the late Eliphas Levi. These, with the editor's comments, are worth attention.—The prominent paper, however, is one headed "Fragments of Occult Truth." It is, we are informed, an authoritative statement, carefully elaborated, and cautiously worded, of the standpoint occupied by the Theosophists. If, as we believe, we may assume it to possess the *imprimatur* of the Lodge under whom the Theosophical Society is working, and whose opinions it is charged to express, we must abandon any hope of harmonising Theosophy with Spiritualism. It is sufficient to quote one sentence:—"Occultists maintain that no spirits of the departed can appear or take part in the phenomena of séance-rooms." *Voilà tout.*

"HARBINGER OF LIGHT,"

(September.)

Mr. Terry gives some direct and valuable testimony respecting the séances held under his direction for form-manifestation through the mediumship of Mr. Spriggs. He has been present at fifty séances at least, and has personally recognised friends—"One, whom I had known intimately in the body, I recognised distinctly, without any intimation being given as to who she was, and without any previous expectation of seeing her." His testimony is confirmed by Mr. J. Carson, who adds that "an old spirit-friend, whose acquaintance he made through Miss Fairlamb in Newcastle and Edinburgh, renews his acquaintance through Mr. Spriggs" at the Antipodes. The account of the weighing experiments

is continued, the results being similar to those noticed by us before. The "forms" again varied in height from 3ft. 11½ in. to 5ft. 8in., and from 139lbs. to 101lbs., or a range of 38lbs. in the course of a few minutes. The "form" of Peter passed through the circle to the outside of the room three several times, and opened a second door. This would involve a considerable separation from the medium. On one occasion he led Mr. Carson within the cabinet and placed his hand on the medium's shoulder. If the light is good, the evidence given is useful.—An appreciative notice of Mr. Sinnett's "Occult World," extols Koot Hoomi's letters as deeply philosophical, furnishing pabulum for the minds of spiritual thinkers, and giving a clearer insight into the merits and working of Theosophy and its relation to the higher Spiritualism than anything we have met with before.

"LE REVUE SPIRITE,"

Journal d'Etudes, Psychologiques, Moniteur de la Pneumatologie Universelle.

(September and October, 1881.)

The *Revue Spirite* for September opens with an account of the trial before the courts of the Emile Bourdin legacy. The validity of this being proved and admitted, the editor entreats his readers to remember that a few years ago certain tribunals decided that "Spiritualists, being in a condition of hallucination, are unfit to testify; inasmuch as they are not responsible for their acts."—From Besançon we read that in a village of the Belfort district, the members of a family have been attacked in succession by a chronic form of hallucination, manifesting itself by eccentricities similar to those which, in the middle ages, characterised the convulsionaries of St. Medard; a detailed account of which may be found in Mathieu's *Maladies des femmes*. The reporter evidently attributes these phenomena to some form of possession.—The same number of the *Revue Spirite* contains an account of an apparition at St. Miguel de Allende, in Mexico, in 1869. This, however, requires no special comment.—M. Alexandre Vincent, of Angoulins (Charente Inferieure), under the heading, "Vue d' un Redoublement Fluidique"—fluidic reduplication, states that on Friday, 6th May, 1881, his wife visited a neighbour dying of consumption. The patient, after a violent fit of coughing, fell asleep. After the lapse of a few minutes, Mdlle. Vincent perceived above the sick woman a kind of cloud, in the midst of which the features of the patient gradually became discernible. Mdlle. Vincent noticed that while the face

of the sick woman appeared contracted and the eyes closed, that of the apparition smiled. After some minutes the patient started, awoke suddenly, and the smiling countenance of the apparition was reflected in her own; while, at the same time, the fluid form disappeared.—Under the title of “Studies of New Natural Facts,” M. Cahagnet in this and the succeeding number (October) of the *Revue Spirite* passes in review the whole series of spiritual manifestations now so familiar to the frequenters of séances; laying considerable stress on the experience of Mr. W. Crookes with Miss F. Cook. He states, likewise, that about thirty years ago he was acquainted with a member of a circle of Theosophists, who, while experimenting upon a powerful medium, had at his table a spirit invisible to himself, for the space of seven months. The plate placed for him was gradually emptied of its contents, as was the glass full of liquid at its side, without its being possible to discover what had become of them. This, by-the-by, is in accord with certain experiences related to the writer of these notes by the late Samuel Guppy. After describing at length some startling—they might truly be called alarming—phenomena occurring in the presence of this medium, to what he designates as the group of alchemists engaged in investigating her powers, he concludes thus:—“By these facts we find ourselves face to face with a property of matter—its power of immediate solution and reconstruction—hitherto unrecognised, and in the presence of certain human faculties which, when thoroughly established, will require classification. These facts, consequently, and many others of a similar character, occurring to satiety for many years past, may fairly be considered as naturalised amongst us, and should unite scientists of unprejudiced views—query, are there such?—to study rather than to deny them. We ourselves know that they can only be explained by admitting the existence of a supremely intelligent force which directs them; an admission repugnant to those who refuse to meddle with psychology or metaphysics.”—M. Leymarie himself, under the title of “Travels of a Spiritualist in the South of France,” gives an interesting account of his visit to the Spiritualists of Beziers, Meze, Cette, Montpellier, Toulouse, and other towns of that district. At all these he would appear to have been cordially welcomed, and now proposes to turn his steps in the direction of Brussels, Ostend, and Charleroi; apparently for the purpose of reconciling certain differences of opinion which have sprung up in these towns—a by no means unlikely occurrence, as we, in this country, know but too well.

"LE MESSENGER DE LIEGE."

(September and October, 1881.)

The September number of this paper opens with an article entitled "The Science of God," by an anonymous writer, whose object would appear to be to protest against the prevalent atheism of so many of his countrymen. This is followed by the eighteenth number of a paper headed "God and Creation," after which Dr. Walm resumes his articles on "Spiritism in Antiquity and Modern Times." The writer here treats of Zoroaster and his religious views, of Monotheism, Modern Hindoos, China, Lao-tsen, and Confucius. Quoting M. de Jancigny he says, that "Contrary to the civilisation of Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and even of China, which is undergoing a slow process of disorganisation, Hindoo civilisation, built upon the rock of revelation, and based upon institutions of marvellous aptitude and prescience, has resisted the influence of time, has sustained the shock of revolution and conquest, and has constantly repelled the withering influence of foreign belief and practice. While other people have drawn from its divine sources of poetry and philosophy, it has sought nothing of them." Further on, speaking of English Dominion in India, he quotes M. Jancigny, who says, "Let the English in India remain Christians, but let their moral and intellectual influence be in future directed to benevolence. . . . The duty of a wise government will be not only to respect the character and habits of the Hindoos, but to make them serve for the regeneration of the masses, by showing the natives that the fundamental basis of their institutions, and the primitive and real meaning of their own religious dogmas, at present ignored and misunderstood even by the majority of themselves, are in harmony with the fundamental beliefs which govern the great nations of the West." Again, quoting M. de Jancigny, he finds in his work proofs that monotheism is not a Jewish invention; and that moreover, according to this writer, the Christian nations of the West should learn that their ecclesiastical missionaries have absolutely no sphere in India for the exercise of their vocation. The views of M. de Jancigny are corroborated by M. Jaccoliot in a remarkable chapter entitled "*Inutility and powerlessness of the Christian Missionary in India*" (Jaccoliot. "The Bible in India").—In the next number of the *Messenger*, Dr. Walm considers the maxims left by Confucius, and, amongst others, that which inculcates the doing to others as we would they should do unto us—a principle which is supposed to have originated with the Christ, but which had really existed 550

years before his birth. After quoting extracts from the Jesuit Ricci, who died at Peking in 1610, he says, "It seems sufficiently established by these quotations,—space for which cannot be found here,—as well as by extracts from canonical Chinese documents, antedating our era by thousands of years, that China has had no need of missionaries to convert it to a spiritualistic belief which it had long professed; and that in relation to the immortality of the soul, it has been in advance of the Hebrews; that attribute never having been mentioned by Moses. We also see by these quotations from the writings of Confucius that a moral code, in every way equal to that of Christianity, was preached to this populous nation more than five hundred years before Christ."

"DE ROTS" (OSTEND).

(October and November, 1881.)

We are sorry to see that some critical observations of ours have drawn from our estimable brother, M. Maricot, a rejoinder, the tone of which, while we do not seriously object to it, is still one which, desiring as we do to recognise the full merit of our contemporary, we do not wish to imitate. We disclaim altogether any affectation of superior wisdom, any desire to dictate methods of conduct. We wish least of all to set nationality against nationality, and we take leave of M. Maricot with the full admission that when he writes without the provocation which we regret unconsciously to have administered, he is an admirable exponent of the views which, whether French or Flemish, he expresses and enforces.

WHATEVER may be the date or the character of the myths of India, Christ is no mythical, but an absolute and altogether historical personage. His history stands in plainest terms in the book which is as much the matter-of-fact history of the Jews as the history of England is of the English. It is not the fable of a fabled people. That people exists amongst us and the other modern nations to-day; it exists in fulfilment of the same age-long chain of prophecies which foretold and attested Christ. On every page of that history, from its first to its last, stands the declarations of the coming of Christ; and when he did come it was no obscure or mythical age, but in a comparatively modern period, amid the blaze of Greek and Roman civilisation, which attest, in fullest evidence, his life, death, and eternal doctrines.—WM. HOWITT.

BELIEF IN APPARITIONS.

BY JANE H. DOUGLAS.

WHETHER we follow the track of explorers through the mists of primeval times, or attend to accounts of trustworthy travellers in the present day, we constantly find proof that uncivilised man, witless of theories of "expectant attention," "subjective representation," etc., etc., believed and believes that the dead return to earth. The vivid thoroughness of this belief, and the remoteness of its source from any fond longings for re-union with the departed, is shown by the endeavours made to keep them off; as is well known, food, weapons, all that they are supposed to require in their new abode, being placed on their tombs, that they may have no motive for returning to the living, and may not revenge themselves for neglect. To this custom Professor Max-Müller traces a form widely spread—the most ancient of all forms of the devotional sentiment—ancestral worship, which, as he remarks, implies that which is one of the life-springs of religion—belief in the immortality of the soul.

Mr. Tylor has also shown, by an immense mass of evidence, that a belief in an immaterial body, independent of the outward, is universal among savages; who give as the reason for their belief, the unanswerable one, as to their untrained minds it appears, that the dead re-visit them. The opinion arrived at on this head by Mr. Tylor, is that the belief of civilised races in a future life is inherited from their savage ancestors—is derived from the primitive belief in ghosts. Though thus struck not only with the wide prevalence and the antiquity of the belief in apparitions of the dead, but with its immense influence on mankind, as the starting point of belief in the immortality of the soul, to neither philosopher, of course, does the idea suggest itself for a moment that it may have a basis in reality: modern habits of thought forbid such a surmise.

Doubtless had belief in apparitions been confined to primeval times, importance could not be attached to it, and we should be simply driven to the conclusion that a potent factor in the mental development of mankind, was but a delusion of the savage mind; but so far from its having been confined to early times, we find it prevailing all through the ancient civilisations, all through centuries after the revival of learning—not in the guise of traditions, but founded on what some regarded as ever-recurring facts. True, in the 17th century it received a check, which, coinciding with the rise of the experimental philosophy, tells at first sight with force against its claim to rest upon fact; but it may be answered that its decline from

that period may well have been a reaction against excessive credulity, which, as reactions are prone to do, swung opinion too far in the opposite direction. When the current set in strongly towards study of the phenomena of nature, men rose to ascendancy, who, in their semi-enlightenment and zeal for the doctrine of uniform law, rejected summarily all reported facts seemingly at variance with known law, branding belief in them as superstition; while Fashion, captivated with "The New Philosophy," as the Baconian was then called, turned away from things on which that philosophy frowned. Yet still in the cold shade the strange averred facts ceased not to crop up, and even in the last century to receive credence from the highest minds. Addison and Dr. Johnson believed in ghosts. The former gave it as his opinion that a person who was terrified with imaginations of ghosts and spectres is much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians—sacred and profane, ancient and modern—and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. "Could not I," he goes on to say, "give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable—he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd, unphilosophical notions that ever was started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that those surfaces, or these cases, that included each other whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when separated from it, by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent."

The utterances of Johnson on the subject of apparitions of the dead are emphatic—that, for instance, addressed with "solemn vehemence," to Miss Seward:—"Madam, this is the most important question which can come before the human understanding." And, again:—"That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people

among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth." Notwithstanding all this, the majority of mankind will probably remain incredulous as to the reality of apparitions unless fresh evidence in support of it, differing in kind from that which has been adduced, should arise. Such evidence may perhaps be hoped for. Is it improbable that some great discovery, somehow unimagined means, may in the future demonstrate that the departed can and do return at times to earth, to the gladness of numbers whose hope of a future life is well nigh or wholly gone, and who are not more reconciled to annihilation on hearing it dubbed "posthumous activity," or even "coming incorporation with the glorious future of our race." Those, indeed, who aspire to take their place among the chosen few—among the sceptred spirits of the past—whose sway is still over the mind of men, may find some consolation for the extinction of existence in the idea that their genius and their labours will beneficially influence future generations; but for the generality of men and women there is no consolation.

Many there are to whom the idea of annihilation is grievous; not by any means merely from the love of life, but because they feel that if all is to end in the grave, life becomes sadly wanting in interest and dignity, in stimulus to self-discipline and culture, to effort, too, to help on that glorious future of humanity in which they may believe as much as Mr. Harrison, though they may think it but a poor thing for the ephemeral beings who are to enjoy it, in comparison with an eternity of progress through an ascending series of spheres.

UNION OF FRIENDS.—The following beautiful passage will be found in the "Fruits of Solitude in Reflections relating to the conduct of Human Life," a little book by the illustrious William Penn, a volume known to few readers; worthy, however, to be re-printed in letters of gold, so full is it of high-soul spirit, pure moral insight, and the wisdom of goodness.

"They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies.

"Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same divine principle, the root and record of their friendship.

"If absence be not death, neither is theirs.

"Death is but crossing the world as friends do the seas; they live in one another still.

"For they must needs be present that love and live in that which is omnipresent.

"In this divine glass they see face to face; and their converse is free as well as pure.

"This is the comfort of friends, that though they be said to die, yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense, ever present, because immortal."

THE MINISTRY OF SPIRITS.

SCARCELY any—if any—Christian man will deny what the Bible throughout so unmistakeably testifies—*i.e.*, that good spirits are present with us, as God's agents, ministering to our wants, and preserving us from many evils. . . . Is not, in truth, a great part of the ministry of good spirits—angels—to help us against evil ones? As old Spenser poetically but truthfully moralises—

“How oft their silver bowers do angels leave,
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight; they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant.
And all for love, and nothing for reward!
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?”

If both good spirits and bad are thus present,—if “all the regions of nature,” as Addison believed, “are swarming with spirits;” if, as that good and laborious man, the Rev. George Townsend, Canon of Durham, believes, “the world of spirits is around us, and the death of the body is only the breaking of the bars of the dungeon which separates our own souls from the perception of their unmanifested presence”—if this be really so, then the dispute with the “Spiritualists” is brought within a very narrow compass—*i.e.*, is “the death of the body” indispensable to our perception of spirit presences? That it was not always so, numerous Bible narratives testify. That it is not so now, I know; and what I know thousands and hundreds of thousands, all over the world, know, also.

People rub their eyes and pause—if, indeed, they do not wax too indignant to pause—upon reading such things as these; as if they involved the enunciation of something new or heretical. But people who call themselves Christians should know that it has been the doctrine of the Church in all ages—Jewish and Christian, and has been, besides, the belief of devout men everywhere, and in all times. “This doctrine,” writes Archbishop Tillotson, “is not a peculiar doctrine of the Jewish or the Christian religion, but the general doctrine of *all* Religions that ever were; and, therefore, cannot be objected to by any but Atheists.” In like manner John Wesley entered his “solemn protest” against the giving up of a belief in this doctrine, to do which was to be “in opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrages of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations.”—*Tabooed Topics*, by WM. CARPENTER.

A KNOCKING GHOST NEAR NOTTINGHAM, IN 1837,
LEADS TO THE DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.

By A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

A FRIEND of the writer, in the spring of 1869, stopping at the "Isaak Walton" Inn, in Dovedale, Derbyshire, made the acquaintance of a gentleman—name unknown—who was also stopping there. They conversed on various matters, and, amongst other things, the gentleman related to our friend the following curious history:—

He (the gentleman, whom we will call Mr. S.) possessed in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, in the year 1837, a small house, about seven miles from that town. It was inhabited by a man (most probably he was a stockinger) who bore a very indifferent character. He had a very queer old witch-like wife. This wife was somewhat older than her husband, and died before him. After her death, the man soon again married. This wife was a youngish woman. When she married she was stout and healthy in appearance. Gradually, however, a great change came over her; she became melancholy, and wasted away, and had every appearance of having something upon her mind. In the cottage in which these people lived, it was reported that strange and unaccountable knockings were heard, and numbers of people used to flock to the cottage to hear them. The gentleman to whom the cottage belonged thought that these "knockings" were "all stuff and nonsense," and went to the place intending to put an end to the whole story by proving it all folly. He found various neighbours collected in the cottage awaiting the mysterious sounds which were heard to proceed from an outside shutter to one of the windows, and always at one certain hour in the night. Snow lay outside the house. He went into the cottage and waited with the other people, and assuredly at the hour as usual, these same mysterious "knockings" came upon the shutters as from the outside. The gentleman examined the inside and the outside of the shutters, and carefully looked about everywhere endeavouring to discover traces of collusion; but nothing could he anywhere discover which led him to suspect fraud on the part of any person. He was much struck by the fact, *that upon the snow no footprints were to be found near the shutters, upon the outside of which the sounds had been made, as with some heavy substance striking upon it.* The next night he determined to watch from the outside of the house, and see whether he could discover anything by that

means. He communicated his design to no one, but took up his station in a little wood close to the house, from whence he could obtain a clear view of this mysterious shutter, and where he himself was entirely concealed. Here he waited, and in due course he could hear the blows as usual fall upon the shutter, but no human being met his view—all appeared quiet around the house. He became still more surprised and interested in the matter, and the idea occurred to him to have a *false* shutter made of brown paper, and placed over the real shutter, but in such a clever fashion as that it should entirely deceive the eye. In order to have this done, he consulted with a carpenter, who undertook to fix up this brown paper-shutter as he wished, and, indeed, quite cleverly accomplished his task. The idea was this: that if the blows were *material blows*, and made by a material object, as a stick or stone, the paper must be burst by the blow. Again the gentleman concealed himself in the wood, and carefully watched. Again all was tranquil about the outside of the cottage, but nevertheless the mysterious sounds made themselves audible at the usual hour. The gentleman examined the paper-shutter—it *was found to be intact!* After this he was inclined to believe that the sounds must have some supernatural origin. Numbers of persons still continued to visit the cottage from Nottingham and its neighbourhood.

After a little while the old man fell very ill. During his illness he appeared to be in such great distress of mind, used such frightful language, and appeared a prey to such strange terror, that his wife, greatly alarmed, at length fled away from his bedside into the house of a neighbour. Nothing would persuade her to return to her dying husband. After his death, some one said to her, "I tell you what, all the misery comes from you having married a murderer!" Upon this the poor woman burst into tears, and confessed that something certainly very terrible had lain upon the conscience of her husband. She added that each night he was accustomed to start up in his bed, and, in a state of intense horror, indicate the presence of some invisible being who filled him with these fits of frenzy, as if from drink. It was then recollected that his former wife, in a fit of passion, had once been heard to say to her husband—"I've got your coat-of-arms, which would hang you any day!" Then, first one thing and then another was recalled by the neighbours and people who had known the dead man. He was remembered some years back to have exhibited a very good watch, which he said "had been left him by his uncle;" but of this uncle no one ever remembered to have heard him previously speak. It was remembered also how unaccount-

ably well-dressed certain of his near relations had been just about this very time. Also a man, living in a cottage in the depths of the wood, related that one night he was awakened suddenly out of sleep by an impression that something dreadful was going on in the wood, and that he ought to get up and see what that might be. He resisted the impression at first, but it still remaining, he did rise and go into the wood. After wandering here and there for sometime, he at length in the distance perceived a glimmer of light. He followed the direction in which he perceived it, and arrived at the cottage, which was, later on, haunted. In the garden he beheld the old man busy digging with a light beside him.

"What are you about?" he asked.

"I am busy with my onion-bed," was the reply.

This at the time seemed curious; still, nothing beyond the fact of the old man being at work in the middle of the night was observed.

This digging in the onion-bed in the middle of the night, however, now began to assume an aspect of importance—it became very suggestive.

Also, it was remembered that a certain Scotch pedlar—who had been in the habit of regularly visiting this district for years, and with whom the cottagers carried on business, and had a running account—was missing. Month after month had gone on, year after year, no inquiry had ever been made after the money owing to him—no one had heard any news of him—all traces of him were lost. Thus things having gradually been put together in the minds of the people, an inquiry was officially set on foot, and one of the first things done was to dig up the old man's garden. Near to his former onion-bed, close to a little stream, the body of a headless man was discovered. It was buried in such a manner that the stream flowed over it. The head, however, was nowhere to be found.

The belief thus fully established itself, that this was the body of the missing pedlar, and that the mysterious knockings upon the shutters, and the terror of the old man, had been occasioned by the nocturnal visits of the murdered man.

A friend of the writer, born in Nottingham, and resident there, as a child in 1837, remembers, she says, that about that time a haunted cottage at Burton Joyce, a village within a few miles of the town, was much spoken of. She believes that this account has reference to the Burton Joyce hauntings, and suggests that most probably accounts of these knockings might be found upon reference to the local newspapers of that day.

INDIAN SUPERNATURALISM.

BY ARTHUR LILLIE.

Author of "Buddha and Early Buddhism," etc., etc.

ATTENTION has of late been directed to the supernaturalism of India, and the question to what assisting agency supersensual phenomena in the opinion of Asiatics are due. Are the many marvels, recorded in their books, accredited to spirits that have once been mortals, or spirits that have never been mortals? Does the sensitive operate by his own will power, or by the power of some other living mortal? Does Brahma in person assist, or Buddha? I have been asked if I can throw any light upon these questions, and will write down a few hasty notes. I must premise that my only authorities are the ancient books of India.

The religion of Rig Veda, like most early creeds, sprung from what is termed ancestor worship. The sun-god, the active and anthropomorphic god, as distinguished from the formless and passive Brahm, is identified in more than one hymn with Yama and with Manu, two names for the Indian Adam. This circumstance tends to show that what Tiele calls the polydemonism, the worship of tree spirits, fountain spirits, cloud spirits, etc., was an after-growth of the earlier faith. I will first of all describe the simple rites of this ancestor worship. They are called the *Srāddha*, and are still the chief rites of the Brahmins. They were probably practised in the same form three thousand years ago, before our ancestors, the western Aryas, left the parent stock.

After smearing the ground with cow dung, the presiding Brahmin raises a square altar of sand one or two fingers high, and about a span in each direction. He washes his hands and feet, sips water, and puts a ring of *Kusa* grass on the ring finger of his hand. He sits down on a blade of *Kusa* grass, lights a lamp, recites a prayer or two, and sprinkles holy water on the assembled worshippers. He then invites the gods and manes of ancestors to the feast.

Two little cushions of *Kusa* grass are placed near the altar for the gods, and six in front of it for the ancestors. Each cushion consists of three blades of grass folded up. Barley and oblations of water in little vessels of leaves are offered. *Kusa* grass is put into each vessel, and water sprinkled on it. In the vessels intended for the ancestors *Sesamum Indicum* is added. I quote some of the invocations made use of:

"Eagerly do thou (oh fire) call our willing ancestors to taste our oblation. May our progenitors who eat the moon plant,

who are sanctified by holy fires, come by paths along which gods travel. Satisfied with ancestral food at this solemn sacrifice, may they applaud and guard us."

"Thou art barley sacred to *Soma*. Framed by the divinity thou dost produce celestial bliss. Mixt with water may'st thou long satisfy with nourishment my several progenitors, whose mouths are full of blessing!"

"May the demons and giants who sit in this consecrated spot be dispersed!"

Passing from the present to very old times, I will cite portions of one of the hymns of the Rig Veda. It is addressed to Agni, the God of Fire, on the occasion of a funeral.

"Full of pious wishes we place thee on the hearth and light thy fires. Accept our offerings, and bring the ancestors eager as thou to consume them.

"Burn not this corpse. Tear not his skin, his body, oh Jâtavedas (Agni)! Surround him with the ancestors. He comes to obtain the (subtile) body which will transport his soul. Give to the water, and trees, and heaven, and earth that of his body which belongs to them.

"But there is in him an immortal portion. Light up that with thy rays, and warm it with thy fires. Oh Jâtavedas! in the favoured body formed by thee, transport him to the world of the saints.

"Oh Agni, let him descend again amongst the ancestors. Let him return in the midst of invocations and offerings." *

Here is another hymn, addressed to Yama, at first the Indian Adam, and afterwards the Indian Pluto.

"Yama, place thyself on the altar of the sacrifice with the ancestors. King, let the prayers of the saints summon thee. Accept our sacrifice.

"Come, Yama, with the honourable *Angirases* (Seven Great Saints). Seated on the sacred grass I invoke Vivaswan.

"We have amidst our ancestors the Angirases, the Navagwas, the Atharwans, the Somyas; may we obtain their favour, their benign protection! Oh dead man (the corpse), come to us! Come by the ancient roads that our fathers have traversed before thee. Behold these two kings, Yama and the divine *Varuna* (God the Father), who rejoice in our oblations.

"Come with the Ancestors. Come with Yama to this altar which our piety has dressed. Thou hast cast off all impurity. Come to this domain and don a body of brilliance.

"Oh Ancestors, disperse! Go every one to his own side. A place has been set apart for the departed one. Yama permits

* R. V. vi. Hymn xi.

him to come down and enjoy our libations morning and night.

"Give our libation to Yama with Agni as a messenger. Offer to Yama a holocaust sweet as honey.

"Honour to the First Ones, the Ancient Rishis who have shown us the way." *

From the second hymn it is plain that the two foremost cushions of grass were placed for Varuṇa and Yama. These with the water, Aditi's symbol, would make up the Vedic trinity in unity. Varuṇa, God the Father, Aditi, the Universal Mother, and Yama, the "Son of Man" and "Son of God," the Agni, the Indra, the active ruler of the Kosmos. It is plain also from these hymns and rites that dead mortals were deemed to be the protectors of the living, to be able to disperse wicked spirits and giants, to be able to hold communion and eat and drink with their surviving relatives. The polydemonism was an after-idea. Indeed, the gods and hobgoblins were in reality only created for the vulgar. A fine hymn in the Rīg Veda states that the various deities of the Hindoo pantheon are in fact One God under many names.

"They have styled him (the sun) Indra, Mitra, Varuṇa, Agni, and he is the celestial well winged Garutmat; † for learned priests call one by many names as they speak of Agni, Yama, Mātariśvan." ‡

Turning to the ritual of Buddhism we get to more debatable ground, for our scholars, trusting to the mere words of a much interpolated literature, and not to that literature as interpreted by the evidence of ancient inscriptions, monuments, ritual, symbolism, etc., have pronounced that Buddha's religion was an atheism and agnosticism. I have dealt with the question in my work "Buddha and Early Buddhism," but my opposing arguments are too long to be repeated here.

I will turn at once to an instructive litany. The title of the Chinese version of this is called by Remusat "The Praises of the Seven Buddhas," Buddhism having taken over from the previous Vedic religion the idea of the Seven Rishis, or Seven Great Saints. The title of the Tibetan version, as given by Schlagintweit in his "Buddhism in Tibet," is the "Buddhas of Confession." Here not only the Seven Great Saints are invoked, but a number of minor saints likewise. In fact, if this saint worship can be carried back to archaic Buddhism it is very plain that that creed started with the pure Ancestor worship of the previous Vedism. I cannot go very deeply into this question in a short essay; but I can furnish one very

* R. V. vi. Hymn ix.

† Or Garuḍa, the sun imaged as a bird.

‡ R. V. ii. 164, 46.

strong piece of evidence in favour of the antiquity of this Buddhist Saint worship, that has only lately been brought to light. If any reader chooses to go to the British Museum he will see certain marbles that once constituted what is called the Amrāvati Tope, an ancient temple of the Buddhists, erected in India about the third century of the Christian era. On one of these slabs—it is to be found in a room at the top of the main staircase—is sculptured a throne, above which stands a tree. Figures in marble are represented as adoring the empty throne; and above in the air a spirit is seen descending. These empty thrones, each with a tree near it, are represented in other Buddhist temples, and notably in the Bharhut Stûpa, a temple erected about 300 B.C. This temple has recently been recovered from the dust and ruin in which it was lying, and this valuable piece of evidence has been furnished. Above each throne, incised in Pâli, are announcements that one throne is the throne of Kanaka Muni, another the throne of Kâsyapa, and so on. The thrones in fact are the thrones of the Seven Great Buddhas; and from time immemorial it has been the custom of the worshipper to visit these seven shrines of the Buddhas and offer rice and water flavoured with Sesamum Indicum at each. Has not a Roman Catholic church its stations? It is to be observed also that in the litany, *Litanie de SS. Angelis*, seven beings are addressed, the three Persons of the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, and the Saints Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael.

The Saints in the Tibetan work are fifty-one in number, and are said to have "all come the same way," that is, through earth-life to enfranchisement. They are said also to be dwelling in various "saint regions," Sukhâvat (the Buddhist paradise), the Region Padmo, etc. As in the Catholic calendar each saint also has special duties mapped out.

"I adore the Buddha (Saint) Kar-rgyal. Once uttering this name shall purify from all sins committed by polluting oneself with sacred riches."

"I adore the Buddha Sâ-la'i-rgyal-po. Once uttering this name shall purify from all sins of theft, robbery, and the like."

It is expressly stated, moreover, in this litany that these Saints if invoked will be of immense service to mortals in the ordinary affairs of life—when they "take meat," "buy and trade with goods," when they "cut stuffs woven of cotton and work it when cut into garments," when the followers of the "Bon-po sect carry with them the secret mystical sentences," when "astrologers invoke good fortune." It is also stated that if the litany be recited "on the 8th, 15th, and 20th of every month the mind of man shall be unchangeably directed

towards the obtaining the sanctity of Saintship. He shall gain the energetic will of the Buddha, and shall in the end obtain all the advantages of the Buddha himself."

"By means of these invocations, the creatures become perfect in the two collections (wisdom and virtue); they shall be purified from their sins and blessed with the dignity of a most perfect Buddha."

As the acquirement of the higher magical powers and the great enfranchisement of the soul were supposed to occur simultaneously, it is evident from this litany that the Great Saints of the Past were considered the chief factors in either result. The direct agent in the production of marvels in the East was called *Mâyâ* (illusion); for the Indian idealists believed that all the phenomena of the seen world were merely subjective. There is a curious passage bearing on *Mâyâ* from S'ankara, the ancient commentator of Vyâsa.

"There is therefore nothing contradictory to suppose that the omniscient, who is himself the material cause of names and forms, creates the world. Or better still, we may say as a skilful juggler without material creates himself as it were another self going in the air, so the Omniscient Deity, being omnipotent and mighty in *Maya*, creates himself as if it were another self in the form of the world." *

In the *Saddhupariprichchâ*, Vajrapani, the Buddha of Buddhas in person, instructs the disciple Sabahu in magical rites.† Those desirous of obtaining Siddhi, or magical powers, must give up the world altogether, and become perfectly pure and confess their sins. The neophyte must place himself under the guidance of an able teacher. He must be shaved, washed, cleaned. Of particular importance is the choice of a place for the initiation. It must be without distractions, free from terrors from wild beasts, and haunted by the spirits of the saints. Caves, forests, and desolate mountains are the haunts of the ascetic in the Buddhist Sutras.

The place must be well swept and otherwise cleaned; and fresh earth must be thrown upon it in order to make its surface even and smooth. A magical circle of the five sacred colours must be drawn in order to overcome the impediments opposed by wicked spirits; for these latter do all they can to prevent the devotee's efforts and the incantations from exercising their full effects. Within the circle an altar is erected, upon which various vessels are ranged, filled with grain and perfumed water. The ceremonies consist in the reciting of

* Colebrooke's Essays, I., p. 400, new edition. Professor Cowell's note.

† Condensed by Schalgintweit. Buddhism in Tibet, p. 242.

incantations and in the presentation of offerings to the spirits. A *Vajra*, or instrument formed of eight metallic hoops, is held in the hand of the suppliant. The incantations must be repeated a fixed number of times—about 100,000 times a day. The number is counted by means of a rosary of 108 beads. They must be recited slowly, without raising or lowering the voice, and any addition or omission frustrates the object in view. The rite *Dubed* is considered the most efficacious to concentrate the thoughts. The novice places before himself two vessels placed upon a piece of paper with an octagon frame. The vessels are filled with water perfumed with saffron, and strips of the five sacred colours are twisted round them; flowers also and Kusa grass are put into them. The devotee fixes his gaze on the two vessels, and reflects upon the benefit to be derived from meditation. The state of *Samādhi*, or complete abstraction, says another treatise, is very difficult to obtain. It is divided into four degrees—

1. Complete cessation of all ideas of individuality.
2. The Path of Seeing. Secrets and powers hitherto concealed become revealed.
3. Patience. The mind of the mystic becomes pure.
4. His mind becomes, as it were, one with the mind of God.*

The approach of the moment when the devotee attains the possession of supernatural qualities is indicated by various signs, such as agreeable dreams, the diffusion of sweet odours, etc. Particular offerings must then be made to the Buddhas. Only a minimum quantity of food is allowed to be taken for two, and even four, days, and certain holy Buddhist books must be read. If, however, notwithstanding these efforts, no marks reveal the approach of the *Siddhi*, it is a token of some hindering cause.

Eight classes of *Siddhi* are distinguished—

1. The power to conjure.
2. Longevity.
3. The *Amṛita*.
4. The discovery of hidden treasures.
5. The entry into Indra's cave.
6. The art of making gold.
7. The transformation of earth into gold.
8. The acquiring of the priceless jewel.

As a Buddhist monk is bound over to obligations of poverty, and a Buddhist mystic in quest of the *Bodhi*, or knowledge of the Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, would consider earthly diamonds and treasures merely a hindrance to his

* Schlagintweit, p. 54.

quest, it is evident, I think, that some of these eight classes of Siddhi have a mystic significance. In the *Indische Alterthumskunde* of Lassen, as I show in my work on Buddha, is an account of the initiation of neophytes into the ancient mysteries of India. Some of the most important of these rites take place in a cavern. This gives, I think, a special significance to class 5, the entry into Indra's cave. The neophyte, after being assailed with many terrors, darkness, thunder, demons, weapons of death, etc., was suddenly confronted with a dazzling coruscation, and all the brilliant scenes and rich perfumes of Indra's paradise. The allusions, too, to the jewel, a symbol of initiation, and the amrita, or water of immortality, tell their own story. The main object of the ancient mysteries is stated to have been to reveal to the initiate the soul's immortality, a doctrine that was concealed from the vulgar.

Writers on the magic of the West give us vivid descriptions of the mysteries of Eleusis and other places, the gorgeous scenery, the pageant, the armies of beautiful nymphs, the legions of demons—from which, by the by, the modern pantomime by the pathway of the monkish "mysteries" seems to have been derived. But one thing seems plain, and that is, that the initiation of the Vedic Rishi could not have been on so gorgeous a scale. With a few wild roots for food he passed years of his life under a tree in a forest, or in a mountain ingle, or in the cave of a wild beast. There for the attainment of what the Alexandrian philosophy called the Extasia he practised rites very similar to those in use, as I have just shown, amongst the mystics of Tibet. He suppressed his breath for long periods. He uttered the mystic and very holy word OM. All this is on record in the *Yoga S'astra* of Patanjali. Was the initiation of such a man by pantomime? or by processes beginning now to be better understood by modern psychology, the phenomena of extasia, of mesmerism, of biology? It is plain that in a forest or the den of a wild beast it would be difficult to prepare the elaborate stage scenery wherewith, according to certain writers on the Mysteries, a neophyte was tricked into the belief that he had visited paradise. On the other hand, a powerful magnetiser like the old Indian adept, operating upon a sensitive in a dark cave or in the crypt of a Chaitya (sepulchral mound common to both Brahmins and Buddhists), could show him visions far more gorgeous than the most expert stage machinist could contrive. This seems to be the origin of the Cave of Indra. Note that all the initiatory processes are just what a modern mesmerist might employ. The open water dish, on which the novice was required to fix his eyes, would have a

similar action to the half-crown or crystal of the biologist. Each neophyte, beginning at the age of eight, was body servant and pupil to some Rishi for many years. This would give the latter plenty of time to gain a strong ascendancy over his pupil. For the higher initiation no doubt the phenomena of extasia were used. The visions of the sensitive seem curiously affected by local and personal impressions. Ecstatic nuns see the Virgin Mary, the Puritans saw Christ, Buddhists the great Tathagata, the Rishis of the Mahâbhârata, Indra, and Agni; and the same law holds good in the case of evil spirits. Thus believers in a personification of evil see a devil with hoofs and a tail, the Chinese see fox-spirits, the Teutons the ghostly wolf, the Abyssinians the hyæna—three animals, by the by, that are accustomed to prowl about graveyards and to feed on the dead. Thus it is conceivable that the Indian visionary in the mystic cave of initiation would see the forms that by mental or actual pictures were already impressed on his mind, gods radiant with light, the Apsarases, the ravishing nymphs of Indra, the grotesque demons with the heads of birds and beasts—crocodiles, serpents, leviathans of the deep.

I have stated in my work on "Buddhism" that Six Supernatural Faculties were required of the Arhat (or Adept, according to the translation of Mr. Hodgson) before he was admitted to the full honours of his craft. He had to rise up in the air; to rain down fire and then water from his body; to make that body expand and then grow indefinitely small. His last exploit was to disappear in the heavens, and return to earth, and then rise once more aloft. Even in the sober Buddhist histories these Six Supernatural Faculties are treated as if they were quite recognised, almost commonplace. Ananda, the favourite disciple of Buddha, for a want of these Six Supernatural Faculties, was refused a seat at the First Great Council which took place about three months after Buddha's death. The night previous to its opening he made strenuous exertions, and in the morning proved his right to be admitted into the conclave by coming into the cave where it was held, not through the door, but by rising up through the floor and gliding into his seat.

A word now on the supposed nature of the unseen agents that help the neophyte in his quest of Siddhi. The treatise named *Sâbahupariṣichā* is supposed to be revealed directly to a *Bodhisatwa*, or one who has attained the next highest degree of spirituality to that of Buddha by the great Buddha Vajrapani or Vajrasattwa in person. Vajra Sattwa, according to the Pujâ Kand, sits on the lotus of precious stones on the summit of Mount Meru holding in his hand the *Vajra*, which

in Brahminism is a symbol of the Supreme Brahma. Schlagintweit tells us especially that "a ceremony that does not include an address to Vajrasattwa is similar in efficacy to a bird which with its wings cut tries to fly."* Vajra Sattwa is in fact one of the names plainly for the Supreme Buddha of Buddhas and God of Gods. A Buddhist initiate told me that every figure of a Buddha in a temple imaged Gautama, or God under many names. Under the symbol of a saint sitting under a tree cultivating extasia, the supreme being was typified, for in the old Indian creeds he also was imaged as a saint sitting under the tree of knowledge in paradise.

Schlagintweit mentions that several spirits are invoked during the initiatory rites of Siddhi; but he only mentions four, Vajra pani, Avalokitêshwara, Manjusri, and the Genius of Magic. Of these Avalokitêshwara and Manjusri are mortal Buddhas, the patron saints, the first of Nepâl and the second of Tibet. It is plain that the supernatural powers in the treatise are supposed to be the gift of supernatural beings. The rites are similar to the ordinary Buddhist rites. Food and drink are offered to the saints in ghostland that these in return may grant the special favour required. It is expressly stated in the treatise that when failure is the result, this is due to some unexpected obstacle having been thrown in the path of the "patronal divinity," who in a vision will on a future occasion reveal its nature.† Perhaps when the sky was depopled by the wave of Buddhist Agnosticism it was found logical to construct theories about the will power of the mystic being the sole active supernatural force in the universe, etc. It must be remembered too that in Pantheism the soul of an awakened man is considered part of God. Passages undoubtedly exist in the old Indian Scriptures in which there is a confusion between the god and the man. But the ritual of Buddhist magic and the ritual of Buddhist daily worship ignore any such theory; and so do the ritual and mythology of Brahminism.

This, I think, is enough to show that a certain secret society of mystics which, it has been lately announced,‡ exists in Tibet, cannot be connected with the orthodox Buddhism there established. They hold that the only beneficent spirits that can aid mortals are certain planetary spirits that have never lived on earth; whereas, I think I have written enough to show that the Buddhists derive their aid from the supreme Buddha, and the celestial cohorts of Buddhas that were once

* Schlagintweit, p. 58.

† *Ib.* p. 246.

‡ *The Occult World.* A. P. Sinnett.

living men. The Brothers of Tibet profess, also, to have revived the higher Vedism, but as this was a pure ancestor worship, this claim also seems to me to fall through. They hold, too, that mortals whose spirituality fails to reach a certain development *are annihilated after death*, but this goes quite counter to the agnostic Buddhism of Tibet, to which their ideas seem to have most sympathy, which holds that annihilation is the reward of the just man made perfect, and life is the punishment of sin. Gnostic and agnostic Buddhism and modern Brahminism, all believe in a mysterious influence called Karman. Karman is unintelligent causation. If I commit a certain number of evil deeds in this life, I "store up," as the Buddhists say, so much bad Karman in the next. If I commit a certain number of good deeds, I store up so much good Karman. The good Karman will take me after death to one of the six lower heavens, where I shall live in beatitude, but only for a time. By and by my stock of Karman will become exhausted, and then I must return to earth to live a new, and this time a higher earth life. Evil Karman will take me after earth life to one of the purgatorial hells, and by and by I shall return to live a new, and this time a lower earth life than the one preceding it. I may even descend to the condition of one of the lower animals.

As to the Polydemonism which seems also a characteristic of the creed of these Brothers, I have shown already that such a faith is only retained to please the vulgar even in modern Brahminism. In Buddhism no worship is ever paid to spirits other than the Buddhas in the temples. If by "planetary spirits" allusion is made to our old friends Woden, Thor, the Moon, etc., likenesses of them as men and women undoubtedly exist in Brahminic and Buddhist, as well as other countries. There may be possibly also "elementary spirits" in the ample army of Indian hobgoblins, but on this point I am in complete ignorance.

"We might see for ourselves," says the Rev. J. P. Stuart, "that we are gaining a most glorious result in the demonstrations of the spiritual world that are given to men of every class; for whether declarations of men who have passed into the other life are true or false, weighty or worthless, wise or nonsensical, one thing is gained by them. Henceforth the world shall know that death is neither a temporary nor an eternal sleep; but that, when stripped of his mortal coil, 'a man's a man for a' that.' From henceforth it shall be *known* that the sphere of immortal life is contiguous to the sphere of mortal life, and that millions of spiritual beings, unseen and unknown, 'throng the air and tread the earth.'"

IN VISION-LAND.

BY CAROLINE CORNER.

Author of "Twist Will and Fate," "The Slinkensmirk Family," &c.

(Written for and dedicated to the Baroness ADELMA VON VAY.)

CHAPTER I.

She was a sunbeam, for as yet no shadow had darkened her path.

GROSSMUTTER SCHWARTZ lived in a little mud-house at the foot of the mountains in the beautiful Rhine Valley. A curious personage was this Grossmutter Schwartz—curious, both in habits and appearance. One of her peculiarities was that she was never to be seen by day, only at night when she was wont to wander about alone—always alone, clad in a huge brown cloak and poke bonnet, carrying a gnarled stick in one hand, whilst the other was ever employed in gripping something which she appeared to have concealed at her breast, and which she was suspicious of being robbed of at any moment.

Of course, the village folk had their different versions of the history of this odd individual; but one and all agreed in that she had dealings with a certain accommodating gentleman, who conveniently steps in when all else fails. Nevertheless, there was not one from the portly bürgomaster himself—an official who carried his dignity with a thoroughbred air of self-importance—to the meekest of the flaxen-haired gretchens who would not have given much for just one peep into her mysterious domicile, unpretending though it was.

There was a rumour afloat that she was a sort of presiding genius over a race that peoples a nether world—a race powerful to affect the weal or woe of ordinary humanity, and into whose favour she, by some subtle craft, had ingratiated herself; and not only that, for some affirmed that she held these mannikins in subjection, and compelled them when required to employ their skill and capacities in fulfilment of her desires.

Another rumour ran—for, be it remembered, that we are in the land of fairy lore—that she was a fairy queen, and could take upon herself any appearance she chose. And there were those even who persisted that she had been ejected from the wild Drachenfels during an eruption (whenever that may have been), and was condemned to live on until the earth should open, when she would ultimately be consigned to eternal rest—the rigid "Christian" said, perdition. Such an extraordinary woman was this Grossmutter Schwartz. But the greatest marvel was yet to come.

Along with the old frau there dwelt a maiden—ah, such a maiden!—with golden tresses, and big blue eyes, all bright with happiness and with mirth—easy, careless, child-mirth. This was Mariana, the pet of the village, the Sunbeam of the Rhine. Old and young alike adored her. She was a creature of smiles and sunshine, carrying

about with her wherever she went an atmosphere of brightness and cheerfulness. Sighs were hushed at her approach, sobs were choked, eyes were dried. Her footstep was so light, her smile so radiant, her voice as the chiming of soft silver bells borne on the summer air, and when she broke out into one of the old Volkslieder, accompanying herself upon the zither, which nature had taught her to play, dulness and sorrow were forced to give place to happiness and mirth. There was a fund of vigour in her that it seemed impossible to exhaust—a brightness in this budding blossom that seemed too radiant to know decay. Everybody loved her well, and called her the Sunbeam, their Sunbeam of the Rhine.

A sunbeam! Yes; for as yet no shadow had darkened her path; only a shadow's shadow had for a passing moment edged her golden way, and this was when one by one of her many admirers were called away to serve in their Fatherland's cause; but others had speedily taken their place, for no one in particular was more favoured than the rest. Mariana's love was diffusive, her heart was open to all, and this love is by far the most comfortable sort—there's no doubt about that.

This had always been her home, this cottage in the Valley of the Rhine. In it she was content—aye, more, she was happy as the birds or the field-flowers in their freedom and ignorance of aught apart and beyond. It is only knowledge that brings with it dissatisfaction and unrest. Here she lived without a thought for the morrow, or a care to rumple her smooth young brow, with immediate and adequate responses to her warm soul's need of love; surrounded by all that her nature demanded—her pets, her playmates, her flowers, her zither, her all. How then could she be otherwise than happy, if happiness be possible on earth? Happiness is possible on earth, but alas! it is transient as a dream, and when we awake the very remembrance of that dream is our sorrows' pressing crown. Our Mariana lived in the present, and enjoyed it—and thorough enjoyment it was, for she knew not as yet nor could imagine any other, happy child. The past was equally as agreeable, although 'twas not often recalled—what need was there for it? None at all. It is only the weary, the suffering, the disappointed, the oppressed, who search the records of the past for sustenance—and do they get it, poor souls, or do they but add to their wrinkles? As for the future, Mariana had not reckoned on that as aught but a continuance of her childhood's dream. We are all accustomed to take long glances ahead, even Mariana did so at times; but those glances are from the mind's eye, and are tintured with our present feelings and ideas, the offspring of our present state of human consciousness, which cannot reach beyond itself to one more advanced. It all depends upon our present condition as to what the future may appear. To some in their misery it may seem but a dreary waste; to Mariana, it was golden and fruitful and warm. Such is the power of outside influences over us, poor, fallible mortals that we are.

Sweet Mariana, dream on! Who would be the one to dispel a

child's glad dream? And yet it is done, and must be done, and the dreamer awakens matured to find herself (for let men say what they will, it is women whose heritage it is to suffer and endure) one amidst a vast concourse of humanity, hard pressed and toiling, eradicating and improving, in order that they may pass from imperfection to perfection. Mariana, child-woman, dream on!

 CHAPTER II.

Age does not count by years; a whole lifetime may be lived between sunrise and sunset.

It was a bright, bright summer day. Soft sunbeams, glistening through the tendrils of the vines, tinted the fruit all crimson and gold. The sky was azure blue, save where light silvery clouds, like fairy barques, traversed its broad expanse, which the beautiful Rhine reflected on its slumbering bosom in all its loveliness. Away, far away in the mountains the tone of each busy sound was lost in a hollow echoing note. Were it not for this without the quaint little village a mile or so, one might have fancied oneself in some distant sphere where none of the wails of mortality can reach, and peace alone doth prevail. And this was our Mariana's birthday. She was sixteen years old to-day.

"So I am to be a woman from to-day, Nänchen," she says to her constant attendant and friend, a little white goat by her side. "Yes, and to wear a long gown and turn up my plaits with a ribbon like the daughter at the Gasthaus, thou know'st how, and to go to church and walk so, and look so (twisting her pretty pouting lips into a comical contortion which *she deemed was to be* womanly and demure), and not be the wild and careless child that I have been. Bach! but I shan't like it, I know. Only, Nänchen, think of thy Mariana in a new long gown, with bright gay ribbons to tie her hair—a woman, Nänchen, and when Hans and Fritz and Otto, poor Otto, look at me so, I shall look so and so, and then they'll think, Ah, she's a woman now, and wears fine clothes, and is proud, and is waiting for some great noble to come and wed her. She won't think any more of me, and of the forget-me-nots that grow on the bank of the Rhine, handsome Otto will sigh. But it won't be so, of course Nänchen. Women have hearts, I suppose, and least of all would Mariana forget thee, little one, No! No! No! . . . But come, the sun soon begins to set, and the town, the great town where we went once and saw all sorts of wonderful things is far away, and grossmutter waits for us, and we have all the fine things to buy, to wear when I am a woman. Ah, 'twill be grand then! so come, then, come."

Then away they sped along, Mariana blythe and radiant as a sunbeam, with the pretty white goat tripping by her side. The town once reached, the coins were soon exchanged, the very last groschen was spent. They must go home. So homewards they went, Mariana singing to shorten the way one of her bright little lays all about sun-

shine and May, Nänchen giving evidence of her approval in her most engaging little bleats and caressing rubs of her hairy face against the soft guiding palm.

The evening breeze was rising, and as it came sweeping on from the huge black forest out yonder, it seemed to bring with each breath new thoughts and feelings into the mind and breast of our Mariana. The song died on her lips, and a dreamy softness usurped the place of mischievous mirth in her eye. Now there was revealed a depth, a sort of sleeping unconscious depth, that once awakened might give birth to a new life, a new instinct, and that perforce might only be awaiting conditions to bring this new birth into active operation. She found herself wandering in an unexplored region of thought, and wondering with a spontaneous and acute curiosity what might lay hidden in these secret mystical realms, the inner recesses and complexities of her soul. The experience was novel and fascinating to her. From simply wondering she next found herself mentally gliding on to see what did lie beyond. And what did she find? Far as her mind's eye could penetrate, aye, and infinitely beyond had she known, mysteries more numerous and profound. She became involved, amazed, and silently absorbed. The song had died on her lips unheeded, spite of Nänchen's petitions for more, and the gay ribbon and gown had lost their haunting spell at least for now. Her step became less brisk, her countenance meditative, fixed, and transformed. In the first moments she was conscious of her heart giving one tremendous bound, then after a few quick flutterings it was still, unnaturally still, whilst a numbing sensation or lack of sensation to outside material surroundings took possession of her. When she awoke from this strange mental absorption, it was as though her entire being had undergone some sort of regeneration. She scarcely recognised herself—was she the child Mariana? Was life, which to her had hitherto been made up of brief and narrow dreams, the same as now had dawned before her, a broad and boundless tract, hard and intricate, with by-ways unending, with mountains to ascend, and gloomy stifling caverns to penetrate, so dark that at times it was difficult to find the way? But there loomed a beacon ever ahead, and this beacon bore the word "Aspire." It never went out, that is completely out, and this it was that first catching her eye had led her on through the mystical windings of an inner consciousness. Her former habits and plans now seemed flat, unprofitable, weak. The very atmosphere she had been accustomed to inhale, she now turned from as oppressive and stale. Could it suffice to satisfy her any more? She saw it peopled with little images dwarfed and ugly, and yet each bore a weird resemblance to herself, and it perplexed her, until by intuition she perceived that these little images were the embodiment of her past thoughts and actions. She felt uneasy, and an impulse powerful and determined moved her to rid herself of these horrid spectres. But how?

In answer to this something ponderous seemed to be uplifted, and her soul-perceptions quickened into faculties far superior to any she

had hitherto dreamed of. Her visual sense was dim and contracted compared with this new perception which enabled her to take a wider view of life, its purpose, and its aim. Her soul thrilled with wonder at life's import, its magnitude, its infinitude; and, as though she would grasp its mighty aim, she stretched forth both her slender arms, while a cry rang out from her breast, a cry not of anguish, but of earnest passionate desire tempered with entreaty and child-like faith.

"My Nänchen," she said, and she turned the little creature's soft brown eyes to meet her own, "my Nänchen, could'st thou but know. This is not all, this life, that has all sunshine for thee and me. There's something more, something terribly hard, but it's worth trying for. Everybody must. Thy Mariana must, or she would never be a woman. Ah, dear Nänchen, thou can'st not understand. It is not for thee, little one. Some day when thou art *human* thou wilt understand. I cannot explain it to thee, though thou dost look so wise, and gentle, and good, more so than many a *mortal* methinks, and far more true. Liebchen, blame not thy Mariana if she must heed thee less. She'll *love* thee none the less. Only, Nänchen, it seems there's other work to do—so much to suffer, so much to do. It is not this glad summer-life that can make me a woman, nor the gay ribbons and long gown. In every life there comes a time when something within must awake—the soul, methinks it is. Nänchen, that time now comes for me. A life will awaken within this life—a life more real, for 'tis one that will never die. This life we *mortals* must all know, for to be human is not to be perfect. It is only to be on a higher form in the school of creation. This, also, thou wilt know some day, little one. For the present be constant, be true as far as thy knowledge extendeth, for in this is everything comprised. Thy truth and mine are the same—truth is always the same—only that it is compassed by the natural capacities of each. Therefore continue to be true; and if perchance Mariana in her hard and upward strivings appear to heed thee less, wax not weak in disappointment. I love thee, Nänchen—love can never die—it is of God, and no mortal power can kill it. Ofttimes we *mortals* fancy love is dead. Folly! If there, love will never die. It is only a false and degrading passion that can know death. Love will live strengthened, purified by time and pain. Love is an emblem of eternity. Ah, little dumb friend, it was in thy soft tender eye I first beheld the gleam of truth, pure and simple, such as we *mortals* with all our vaunted superiorities cannot pretend to surpass."

She twined her arms round the little creature's neck, and kissed her tenderly—as a mother would her child—then continued, still in a pensive, solemn tone—

"Here is thy ribbon, Nänchen. Wear it in remembrance of this day—Mariana's birthday. 'Tis a pretty ribbon embroidered with the passion-flower. Mine, see, is the same. The beautiful passion-flower with the cross upon its heart. Maybe 'tis some mystic symbol, a warning for thee and for me. 'Twas ever a favourite flower with

me. So delicately beautiful, so bright; yet in all its loveliness it has its cross to bear. And see how tenderly 'tis hidden, soft pressed beneath the petals that none may see. And yet 'tis there distilling the sweet perfume, even as love is purified and strengthened, uprising from sorrows and pangs. 'Tis rich in lessons to us, this little passion-flower." And then she fell to musing for awhile until her feet dragged heavily with fatigue, and she said—

"Nänchen, we both are weary. Let us rest here on this stone by the Rhine. Perhaps he has something to say to us this evening. He draws me to him, dear Rhine, as if he fain would speak. Rest thee here by my side, and I will sit and dream. List to the Angelus! So sweet! It lulls me to sleep, and already I seem to dream. The sky is full of pictures. I recognise them, many are visionary scenes of my earth-life. In the far distant east I might fancy I read my infancy. Its birth fearfully dark and troubled, but emerging peaceful and still. Then my childhood, swift and radiant, with scarce a cloud to be seen. And now—my future, is't? my womanhood? commencing from to-day? Nänchen, stay with me. There comes something that may separate us. Be firm. Hold thou my gown—my woman's long gown. Stay by me, or thy Mariana will be left alone—a woman all alone. I seek the crown, I hold the cross. Thou would'st not leave me, dear one, thy Mariana—alone? Nänchen, hold me. Be firm." And now she took the little animal in her arms and held it close to her breast, while warm tear-drops fell down her rounded cheek and on to the shaggy nestling little head; and thus she remained for some time in profound and troubled thought.

When she awakened from her reverie it was to find the sun sunk low in the west. Nänchen was still nestling close, and all else was unchanged, saving that the Angelus had ceased and night was coming on. Then drawing a long, long breath she kissed her faithful little friend, tenderly gazing in the truthful loving eyes, and said—

"My Nänchen, 'tis time for us to go!"

But before they set off, they must bid the Rhine good night—he had been as an old friend to them, and they loved him, and would never have thought of going home without the usual "Gute Nacht: Schlafe wohl, lieber Rhine." Nänchen evidently approved of the habit, for had her mistress forgotten, she (Nänchen) instinctively turned that way, for Nänchen never forgot, as animals never do, though *mortals* may.

* But this evening, as Mariana from her kneeling posture on the stone bent over the water, a short exclamation of astonishment broke from her lips—

"Ach Gott! what is this? A picture in the Rhine? How comes it there, and why?"

Lower and lower she stooped, drawn by mesmeric fascination seemingly, her attention rivetted, her loosened tresses floating away on the bosom of the beautiful Rhine. Meanwhile the vision grew more distinct, until the clairvoyante beheld a female form graceful and fair to look upon, such as the Undines are said to be, fair of

form yet void of heart. She appeared to stand, this beautiful spirit, in the midst of the water, holding in her hand a wand composed of the reeds of the Rhine. By and bye the rising wind surely seemed to be endowed with the faculty of speech, for distinctly our Mariana imagined she heard the following communication uttered in soft insinuating murmurs in her ear:—

“Behold me, Syrene, Queen of the Water-Sprites, an enemy to Mankind. Vanquished, despised, our people are ignored by the majority of the Human Race: down trodden, rejected, contemned. Vain, self-assertive mortals, who are ye that say we exist not—‘it is impossible, it cannot be!’ Wherefore this authority, this power to decree?

“Is it that your laws are immutable, your opinions know no change? What is the belief, the dogma to-day must be henceforth and evermore? Is it that the mine of truth is explored—the earth, the air, the fire, the water can yield no more food for contemplation, nor other rich grains for the store-house of your all-wise reflection? That Man has arrived at the summit of the mountain of knowledge, has attained the pinnacle of Wisdom so that he can affirm that such is and such cannot be?

“Presumptuous positivism! frail as it is presumptuous, irrational as it is frail, that will not give credence to the existence of myriads of beings without the pale of poor imperfect Humanity!

“To some of your kind, revelations have been made. Your bard has sung, your seer has beheld, your genius has immortalised their brethren of the elements. From time immemorial it has been the custom in your highest works of poesy and art. Through countless ages your complex minds have had a haunting consciousness of the beings who people some unknown dimensions of space. And still ye will not believe.

“Again, when those periodical disturbances rend your earth,—when strife, famine, pestilence are abroad,—know ye not that we, the contemned, are uprisen in anger eager to be avenged?

“How exultingly we hold high revel on a wild tempestuous sea when the sinking barque can no longer brave the attacks of the storm, but must sink—sink to the fathomless depths with her vanquished and despairing crew! ’Tis one more victory gained over the Human Race.

“And what, then, is the great distinguishing feature between your race and our own? is it not that keener sense of misery which you, Mortals, possess? And whence comes it if not from those false, misleading attributes which by Mankind are designated—The Affections? Are not they amongst you who, by nature, are endowed with superior, that is, more acute, sensibilities, the most susceptible to woe, the intenser sufferers of Humankind? Are not oftentimes their intellects blunted, their purposes frustrated, their ambitions daunted by the caprices of the Human Heart? And yet, weak fallible Mortals, ye would despise Us!

“Still, there are some who are less pretentious. These have in some way experienced the effect of our power in blessings or the re-

verse. Or maybe it is that by inheritance, or a special grace of nature, they possess an organism which we are able to act upon and influence, and at times mould to our will. Howe'er it be, rest assured that we, along with myriads of beings imperceptible to the physical senses, can and do influence, and oftentimes control and direct the passions, and with them the destinies of the Human Race.

"And not from the weak, the degraded, nor those of less worth do we our disciples choose; but rather from the exalted, those high in favour, merit, or renown—'children of the gods,' as they are called, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the fair. And when perchance some incongruous combination of prophetic utterances, divine aspirations, and inordinate frailties—such as is exemplified in your 'genius'—falls to our share, great is the rejoicing amongst us, for stupendous is the might wielded by such a one; radiations that are invested with a subtle and irresistible force so that the world loses sight of imperfections in the fascination of superior might.

"And still Mankind will promulgate the sublimity, the worth of the Human Heart! But enough, I must now to my task. Sweet Maid, methinks I heard thee sigh—sighs become not such as thee. Thou art too fair, too choice a flower. Sunshine and smiles are for thee. If thou wilt agree, these shall make up thy life; not a cloud shall be born for thee.

"For more than one this magical reed which I hold has turned the tide, has stemmed the adverse currents, cleared the shoals, and landed the voyager on a safe and profitable strand, where success is inevitable, wealth and honour and fame are within the reach of all. There many of the world's distinguished have graduated and acquired that which has brought them huge rewards in untold riches, homage, and renown.

"Thither would I lead thee, fair Sunbeam of the Rhine. Thither would I have thee turn thine ear for instruction, thy mind for counsel, thy talents for perfection, thy life for success.

"But first, one duty is incumbent, and for this it behoves me to put thee to the test. Then let me explain, fair child. In this water I shall shew thee a vision. Thou must look well, attentively, and ponder, answering not at random but when thou art well assured. If in beholding thou canst repress thy rising emotions; if thou canst look on, and in the quickening of thy Human Affections control and subjugate them to a sterner judgment; feel, and yet by an effort of will stifle that feeling, or render it subservient to a more substantial interest; sympathise, compassionate, love, and still prove thyself able and ready to relinquish all for a more lucrative lot—then art thou fit to be of Us, then are We willing and desirous to serve Thee. But should'st prove thyself too Human, too frail, then sorrow and woe for thy Human Heart—disappointment and loneliness and gloom. Instead of this coronet already prepared and possessed of a magical power to charm, to conquer, to subdue, a wreath of willows, of cypress, and of rue, shall crown thy Human lot. And now, Behold! Make thy choice, bright Sunbeam of the Rhine."

With this the fairy phantom thrice brandished her wand, and lo ! the waters of the Rhine became instantly calm and translucent as the enchanted lake of Amrita, and Mariana beheld the following as a vision rise up in its midst.

A grey-stone mansion with gables and deep-set mullioned windows. A well-kept lawn bordered by fine old English elms, and fronting a moderately capacious entrance hall. At the end of the gravel walk a pair of ponderous iron gates and a picturesque lodge in the corner. The whole well thrown up by a background of copse, which relieved the monotony of meadows, rich pasture-lands, and neighbouring golden cornfields already ripening fast.

To Mariana such scenery is unfamiliar, and she regards it with keen interest, and an idea occurs to her that it is English—the England she has heard so much about—England where, as handsome Otto tells her, he means to go some day, with a meaning look in her eyes, and she blushes and turns away.

But now the vision is completed, and Mariana's heart gives a great bound and she exclaims : "Ach Gott ! and who is that ?"

A slight, yet manly figure has entered at the gates. Slowly, yet with firm gait he treads the gravelled pathway. His back is towards her ; nevertheless, she watches him as though her destiny, her very life depends upon him. Her pulse throbs with impatience. It seems an eternity, and yet it is but a few seconds before he pauses at the steps leading up to the house. Why does he pause ? What is it that induces, nay, compels him to turn his head ? Aye, what is it that causes us to perform oftentimes some seemingly meaningless action, but upon which the whole current of our human existence may be turned as the tiny pebble the gigantic stream ? We know not : we call it Fate.

He pauses, and now he turns his head. Their eyes meet ; and the influence of each acts upon the other. Though miles and hundreds of miles intervene, their souls have met, they are strangers no longer. His dark magnetic glance has pierced her ; her tender woman's glance has brought calm and delicious sweetness to his breast. Strength and sympathy commingle, and a link is formed, a link that neither power of mortal nor of distance can break in twain. She, at any rate, is powerfully affected by those soft, dark, unfathomable eyes that thrill her very soul. Her bosom throbs, her pretty lips tremble, and her sweet eyes moisten like violets under the dew.

All else is neglected, forgotten, absorbed in this new, overwhelming and delicious feeling. Those dark, dark eyes that must henceforth be the loadstone of her life—*this* life, not the new inner life that she had but a few minutes ago deemed all precious. Alas ! for her previous high resolves ! Alas ! for the Syren's brilliant lot ! Henceforth a woman, Mariana, with a woman's heart, a woman's love, a woman's pangs and woes.

She shuddered, and yet her heart rejoiced. This life was all in all to her now, with him as its genius, its mainspring, its goal.

But now the vision shivers and breaks up into disjointed fragments,

so that she can with difficulty discern those thrilling eyes. In vain, in vain, she cries, "Come back, come once again." In vain, alas, in vain! The vision has faded and gone. And now Mariana sinks back on the stone, and gives way to a passionate outburst of grief. Her tears flow hardly, for no longer child's, they are woman's tears, and hard and bitter to shed.

"Thou art gone and with thee my life, for with thee rests the power to cherish or to crush. Mariana without thee! What would be the world without the sun, the flower without the dew, the sea without the moon, the form without the soul? Without thee now, to live, ach! such were impossible. Come back, or I wither and die as yon passion-flower with the cross eating deep into its heart, its life. Come back, dear eyes, come back. We have met and I would that the same star may rule thy destiny as mine: that soul to soul we may one day meet hand to hand. Distance parts us now, but some day our paths will meet, and then—ah, what then? I tremble, I flush, I love, and yet I dread to think. This is to be a woman. I know it now. This is to be a woman and to love.

"But he answereth not. He is gone: he comes not again just yet, and I am a woman—alone."

Her golden head fell on her breast and she wept. She wept long and bitterly as we all have done, refusing to be comforted by a fond and faithful friend, rejecting the substance for the false and fleeting shade, neglecting the real for the ideal. Nevertheless, Nänchen continued to caress, nestling her little nose in her mistress's neck, and drawing her little rough tongue down the saddened, tear-stained cheek, continued until Mariana was aroused, and spake to her these words: "Ah, Nänchen, thou art here and faithful still? Dear Nänchen," and she held the little animal's face uplifted to her own. "But, Liebchen, thou art not *he*. Thine eyes are not as *his*. Thine are tender and true; but *his*—*his* are the sun when it scorches with its blaze, and yet the passion-flower loves the sun, and turns to it for life, and under its powerful rays the cross grows at its heart as mine will grow. And yet I would not have it otherwise. 'Tis sweet to be a woman, to suffer and to love. Nänchen, when thou art human thou wilt understand how sweet, how hard it is;" and she wept again.

But time was creeping on, and they had a mile or two more to go home. Presently Mariana gave heed to the warning tugs at her gown, and drying her eyes she said:

"Yes, little one, we must go. But list!" she exclaimed, her finger uplifted, her ear bent as though to catch some sound, "the night-winds are risen, and are speaking, chaunting some mournful lay like a requiem for the dead. List!"

Life holds more pain than pleasure:
'Tis true, 'tis true;
Sunbeam, bid sunbeams forever
Adieu, adieu!

Take then this wreath of willows
 And rue, and rue.
 Emblem of life's dread billows
 For you, for you.

Hist to the night-winds sighing !
 "Too late, too late !"
 Night-birds responding, crying,
 "'Tis fate, 'tis fate !"

Sunbeam, bright sunbeam, forever,
 Adieu, adieu !
 Henceforth more pain than pleasure
 For you, for you.

And now Mariana arose and went on her homeward way, Nänchen following with a troubled look in her eye.

"The Sunbeam is killed : the passion-flower lives," she was thinking as she went along. And this was her birthday ; she was sixteen years old to-day.

CHAPTER III.

They said of old, the soul had human shape,
 But smaller, subtler than the fleshly self,
 So wandered forth for airing when it pleased.

TIME rolled on : a year at last was gone. Throughout the changing seasons—autumn, beautiful, yet melancholy, remindful of our short-lived earthly bliss ; winter, cold and dreary as a loveless life ; spring, when hope revives, and the world looks youthful and chaste and glad ; summer, bright and golden as the purposes of youth—throughout these changing seasons Mariana had haunted that spot—the stone by the side of the Rhine. Thither would she wander in the waning light of day—thither did she come to watch and wait and pray. Thus in time did earnest desire merge into belief, belief into anticipation, and now she fondly trusted that this ardent faith which she held might indeed become reality, and then——. Ah ! such a curious medley of conflicting feelings possessed her at this thought ! And yet Mariana was glad to forsake her old companions, admirers, all for this new found abstract delight !

The games were played without her now : the dance she had loved best of all never missed her, the young Mariana, for another had taken her place ; but never a sigh for the old, old life—never a wish to go back. 'Twas enough to come and sit and gaze with faith illumined eyes deep into the Rhine, and wait till fate should answer her prayer.

A year had thus rolled on ; her birthday was here again, and the same bright sun is glorifying the summer's eve. A dreamy stillness prevails that is sanctified rather than disturbed by the low-toned bell of the Angelus. Away from the pretty moss-grown chapel, a mile or so along the river-bank, we shall find Mariana, her Nänchen by her side. And now let us see what change, if any, those twelve months have wrought in the heroine of our story.

Still the same fair face we gaze upon ; less rounded perhaps, and dimpled, but equally as lovely, and still fresh with the bloom of youth. From a cursory glance, little changed, but a deep observer would have found that the dormant light in those large blue eyes has awakened, and is now aglow, so that at times the entire countenance is illuminated, and seemingly transfigured. This light—all possess it active or passive—is the guide to the soul life, a life apart from that of actions from which alone the world is wont to draw its judgment. How apt, then, is the world to misjudge ! for the world sees through its own light, and cannot shake off its personal Adam ; so that were it to attempt to reach above itself, it would, as the French philosopher has it, “fall back to its own flesh and blood.” There are few natures that can divest themselves of self, so as to understand the motives and the feelings that dictate those motives of another. And so it is that oftentimes the best, the farthest advanced, are least appreciated, because they are least understood. But to return to Mariana.

This evening she wears a dark blue gown, with a clean white neckerchief folded across her breast, and her golden braids are pinned up, and tied with a ribbon to match the gown. Her head is bent forward so as to concentrate her gaze upon the river beneath, and a faint flush on either cheek is suggestive of gladsome expectation. Such a lovely image is it that is reflected in the water of the beautiful Rhine !

But now a shadow has fallen across the sunlit waters, and Mariana presses a hand to her heart. A sudden spasm elicits a feeble cry, and immediately a little rough head is rubbed against her arm, then a shaggy little face is uplifted so full of compassion, while in that simple trembling bleat is conveyed a volume of sympathy and love.

“Ah Nänchen, is't thou?” Again a quivering bleat, and caresses in the little dumb creature's own way.

“Poor Nänchen ! What now?” There was a sort of regretful quiver in her voice as Mariana spoke, but it soon passed away. “What now, little one ? I am with thee still. Aye ? Would'st have us go ? No, Nänchen, not yet. We must stay : something bids me, compels me. Methinks I could not if I would. I feel myself bound to this spot more than ever this eve—’Tis my birthday Nänchen. Ah, well I remember the last ! But, Liebchen, tease not so. I must not, will not go. For were I absent in the body my spirit would haunt the Rhine. I cannot, *will* not go.

“Good Nänchen, rest thee still at my feet, and I will tell thee my dream—ah, ’twas a delicious dream ! ’Tis said that in sleep our souls wander forth. That when the body is no longer active, we, that is our true selves—our souls, are untrammelled, and many in their sleep have seen, and heard, and done what would be impossible in their ordinary waking state. Think'st thou it were so with me, Nänchen ? Listen, and I will tell.

“I dreamed that I sat here on this much loved old stone. The sun was shining all crimson and gold as it did an hour ago, and the even-

ing air was so soft, the world so still, that in my dream I fell asleep. Then in sleep my soul seemed to grow light, such a sense of relief possessed me when this cumbersome body was no longer there to burden and obstruct, and I wandered forth. It must have been a long way, but to me it was easy; I seemed to float, or was magnetically drawn through the air, rapidly, pleasantly as on a breath of wind. But never for an instant did I lose sight of the Rhine. He lay below calm and clear, gentle and tender as he appears now. In time I came to a fine large town with handsome buildings such as we saw, Nänchen, on my birthday, a year ago. Well, into one of those fine buildings I entered—what wonders one does in these dreams! I was not alone. Others were there whose presence, if I could not see, I had a consciousness of, and some distressed me; but not for long, their influence was soon overcome by others, pure souls bathed in light. On, on I went, threading a labyrinth of corridors, up flight after flight of stairs, nor pausing once to decide, but borne along, or seemingly drawn, by some power invisible, in which my own will was absorbed.

And yet 'twas in no wise contrary to my own inclination. Methinks I felt happier, and certainly more learned, dear Nänchen. Thou would'st scarce have known thy Mariana; such an influx of knowledge, hard learning and hard words poured in upon me. Another strange fact, I felt no fatigue. As I continued my way strength was imparted to me by that same mystical power, so that at the slightest approach to exhaustion my strength was instantaneously renewed. Finally I reached a certain door, and ere I had time for thought, was borne through its massive panels finding myself within. The apartment was small, and to me, curiously furnished. But an idea like an intuition occurred to me that it was the room of a student, and that all these unfamiliar things were used in scientific research. But all passed before me like a flash of lightning, and was gone.

Only one corner was left partially unobscured, and towards that corner I was drawn as a needle to the magnet. Then, oh, that I could make thee understand, little one, what my feelings were then! It was as though the thoughts and abilities of another had intermingled with my own, and for a moment I was strangely confused. Now, a full tide of hard learning completely swamped my little store of wisdom, while in some instances my own ideas were enlarged and developed much as the orange tree is said to shoot up, bud and blossom at the fakir's will. Then I perceived—for I did not see with eyes—a ray of light conspicuous in the shadowy darkness. My attention was rivetted by this light, and as I watched, it expanded until it took upon itself the proportions and appearance of a human being. Nänchen, it was *he*! he, with the dark, dark eyes, my love, my genius of the Rhine, my fate! He lifted his eyes to mine. They burnt. I tried to turn away, but no! they drew me to them again. I could not get away. They held my soul in thrall, and I loved them more and more. I used to think thine eyes were beautiful, Nänchen,

but *his*—they were my sun, my world, my life! But this, my poor little dumb creature, thou can'st not understand. This is to be human, a woman, and to love. Some day, maybe, thou wilt understand. This was all my dream, Nänchen, I awoke to find thee tugging at my gown. Thou would'st have us go, but I cannot. I *must* stay. I have seen him, and something tells me that he comes. He, also, has had a dream while resting from his studies, and in that dream he saw me here, and he will come. He cannot stay away, neither can I go. The time approaches when we shall meet. I feel it, I know it, my Nänchen. Even now he starts, he comes, at first against his will. He doubts, and is half ashamed of hearkening to the illusions of a dream. But he gives in, he must give in, and he leaves his studies to come. He comes. He comes, and the vision that has haunted him in dreams since my birthday a year ago, is about to be realised now, at last, on this stone by the beautiful Rhine. And Nänchen, thou wilt go, and he will come. This is to be a woman. This is my best birthday. I am seventeen years old to-day.

CHAPTER IV.

Hath Nature, then, no mystic law we seek in vain to scan.

ALONG the broad highway a traveller wends his way. His garments are soiled with much walking through the dust of the summer's day. But notwithstanding this, one might detect at a glance the unmistakeable signs of culture in his appearance and gait. His features are regular and refined; his head well shaped and suggestive of a preponderance of the intellectual faculties even beneath the tight-fitting cap which he now takes off to wipe the perspiration from his brow. A capacious brow it is! with a pair of deep dark eyes that possess an abundance of mesmeric power. Taken altogether, the countenance is pre-eminently attractive rather than handsome, an impressive rather than a pleasing one; one that commands respect and rivets attention: such a countenance as one may not meet with more than twice or thrice in a life-time, and that stands apart from ordinary type, and leaves an impression behind that can never be forgot.

For a moment our pedestrian halts; looks around, and a half smile stirs to life the dark depths of his eyes. Then, seemingly guided by a new impulse he turns off to the left in the direction of the Rhine. And now the last note of the Angelus dies away in the craggy steeps, and he presses on, hastily, determinedly, his mind absorbed in the pursuit. Onward he goes, avoiding the village, and steering his course along by the Rhine. Heedless of the hard dry road, heedless of the heat and his excessive thirst, heedless of the beauteous scene that lay open before him, heedless of everything, he moves on, all intent on the purpose he has in view. His step grows hurried; he is impatient, jealous of each yard which divides him from the realisation of his dream. All this he has accomplished

before *in sleep*. He knows each turn, and light, and shade, and difficulty well, for he has seen and experienced all before, not once, but many times, and the first occasion was just a year ago. But he had not been dreaming then, for he was wide awake, and in deep thought over some abstruse problem while returning to his home. He remembered it well. Since then the same vision had returned to him again and again in dreams, until to-day, as the sun sank to rest, an impulse had come over him that, loath as was his sceptical mind, he was fain to obey.

Unweariedly he presses on, his purpose alone sufficing to brace his energy, but his body finds it impossible to compete with the power of his mind. He approaches a rocky chasm, and fixing his eye with eagle like swiftness, he espies a safe and easy descent. But it is circuitous; he cannot wait for that. Time is precious. He must accelerate the distance, or fail from sheer exhaustion—which? Never the latter though death were the price. He presses a hand to his brow. His lips are set, his countenance is suggestive of immense determination. Both eyes are ablaze. His nostrils expand, his pulses throb. And now with tight clenched hands he takes a leap, a tremendous leap. The chasm is cleared, he has gained the river bank, and finds himself staggering from the effects of the courageous effort, his senses stunned, his muscles strained and limp. But he bathes his temples in the water of the Rhine, and is soon himself again. Nevertheless he fancies he must be the victim of a mental or optical illusion, and stamps his feet and pinches his flesh before he can reassure himself to the contrary. Before him *in reality* lies the very scene that for twelve months past has haunted him *in dream*.

The Rhine: the young and lovely girl kneeling on the rough hewn stone, and gazing deep into the water, the little white goat by her side, even to the wistful anxious look in the animal's eyes. The Student is amazed. Never in the course of his studies has he met with so remarkable a fact as this. He is bewildered, and asks himself again and again if it is the old familiar dream. He had thrown himself back on his chair to rest. Had he fallen asleep, and was this the dream? Yes: he remembered he had had a dream, but that was before the sun had set some hour or two ago. He was awake now, had had a long and arduous walk, his condition bore witness to that, and this was indeed reality. Once again he was the Student, calm, critical, and bent on searching deeper, learning more. The shades were lowering fast, he must be quick to put his new purpose into operation. With a sudden effort he stems the current of his thoughts, and bids all distracting reflections be gone. His features now assume a stern rigidity. His whole strength, physical and mental, is called into requisition, and he determines that his will shall reach and affect the mind of that young girl seated on the stone by the Rhine. In order to accomplish this, he throws off the mesmerism power which his organism possesses in abundance, and, like electricity, it penetrates space until it meets with a conductor, a sensitive, in the person of our Mariana.

She feels the effect instantly. Of this he is assured by the shiver that thrills her frame. He smiles. That smile is photographed on the sensitive's face. He knows, as he continues to throw out his arms, and there letting them remain for a quarter of a minute fixed, and pointing direct at his subject, which efforts are most effectual; and he awaits the result with the patience habitual to a disciple of the laws of nature.

Presently he sees the golden head move. It turns his way. And now her bosom is uplifted in a long drawn sigh. Her fair face gradually becomes expressionless: it is turned full upon him now. At the will of the mesmerist her eyelids have closed, and her normal senses are being overcome by sleep, or rather mesmeric-trance. Although she retains her position, looking statuesquely beautiful in the waning light of eve, her countenance seraphic in its purity and serenity, consciousness for the time is stupefied, her mind at rest, her whole being passive and dormant, except to the will of an outside controlling power, a mind active and superior in might. The Student beholds the effect with a vast degree of satisfaction. It demands little or no effort for him to tear himself away from the contemplation of so beautiful a picture. It has no charm for him; his mind is otherwise bent. And now, after a brief interval of rest, during which he wipes the perspiration from his brow, and again refreshes himself with the water of the Rhine, he commences a performance of extending both arms, only to draw them back again slowly and evenly to his body with practised regularity and patient perseverance.

By and bye the sensitive is seen to make an attempt to rise. Her strength is feeble, and she falls back. The mesmerist, his dark eyes fixed upon her, continues his magnetic performance, ejecting by power of will his own *nervo-vital* force in order that she may gain the requisite strength. Now, with a slow tottering gait, and arms outstretched to the utmost, her fair face forward, and her eyelids somewhat raised and flickering, she takes a step, another, and another, stiffly, mechanically, yet safely, and in the right direction. Her body at first is scarce able to support itself. It inclines now to this side, now to that. But the mesmerist infuses additional energy into the task, and the result is, that his subject stands firm, and is able to step out with a sure and steady gait. She moves on, a step at a time, her arms before, her finger-tips pointing. She has left the stone; the little white goat gazes at her mistress in instinctive dread and amazement. But she moves on unheeding, and when the mesmeric power wanes, more is forthcoming, fresh is supplied. It is hard work for the Student. His whole strength is in the task. But he is stimulated as he perceives the distance diminishing between them. The sensitive draws near, but her progress varies. At each accession of borrowed energy she moves rapidly on. Then, as it is expended, so does the speed decrease until another supply be forthcoming. Thus is time spent, each minute in duration seeming ten times its length. Meanwhile, the Rhine glides on clear and undisturbed. The sun

has set, the night-birds are awakening, and the stars are peeping out like diamonds in the deep dark sky. All is at peace, and abnormally still, saving that at rare intervals a louder sound from the village is caught up, and repeated in echo somewhere far away behind the mountains, and the night-birds shriek a weird response from their homes in the neighbouring forests.

Still the performance is continued: the mesmerist steadily, patiently, determinedly perseveres. His task will soon be ended now. One last effort and it will be done. He is resolved to achieve a certain result if such be within the range of possibility, cost him what it may. Every muscle is at work, every nerve is strained to its utmost tension. Huge drops of perspiration stand out on his brow. The tax upon his physical organism is great. He feels a sort of faintness creeping over him. Must he fail, give in at the last, now, when he is about to add such a marvellous item to the store of his mental research? No! He will not give in. With this he makes one mighty endeavour. It is the last, and his whole strength, or what remains of it, is infused. His face grows purple, his muscles stand out like huge protuberances, while now the perspiration pours from his brow down his cheeks, and on to his breast. It is done. The effort is made. The task is achieved. And now with a placid smile of satisfaction on his curiously contorted countenance, he beholds the grand result. Mariana, still in a mesmeric sleep, has fallen on the ground at his feet. "One more triumph achieved in the annals of mental science," the Student observes as he commences to demesmerise his sensitive, and free her from his influence ere she return to her home that night.

CHAPTER V.

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night when thoughts grow deep,
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful to strive with sleep,
Spirit! then answer me!

THE home of Frau Schwartz was, as was previously said, both small and unpretentious. Situated in a sort of chasm in the mountains some short distance from the village, its solitude, together with the extraordinary habits of its indweller, had gained for it a peculiar notoriety among the village folk, the more imaginative of whom were wont to declare that they had upon more occasions than one been the eye-witnesses of occurrences bordering on the miraculous and supernatural in connection with that humble abode of mystery. Certainly the cottage was not permitted to relapse into a state of neglect and decay; and, dilapidation being an orthodox sequence of witchcraft, the minds of the curious were oftentimes troubled and sorely perplexed. But their only loophole of escape was this: the flowering currant growing up the wall, the clematis round the door, the rose-pots on the trimly-painted window-sill—all were attributable to the pretty golden haired maid whom nature in one of her freaks had seen fit to connect in ties of blood relationship with so odd and dubious a character as Grossmutter Schwartz.

If an external acquaintance with this interesting domicile could afford no solution to the mystery (of course there was a mystery, even the matter-of-fact proprietress of the Gasthaus maintained this), it is to be feared that a further acquaintance with its internal commodities might have proved equally as unproductive and provoking to the inquiring minds of those good folk. There was nothing to terrify, nothing to shock, nothing to amaze, nothing to condemn; in short, alas! nothing to talk about! So far as one could see, it was but a home typical of its class. A table, a settle, a stove in the corner of the room—these made up the chief articles of furniture, and these were of the most usual commonplace order.

But even this sense of gratified curiosity was denied them, and those self-same good folks with the inquiring minds were fain to content them with vain imaginings, for an insight they never got.

It was late that evening when Mariana got home, and it was only on the threshold, when she paused a moment to collect her thoughts, that she missed her faithful friend the goat. What had become of Nänchen? She pressed a hand to her brow, but all that she could remember was how the little creature had tugged at her gown, putting all her strength in the effort, to draw her away. After that she had fallen into a sound sleep, from which she had awakened to find herself lying alone on the shore by the Rhine, some distance from the dear old stone. Had she been dreaming? At any rate a strong consciousness was upon her of a pair of deep dark eyes that thrilled her very soul, and of a personality connected with those eyes, of a presence familiar in visions and dreams, though as yet in reality unknown, which presence was now fast dispossessing itself of its influence over her; and, though she would not have had it so, those eyes were going away, farther and farther away. She extended her arms and cried, "Come back." In vain; their wraith alone remained—it would always remain. Mariana sighed a deep woman's sigh. Then lifting the latch she entered; but her home seemed altered; everything seemed changed, not as it used to be. Life altogether was changed. Her grossmutter was changed, or how could she, Mariana, have been happy and content? Like the rest of us, she could not perceive the change was in herself.

She took her soup in silence, her grandmother meanwhile sitting over the fire, and after a word or two she too relapsed into silence. Mariana glanced at her zither. It was her custom to play for half an hour or so before she went to rest, and grossmutter had taught her some of the sweet old English airs. But to-night there seemed a something 'twixt herself and her beloved zither. She looked at it long and earnestly, and then suddenly rising, took it down, and after a short prelude commenced to play. It was one of those favourite English airs that one never tires of, and never in her life had Mariana played so well as now. Her touch was thrilling. The effect was such as the zither alone can produce. It moved the soul with its tender pathos. It was music in its highest sense. It transported the hearer to another sphere. It was beautiful, it was sublime! As

Mariana proceeded her large blue eyes became suffused with tears, and when the last chord was struck, and the inspiration was withdrawn, she burst into a torrent of weeping over the instrument that had but echoed the feelings of her tender sensitive soul. Music to be music must be the expression of our inward selves, or it cannot be appreciated nor understood. It was herself that Mariana wept over. Her spirit had entered into those thrilling strains. It was her own life that she had hearkened to, this life which she had chosen, this woman's life which she loved.

"Mariana!" The painful silence was broken at last. "Mariana!" The name was repeated, for it elicited no response.

"Yes, grossmutter," she said.

"Thou art a woman; seventeen years to-day," and then the voice of Frau Schwartz sank dreamily, as it is apt to do when one is absent from the present, and living in spirit amongst the shapes of the past again. "Seventeen years to-day," she repeated, dreamily.

"Yes, dear grossmutter, seventeen years to-day," Mariana made answer, raising her golden head from her zither wet with tears.

Frau Schwartz started. There was something in either the tone or words of the speaker that had a powerful effect upon her—something that brought back the past more realistically before her, and she shuddered. It might have been in the voice, for in the tone of a beloved voice there is a spell that can never die though eternity lie between. As age creeps on, it may be we catch some feeble imitation of that spell, never the same, only a faint echo, but sufficient to act as a sudden spark to the smouldering embers of our memory, and we love and suffer again.

Grossmutter Schwartz arose, and, passing round to Mariana, thrust a small trinket, which she took from the breast of her gown, into her granddaughter's hand, saying in her habitual, kind, yet peremptory way—

"Mariana, take this—keep it—wear it always. Let no one see it. Guard it as sacred. Treasure it as thy life's blood. It is a talisman, and will protect thee so long as thou preservest it with due regard and respect. Should'st be wanting, moreover—shouldst permit another to set eyes thereon—still worse, but for one instant to draw it from thy possession—woe to thee! Mariana, woe to thy woman's heart, woe to thy human lot! Now get thee to bed; thou need'st rest, and I would be alone. Gute Nacht! Schlafe wohl."

"Gute Nacht," and Mariana was gone, alone now; Nänchen had always been with her; now, Mariana was alone.

Frau Schwartz remained seated on the rough deal settle long after her granddaughter had retired. The lamp still burnt, though feebly, and the church-clock struck the hours as they went by, and still Frau Schwartz was absorbed in profound meditation. Twelve o'clock! And now a sudden contraction of the muscles produced a horrible contortion of the face and limbs. It is occasioned by a memory the hardest and bitterest of all. She can no longer sit still. She moves about restlessly, then gets up. She paces the floor, constantly steal-

ing a glance behind, and clenching her hand with a determination to resist the machinations of a hideous spectre that haunts her. She is resolved to cast it off to-night; it has haunted her long enough, seventeen years this night. *But it will not be cast off.* It works upon her more powerfully than ever. It is a spirit, an avengeful spirit that will not brook exorcism. Its mission is to taunt—to seek revenge. She knows why—alas! too well. She brings a strong mind to bear upon it. It is fancy—hallucination. She will not fear; she will overcome. Useless; It is there. She must submit. Its might surpasses her's. She must give in. She feels her strength wax feeble, her endurance fail. She cannot resist the magnetic attraction towards a certain corner. She strives hard, but fails. With a low cry, half anger, half despair, she obeys. Darting forward to the recess, and prompted by an impulse she cannot resist, she touches a spring in the wall. A door flies open and discloses a black silk curtain, which, when drawn aside, reveals a circular mirror, smooth and unblemished, set in an ebony frame. This she regards with fear, commingled with regard. It is her master, and at the same time her slave. She breathes upon it again and again, then presses her lips to its cold surface. Presently she repeats a name, a man's name, with weak entreating voice, and at its third utterance, the glass becomes cloudy to her clairvoyant vision, and myriads of tiny little bubbles appear and glisten like stars on a frosty night. An ever-shifting scene follows. Nothing as yet is definable, yet all is moving and instinct with life. It is as though in the crystalline depths of the mirror there lay another world—a world of visions, as yet in a state of chaos, wherein perpetual movement is effecting a rapid evolution. By and bye, a Shade is cast upon the side surface: a huge dark Shadow it proves to be when complete. A thrill pervades the frame of the beholder. She recognises that Shadow. Oh, yes; it is familiar enough to her. It is a shadowy semblance of the Being whom she has evoked—the Being who, although impalpable, has preserved an Identity, and with it an ever-increasing power to affect her solitary life. For years this Being has been acquiring influence over her until of late not a thought in her mind that was not the reflex of an outside suggestion—not a purpose that did not originate elsewhere—not an action that was not the outcome of a prompting which she strove hard against, but which she invariably failed to resist. True, she had courted while yet dreading this obsessing Demon—grown to love It while living in mortal terror of It—grown to yearn for It, and at the same time to loathe and to fear and to dread It. How to explain this enigma? It, this Phantom, has become as part of herself, the darker side of her nature, and, terrible as It is, It is a possession she would not now, if she could, renounce. Vampire-like, It feeds on her sorrow, lives on her life, and each has an irresistible power, a fascination over the other, this Spirit and this Mortal.

A strange wild cry escapes her as the mirror becomes shaded by the dark familiar Phantom, and a curious light appears in her eyes. She would clutch It; her long, thin hands are raised, but the Power

forbids, her arms drop down to her side. She strains her neck forward, and for a minute or so maintains a fixed and steady gaze. Her eyeballs are glazed, her features impassive. The penetrating eyes of the Phantom are searching her through and through. She feels them scorching her very soul, and yet she cannot get away. In imagination a dreadful scene is recapitulated. That vengeful, searching look has recalled it. Again she is in the wood; at night-time, in a wood without a certain continental city. She is searching for one whom she hates with a deadly hatred, the betrayer of her only child, her golden-haired darling. She finds him. He is keeping his tryst with another. She witnesses the rendezvous standing behind a tree until the lovers part. She hears him breathe a vow, such a vow as he had breathed to her child but a year ago; and now he repeats it to another. Her blood boils. She raises a hand to her breast, and a sardonic smile embitters her countenance. The interview is ended. Adieus are exchanged, clasped hands, and loving words and looks. She writhes beneath them, and pictures her beautiful child in the same situation as that weak, confiding woman. Again her hand is on something she has concealed at her breast. She waits a moment or two, biding her time with difficulty. Then she steps forth and confronts him. He starts. His face grows deadly pale in the moonlight, and a bitter curse escapes through his set teeth. She addresses him. She speaks her daughter's name. He answers not, but turns away. She follows, and repeats what she has said, with a like result. She grasps his arm and insists. He casts her a look of scorn. Now her hand clasps with eager impatience the weapon at her breast. She gives him again a chance. She repeats her daughter's name, and reminds him of his vows of a year ago. Both hands are uplifted to his shoulders, and she regards him full in the face, straight in the eyes. He cannot stand that gaze. He would release himself if he could, but his adversary is a powerful woman, and to-night she is possessed of treble her usual strength. She will not be repulsed. She will offer him this one more chance. Will he relent? He will not. He hisses an oath in her face, and casts upon her a glance of heartless contempt. 'Tis enough. The revolver is withdrawn, and the next instant the peaceful wood resounds with a woman's bitter triumphant cry. The deed is done. A man's form lies cold and dead, his up-turned face in the moonlight having on it still that look of scorn, and his latest victim, a weak, confiding woman, was the one to find him, her hero, thus next day. All this happened seventeen years ago, seventeen years to-night—the day our Mariana was born. And yet each detail was remembered and recapitulated as though it had occurred but the week before. Ever since that night this Phantom has hovered about, haunting her life. She has endeavoured to shake It off, but in vain. She has been forced to resign herself. And as time wore on she has grown to hunger for It, to miss It if It came not instantly at her call; and that hunger has developed and increased until she could scarcely imagine life without It. She is wont to anxiously await

the hour for Its appearance in the mirror, and the revival and re-enactment of that dread tragedy of her human existence. But it brings no relief. When accomplished, the unrest, the craving remains. Had it not been for the young Mariana, she would long since have put an end to her earth-life. What better off then? Alas! she did not know! But Mariana, her other golden-haired darling, the orphan, the tender woman-child was the stay to her life. She must live, though her sufferings were tenfold, live for the sake of the child. This then was the secret, the mystery if you will, of Grossmutter Schwartz.

CHAPTER VI.

And see! beside her cherub face there floats
A pale-lipped form, aerial, whispering
Its promptings in that little shell—her ear.

LIFE was changed for Mariana. The Autumn leaves had swept across her path, and lo! many intricate and hidden by-ways had come to light, in which her soul's most subtle feelings were called forth; and from the simple careless child, at the magical touch of a woman's great first love, her nature had become complex, so that it was difficult at first oftentimes to understand herself. She wondered, and was amazed and perplexed. The village folk had ceased to call her their Sunbeam now, although at times there kindled an ecstatic rapture in her beaming eyes, a rapture far surpassing any of those joys of other days. She was a Passion-Flower now. Her grossmutter had given her that name on account of the cross that from birth had weighed on her life, and the Student liked it, though he preferred the Sunbeam he said, and this for the simple reason that the latter he could understand, the former he could not.

Would she return to the old, easy life? No. Ten thousand times—No. This is one of the wise laws of Providence, that no matter how much we suffer in gaining experience and wisdom, we shrink from the idea of returning to a former state of easy, comfortable ignorance. Retrogression is contrary to the laws of nature. Even in the most degraded lives there is progress made.

And so Mariana continued to keep her tryst at the stone, and the still Autumn eve invariably found her down by the silvery Rhine. But where was Nänchen now? Mariana could not say. Her faithful little friend had not appeared since the evening of her mistress's birthday in the warm, glad, summer time when *he* had come, *he* with the dark, dark eyes, and usurped her (Nänchen's) place. *He* was here now; Nänchen was gone; and Mariana felt no regret. Her Wilhelm had come to meet her at the stone, every day at sunset since; and so it was that she never missed the little Nänchen, and her tender, endearing ways. Wilhelm more than supplied her place. He was so handsome, so clever, so brave; and the little walks they took together had a charm in them that she had never experienced in company with Nänchen, no, nor with Franz, nor handsome Otto

who was consoling himself with the ugly daughter of the Gasthaus, for Otto was but human too. Sometimes in their sunset rambles they would encounter some of the village folk, consequently of late the golden-haired maid had become a theme for gossip, and Grossmutter Schwartz was permitted to remain in peace. But of this Mariana was as ignorant as she was innocent. Moreover there was always someone to speak up in her behalf, for each mass of humanity has its heaven that serves to raise the whole. It would be bad for the world if it were not so.

Autumn's long shadows were cast upon the waters, and the leaves rustled along the shore, whither the English student wended his way many miles a day to keep his tryst with the lovely blue-eyed maid. It pleased him to be in her society. She was so entertaining, so charming, so natural, so true; in short, so different from those of his world. Besides, it relieved him after a day's hard study to walk and talk with her, to gaze on her soft woman face, to look in her deep, sweet eyes, to hearken to her gentle, soothing voice. He had not tried the mesmerism upon her again. That once sufficed. Now he was content to mesmerise her with his eyes, and not to send her to sleep. She often astonished him with her remarks, and occasionally would startle by giving utterance to some thought then occupying his mind. This mental sympathy was novel and interesting to him. He frequently tried experiments, and was truly astonished at the results. From simply expressing his thoughts she came to enlarge upon them, and evolve new and original ideas therefrom. At times her countenance would almost become transfigured, her face beamed so under inspiration. Then from her parted lips would issue utterances far in advance of her knowledge, or of his either for the matter of that, for he was not all-wise. Whence did these ideas come? he questioned himself, and could give no answer. Matter was all in all to him: He could not enter the realm of spirit, nor grasp the fact of the influence those "myriads of beings" have over us "both when we sleep and when we wake."

In one of their quiet walks, while treading the hallowed ground of the mountain cemetery, she made a sudden pause at the head of a certain grass-grown mound, and, clasping her hands on the surmounting wooden cross, gave herself up to one of her inspirations. Her head sank on her bosom, then was uplifted. Her eyes flickered, her cheeks grew deathly pale, and after gazing wistfully upward, as though upon something to herself alone perceptible, she began to speak.

Bring flowers to deck the grave, flowers fresh and fair,
And gems whose rich effulgence knows no wear,
That angel-eyes may glisten through their tears.

Bring daffodils and myrtle and edelweiss in bloom,
Wreathed with smiles and sunshine to adorn the tomb,
That angel-eyes may glisten through their tears.

Bring offerings glad and simple to the shrine,
A heart devoid of malice, self, or crime,
That angel-eyes may glisten through their tears.

A life by sin untainted, pure and free,
A mind untrammelled, open, clear to see,
That angel-eyes may glisten through their tears.

Then spirit-friends will hover by the mound;
They are not dead; they tread a holier ground
Where earth-born tears give place to angel-smiles.

Their sole regret is for the lone one here:
Earth is still fraught with many a mem'ry dear:
Your grief is theirs: they cherish your despair.

Bring flowers to deck the grave, flowers fresh and fair,
And whisper softly that you know them there,
Then angel-smiles will chase away earth-tears.

At the conclusion her voice died in a whisper. Her head sank upon the cross, and she touched and kissed it tenderly. Then a smile lit up her pure and lovely countenance, and it seemed she watched with loving eyes the withdrawal of a presence from earth far away up into the skies. It was gone; and Mariana retained but a vague consciousness of what had transpired. Her Wilhelm was there, that was enough; and the sun had but just set, so they had time before them yet ere she must return to her home. The Student had taken the pains to clear away the briars that partially obscured the wooden cross, and search for some date and inscription, but all that he found was a woman's christian name, no date, no age, no surname. He asked Mariana whose grave it was. *She did not know*, she said.

Again in the misty twilight of an autumn day the Student and Mariana took their customary walk. This time great rejoicings were being held in the village, for up in the Castle halls an heir was born. Of little import was this to Mariana, or to the Student either. They preferred to leave the festivities behind, content in each other's society as lovers are. The air was moist and chilly, and the falling leaves rustled. But this mattered not to the village folk, for their hearts were warm and light, and there was plenty to eat and drink—what more? But Mariana was strangely silent, not sad, but silent and thoughtful, and the Student remarking, said:

"What ails thee, Mariana? Tell me, I pray."

But Mariana smiling in his eyes could make no reply.

So they went on in silence, and the joy bells rang out from the little moss-grown church, and the people danced, and were merry in the gardens below.

By and bye she paused. The Student knew what was coming by the light that beamed in her eyes becoming brighter and brighter, until her whole countenance was illuminated. Then turning so that she held the old castle in view, the fortress, perched high on rocky steep, which had withstood many a fierce attack, and fixing her soul-lit eyes upon its weird walls and battlements, the following issued from her lips:—

A soul, a spark of God comes down to earth
And takes upon itself the form most fit
To its enlightened state, as doth the worm

The chrysalis striped shell ere it emerge
In the gay colours of the butterfly.

Incarnate thus
Alike from choice and dire necessity,—
(For in the spirit spheres the mind is clear
To see the loss of undeveloped good,)
This soul-being comes to a material plane
In fulfilment of a law both human
And divine, just as a shoot needs grafting,
That it may bear a richer, finer fruit.

In form most noble, perfect
In past experiences, yet incomplete,
Still lacking in those attributes which make
The God-like man, he comes as weakly babe
With all an infant's incapacity.
In time, by dint of care and education,
There ensues a steady evolution
Of the mind, the instrument of the soul.
The store-house once unbarred, therein lay bare
Gleanings of past experiences, such gems
As help to adorn the spirit's diadem,
Affection, wisdom,—all that buds on earth
And blossoms in the higher, radiant spheres.
An infant first, long years he takes to awake,
Gaining meanwhile—for nothing can be lost—
Impressions which, in after years, must bear
An influence on his more matured mind.
Intuitive, he learns with ease, nor fails to lend
An ever ready ear to that still voice
Which haunts man's inner consciousness as dim
Returning shade of long lost, cherished face.

Thus he journeys on through life's fair spring-time,
Yet not exempt from care, for trials are
The soul's best purifiers; oft from out
The sorrow laden soil there springs a fount
Of wisdom—source divine—and inherits
Manhood's rich estate.

His mind now open, free to think, to act,
Experience gained alike from failure
And from great plans and purposes achieved.
Life's thread resumed, now strengthened, firmer move,
And one march forward to a loftier strand,
The world receives and labels him her own;
One of her heroes both in might and name,
And men bow down in homage at his feet.

Thus gliding on, the goal in view
A far off vision of ideal self,
He strives to reach that goal urged on by hosts
Of ministering spirits, some dark, others
Upon whose fore-heads shine the emerald light
Of Wisdom, with the ruby's warmth of Love.

And still he journeys on,
And still fair fortune deigns to heap fresh gifts
On his well-favoured head. And so it comes
The world adjudges him a god, and pays
Him homage for his riches' sake.

In all humanity is some weak point,
 Some little rift that widens with much strain ;
 Of all 'tis vanity, most apt to give.
 Like some small worm it gnaws the inmost core,
 And often recks the ruin of a bud
 That promised best—our bravest, fairest, fail
 At its rank, poisonous spell. And so did he.

In time he comes to hearken, and give heed,
 To voices that his praise perpetual sing,
 And sweetly does it fall upon his ear.
 He grows accustomed to its hollow tone,
 The cadence is lost in the sentiments it rings out.
 And he with mind enslaved from proud estate
 Of manhood, firm and free, is fain to sink
 And join the concourse grovelling in the dark
 Enfeebled, stunted, dwarfed.

Behold him now, low sunk and steeped in self,
 A spirit warped by its own narrow mail ;
 Confined and bound by self-imprisonment
 According to the righteous law which makes,
 Like the outcome of like, effect of cause,
 Doomed to live on until the light breaks in ;
 And steadily increasing, doth reveal
 The hideous utter littleness of self.

Then by and bye through death, there comes a birth,
 When unregenerate souls may strive again
 To subjugate the passions of the flesh
 To dictates of a loftier consciousness.
 By evolution, slow yet sure, it is,
 That progress is achieved, our souls made fit
 For higher births in the celestial spheres.

CHAPTER VII.

Du Heilige ! rufe dein Kind zurück !
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.

THE last breath of autumn had whispered to the trees, "the winter draws nigh; the last leaf must fall and decay." The forests answered not, but dismantled, raised aloft their giant arms like some great genius keeping guard over his beloved fatherland. Right nobly did these mighty defenders maintain their ground against both wind and weather, for it was a terrible winter, cold and wet and tempestuous, with alternate fits of frost. And the Rhine lay frozen in huge sheets of ice, awaiting some power, elemental or human, to break it up into blocks that would be borne along with a harsh grating by the current of the stream. Then the waters would be tossed, and dash their spray afar on the shore, even as far as the door of the cot wherein dwelt Grossmutter Schwartz.

At eventide this often disturbed her, and she would be impelled towards the door to find Mariana on the step about to come home. But her glance was always in the same direction, past the village along by the Rhine, and there was always the same sweet sadness

on her child-woman's face. What the meaning of it was her grandmother could not tell; only she had a vague yet terrible dread. But she kept it to herself, for never had she, so long as Mariana remembered, been a woman of many words. Now, little more than a simple Guten Tag or Gute Nacht was exchanged between them, and Mariana was always glad and quick to take her soup and be off to bed.

But a time came, a time of woe, and Mariana wept, for her Wilhelm was going away. He was sorry too, but his was a man's sorrow, and not so deep, so tender, so enduring as her's. He was sorry to leave this charming golden-haired maid who had amused and interested him so, and served to gladden his leisure with her simple winning ways. Besides this, admit it to himself or not, he had gained many an idea from her. He should miss her companionship, her fresh intuitive conceptions, her bright fancies, and unworldly ways. He wished there were more like her in the world, the world he was about returning to. Yes, he was going away, but he should ever retain a lively and pleasing recollection of his acquaintance with the Rhine, and its dear associations, he said; yes, and he would often think of the Passion-Flower, and picture her supremely happy in a bright little home of her own, with a fine brave husband by her side, and himself forgotten, of course, he added, with a sigh and a wounding look.

She shot him a swift glance, and answered with hasty breath:—"No, no: I will not have thee say that. It is false! *I shall never forget.*"

Poor Mariana! The next instant that sudden flash of fire was quenched by a torrent of tears.

"Sweet child," he said, "do not grieve. Who knows, perhaps it may not be long ere we are brought together again. We know not what fate has in store—fate is stronger than we. Dry thine eyes. Look bright and beautiful; be the Sunbeam once more before we say adieu."

Each word of his ate into her heart; but she made a mighty effort, and dashing the tears from her eyes responded:—

"Thou art right—Fate, or rather Providence is stronger than we. Whatever is, is right, and we must submit; for to endure is to conquer, and each endurance is a triumph achieved. Our paths must break in twain. It may be for a time: it cannot be forever. Forever means worlds and worlds beyond this, and many lives beyond this life. We may be brought together again, thou say'st, Wilhelm. Aye, and we *shall*. If not here, hereafter. But methinks we shall meet again upon this earth: something tells me so. But I cannot say how nor when. It is so vague this impression that I have. What means it, Wilhelm? Dost thou know?" she added, glancing up into his dark magnetic eyes. He laughed a sceptical laugh, and made some light reply.

"Wilhelm, it is true. Our destinies are writ in yon bright star. Searching there I read how that through the ages it is decreed we

work together for one great end. Maybe that for a while distance may lie between us ; but what is that to the capacities of the spirit ? Space is relative : to the limitless it exists not. We, as mortals, are creatures of limitation ; but there is within each of us, and all, a quenchless spark which, when released from the decaying shell, if it be pure and undimmed as it issued from the Great Celestial One, is boundless in its sphere of action. This is spirit and spirit has the range of the universe. Spirit in its essence is divine : Spirit is God in Man."

"But tell me more of ourselves, of thy destiny and mine," he said, half seriously, half smilingly, and interested in spite of himself.

"Of ourselves ? Of thy destiny and mine ? Then take my hand—so. Be still : let your mind be passive. The influence comes : I feel it creep over me now," she said, with a shiver. "Ah, what is this ? I see a long luminous chain. It is the chain that binds humanity together. So feeble and slight in parts, and some links are severed ; many are broken, some snapped, others shattered. Thine and mine are there. They are symbolic of our lives. At times they are firm and bright : then they grow dim, and look so slight and poor, it seems they must break. But no, never break. They wax stronger and firmer linked as our lives go on. It seems this is not our first life, Wilhelm ; neither is it our last by many, many—I cannot perceive the end. But now, listen. A sweet woman's voice is singing in my ear. She accompanies herself on a zither like my own ; and the music is tender and sublime. Would that you could hear ! Hush ! She sings !

It might have been in dream, love,
A spirit came to me,
And spoke in whisper sweet, love,
Of life that is to be.
Of life beyond this earth, love,
Where toil and care are rife,
Of life where truth prevails, love,
And peace hath vanquished strife.

Where loftier hopes and aims, love,
Than any we can know,
While prisoned in the flesh, love,
Bloom from the seed we sow ;
Where kindlier hearts and true, love,
Are open unto prayer,
Of frail pale lips that fain, love,
Would breathe a purer air.

There for an instant only,
The veil seemed drawn aside,
And I beheld such scenes, love,
As language can but hide.
We both were in that life, love,
Together, you and I ;
But how sublimely changed, love,
And yet still you and I.

From earthly bonds set free, love,
Redemption justly won,
Our souls were purged of sin, love,
The *true life* had begun.

I fain had looked still longer,
 But now that same voice said—
 "Wait till your soul grows stronger,
 On earthly woes 'tis fed.

"Then in the Bright Hereafter,
 By guardian angels led,
 One star will rule the destinies
 Of spirits truly wed.
 No more shall doubt oppress you :
 One God, one Truth, one Aim :
 The beacon, Love, to guide you,
 Two souls, yet one, the same."

Howe'er it was 'tis true, love,
 My heart grew light and gay ;
 The clouds of night were gone, love,
 And now 'twas glorious day.
 But away in the rosy dawn, love,
 Where golden cities stand,
 Methought I saw a spirit, love,
 Waving her snowy hand.

When she had finished she passed her hand wearily across her brow and an expression of fatigue was upon her soft inspired face. Joy, hope, consolation, all had vanished, and the thought alone remained of the coming separation. Wilhelm was going away.

"Mariana," he said, "I feel it hard to part from thee. I had not dreamed how hard ; but it must be. And see ! the sun has already set—'tis time to say adieu. But first, is there not something thou can'st give me to keep in remembrance ? This ring of mine I would have thee keep and always wear—for my sake. And for me—what hast thou, Mariana ? What is this around thy neck ? Let me see, let me have it. No ? Thou wilt not spare it—for me ? 'Tis some love token, I ween. Nay, look not so angrily, child ; I would not pain thee for the world. But what am I to have ? Why not this that hangs around thy neck ? Is it so valuable ? I doubt not this ring is worth thrice its value. It was my mother's, and was a sort of talisman in her family, so they say. I prize it much, and yet I give it thee. Wear it, and if it possess any mystical virtue, maybe my spirit will be near when thou art seated on the stone, keeping the old tryst by the Rhine. Ah, thou art relenting—that is kind. I may take it. Now it is mine. More precious to me far for the donor's sake than for its intrinsic worth," and he presses his lips to the trinket her grandmother had given her on her birthday, and which had been prized by the unfortunate mother of the young Mariana, though it had not sufficed to avert her hapless fate. And now he extends his hand in adieu, and once more their eyes meet, Mariana's startled, appealing as a hunted deer's, the Student's magnetic and dark. She has his ring strung on the ribbon at her neck ; he her trinket, her talisman, on the watchchain at his side.

Adieus are exchanged ; the last word is said ; the Student has gone, and Mariana is left to find her way home alone. Henceforth always alone. Nänchen, Wilhelm, both are gone.

"And this is to be a woman," she says, "to be alone."

CHAPTER VIII.

Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen
Es schimmt das Herz in Seligkeit.

THE night gloom had gathered : the voice of the day was hushed : a melancholy silence was abroad. Clouds of chilly moisture rose up from the Rhine, striking cold, and clinging to the heart of a wanderer from home. Not a sound to disturb the monotony. Had there been a breath of wind, there were no leaves to rustle—all were dead.

Mariana shuddered as she went home that night. Her sensibilities were keener than most, her sufferings proportionately great. Some there are whose finer natures are so blunted they scarcely know what suffering is. What are such lives? lives that have known no great sorrow? Blanks; until the time comes when the spirit is aroused by some great shock or trouble. To Mariana this had come early, that was all. And yet she did not relent, nor grieve over the life she had lost. She might suffer, she might dread, but she could not regret. She had tasted of the sweetness of a pure, unselfish love, and her being was sanctified thereby. She was a woman; she would not be a child again for all the world, even though she felt, she knew she must be alone. Alone! she realised the full meaning of that word now, she could not before. She must be alone, for are we not often most alone when surrounded by a crowd of our fellow-creatures? A sensitive nature is so. This spiritual isolation is the worst; it is slow and cruel death. Compassionate the poor child who keeps its pains to itself; useless to tell, they would not be understood. Thus it is that many of our best promising lives are cut short, or, if not, are chilled and permitted to drift in a wrong direction by the cross currents of the stream. Sympathy is the mainspring of such lives. Give it them amply, freely, and the world will reap the benefit from their purer fragrance, their lofty and refined essence. Without it they wither and decay; or worse, these choice blossoms degenerate into rank and poisonous weeds.

During Mariana's absence that evening, Frau Schwartz had been singularly employed. Just as the sun was sinking in the west that same dominant impulse had impelled her to look in the mirror. After going through the usual preliminaries, she was in due time favoured with the like results. The shadow appeared upon the mirror in response to her bidding. But this evening, instead of recapitulating that dread tragedy of her earlier life, there opened up before her in the mirror a totally different scene, *a scene which at that very time was being enacted*. With impatience she awaited the development of the moving mass as it was shaped in the crystal. It was slow to fashion with distinctness. Some power without brought a contrary influence to bear upon it. The magnetism would not penetrate the one for whom it was intended, but was thrown off as from a non-conductor. But the resisting force was conquered; and now 'twas easy enough to transfer a subjective impression of what was then objectively occurring some half a mile or so away by the Rhine.

Frau Schwartz started. She recognised the whole at once; her—Mariana's—face upturned in simple confiding truth to that of a dark-eyed stranger. It is as though an icy hand clutched her heart, her terror is so great. She makes a frantic rush towards the door; but her knees give way, and she sinks upon the floor.

"Mariana, Mariana!" she cries aloud, and her voice sounds hollow and weird in the gloomy silent night. She makes an effort to rise. She cannot; she is too weak. "Mariana!" she cries again. "Heed him not. He is false. He has those same dark eyes. Mariana, darling, hear me—heed him not! Those eyes are false; they will betray." Then again she makes an effort to get up, but failing, sinks back upon the floor. Her anguish is pitiable; she can find no relief. She gazes yearning at the door, and seeks by all possible means to reach it, but in vain; strength will not permit.

"I know it now. Thou hast parted with thy talisman. *He* has it. He has stolen it from thee, that stranger with the dark eyes. Mariana, child, take care. He is false. Believe not what he says. Hear'st thou, darling? Oh God, grant that she may hear! God in Heaven, protect my darling child."

For the first time for seventeen years and more, Grossmutter Schwartz raised her voice in prayer. That prayer was heard, for it came from the depths of the heart, and an answer was returned. The spirit of the unfortunate young mother was there to guard her child, and, at the same time, to soothe the agonising fear of the aged woman. By means of that simple prayer this bright spirit was enabled to draw near to her sorrow stricken parent; and she brought solace to the worn and harassed soul, and severed the dark link which connected the mortal with the vengeful obsessing demon. Grossmutter Schwartz was freed—was free for the first time for seventeen years. And now she lifted her voice again, this time in thanksgiving and in mercy for him—him whose life on earth had been cut off ere he had had time to amend. Eternity was before him. There was time to make atonement for his mis-spent earthly career, time for the regeneration to take place. Frau Schwartz prayed from her heart for aid, for light to perceive, for strength to perform; not for herself, for *him*. This prayer was answered too.

And heaven's gates were opened wide to admit a long lost erring soul, and the attendant spirit smiled a beauteous smile. For this she had been striving, and her efforts are rewarded at last. This is another bright jewel added to her celestial crown. But her work on earth is not yet ended. She must leave her bright spirit-home to guard both her child and her mother. God will help her. God will have mercy on the bent grey head. God will bless the gentle woman-child.

CHAPTER IX.

O mein Geist! ich fühle es mir strebt nach etwas,
Ueber-erdischen das keinem Menschen gekönt ist.

THE winter months dragged on; sad months they were. The harvest had failed, the vintage had failed, and poverty and crime were

abroad—two spectres that, entering in at many a door, seized upon the old, the young, the silver-haired, the rosy-cheeked, and those in life's full prime. And the rich escaped not either. It was a time of universal woe. Panic, pestilence, and famine ravaged humanity, and misery and death were the result. Storms and disaster at sea, and wars on land; conflicts and enmity everywhere. Still, the world went round, bearing its burden along with it, and there were many smiling faces left, though they might conceal an aching heart. This sort of deceit is perhaps commendable; for if we all brought our sufferings and our woes to the surface, what a world we should live in! Bright faces can do no harm; they can do much good. Wear them as long as you can.

But Mariana was unaware of what was going on. For weeks she lay racked with fever, at intervals tossing and raving in delirium, with only a minute or so of consciousness, and that rarely. She would soon relapse into her incoherent ramblings—disconnected, delusive, visionary. Yet at times there fell from her poor, parched lips some strange and startling truth—startling from one of her years. She read it in those eyes, she said, that gazed at her from different parts of the room. Dear dark eyes! they were always there—they would not leave her alone. Let her grandmother try to persuade as she would, Mariana maintained this belief. Even in her momentary intervals of consciousness, she would have it that those eyes were there, and this belief pleased and comforted her. Yes, strange to say, these marvellous inspirations were invariably founded upon the self-same text—a pair of deep, dark eyes, that haunted her by day as well as by night throughout her long, long illness. Sometimes her eyes would grow larger and bright with tears, and she would stretch out her poor, thin arms in an attitude of entreaty. That failing, she would make great efforts to get up and go to him whom she persisted was in need of her, of her guidance, and her love. "Those eyes drew her," she said, "she must go;" and it required all her grandmother's strength and determination to restrain her. She often talked of strange things, of unfamiliar places, customs, and manners, and when interrogated as to where such were to be found, would answer direct and positively that it was in England that she saw them; that she had been in England just now. Wilhelm had called her, and his dark magnetic eyes had served as her conductor and guide. Frau Schwartz wondered and was perplexed, for on this point Mariana appeared as sane as she was sure. If it were nought but hallucination; the outcome of a disordered brain, how then could she be so accurate, so minute? She went into details concerning the habits of people of whom she had no knowledge, and described the scenery, the peculiar nationalities of that foreign land; but what is most remarkable, occasionally she, apparently in converse with some one invisible, spoke the English tongue—spoke it fluently and well. Upon these occasions she would discourse upon scientific themes, and explain the most abstruse and recondite problems with easy lucidity. She appeared most happy whilst thus employed. But this would pass

away, and again she would be raving in wild delirium, from which she would emerge only to relapse into a pitiable state of despair. She was alone. Oh, 'twas awful to be alone! Grossmutter was there, but what then? She could not understand. Nänchen was gone: Wilhelm was gone, and left her a woman—alone. "Would they ever come back?" she asked. "Oh, yes. They must, they would come back to her some Summer eve, when keeping her tryst by the Rhine. They would come, she was certain of it: both would come, and she would be alone no more." This thought soothed and comforted her, and for a while she would lie peacefully with a happy smile on her delicate face. But not for long. Again, she would start up with a fearful light in her eye, and declare that she heard a harsh and cruel voice hissing in her ear—

"Hear'st not?" she would cry in a terrified tone, "I know it, 'tis Syrene's voice," and she would then repeat in strange tones that had a weird music in them, passionate, despairing, that would haunt the ear and play upon the soul:

Life holds more pain than pleasure,
'Tis true, 'tis true;
Sunbeam, bid sunbeams forever,
Adieu, adieu!
Take then this wreath of willows,
Of rue, of rue;
Emblem of life's dread billows,
For you, for you.
List to the night-winds sighing,
"Too late, too late!"
Night-birds, responding, crying,
"'Tis fate, 'tis fate!"
Henceforth more pain than pleasure,
For you, for you;
Sunbeam, bright Sunbeam forever,
Adieu, Adieu!

"Adieu, adieu!" Frau Schwartz, bending low over the golden head now sunk back 'upon the pillow turned sharply round. She was confident she heard that last word repeated. By whom? There was no one besides herself, and Mariana, now in a sound sleep from sheer exhaustion, in the room. Who was it who spoke? And now a sudden yet firm conviction seizes upon her that it was he—he who for so many years has been the evil genius of her life—the Phantom, the Spectre, the Demon. No longer such. She is freed; he, a bright spirit now.

"Adieu! Forgive," she answers; then kneels and prays while Mariana sleeps, and is saved.

CHAPTER X.

And the Passion-Flower drooped and died with the setting of the Sun.

MARIANA did recover from her long and terrible illness, but not for months. It was Spring-time when she could get up again—late on

in Spring ; and then she was woefully weak. Many, many attempts did she make ere she could reach the stone, that Mecca of her faith, that Kaaba of her world, that one spot on earth to her. But she got there at last, again and again keeping her tryst with earnest, implicit faith. Wilhelm would come, she was sure of it, though he had not sent her a line nor a word since he left her that chill Autumn eve. She should see him again, once more on earth again, and she had not long, very long, to wait now. So she came day after day and kept her tryst on the stone by the Rhine ; and with the ring, his ring in her hand, would gaze long and earnestly into the chrysolite stone. In its greenish golden depths she had discovered another vision-world, and she loved to wander in the intricate windings of this mystical land. In it her mind was open to perceive the wisdom of her sufferings. Her soul was being chastened, her spirit was ripening for a higher life, a life for which she was beginning to yearn, only she must wait until the time came, wait until those eyes came as a warning for her to prepare. The Passion-Flower must die—all must die. Death is the beauteous angel who bears us to a brighter land where sunbeams may gladden, and lovely flowers may bloom. She feared not, she loved that beauteous angel ; only not yet, she must wait.

And so the Spring-time passed, and Summer came again ; and the gloom and misery of the Winter was buried and forgot. Humanity is prone to forget ; perhaps it is as well. Summer, with its golden days and nights of heavenly beauty, holy calm. And Mariana's birthday is here again.

Sunset finds her at the old, beloved spot. She has had great difficulty in getting there this evening. Her weakness has increased rapidly of late. She thought she could never accomplish it this time. She had so many rests to make, and terrible fits of coughing racked her chest, forcing tears into her big, blue eyes. But she pressed on, and ultimately she reached the goal. It was her birthday—perhaps her Wilhelm would come. She must be there. And the Rhine, the dear old Rhine, she must speak to him once more. And Nänchen, would she be there? It was Mariana's birthday—she was eighteen years old to-day. So she took her accustomed seat on the stone, and with the chrysolite ring pressed to her breast thought of all she loved best—Wilhelm ; Nänchen ; her Grossmutter, who had been kinder, more tender and affectionate and sympathetic, ever since her late severe illness ; the village folk, including the daughter at the Gasthaus, who was about to become the handsome Otto's bride ; the deep, mystical, murmuring Rhine, to whose bosom were imparted so many secrets ; the flowers, the reeds, especially those broken and despoised ; the stars, that reminded her of those dear, dark eyes—all had souls, all were her friends, she loved them all now.

And in each star she found a new world, but one God, ever the same, although each world had its guardian, or maybe more than one presiding spirit, as we Christians have our Jesus, the Mahommedans their Mahomet, the Buddhists their Buddha, as model and guide.

Mariana had thought much of late of that religion which the churches and chapels are supposed to teach, and she found it open out to her mind and comprehension so easy, so clear—a child might understand. She wondered if all who attended mass in those pretty churches, dotted here and there along the Rhine, felt as happy, as blessed as she did. Did they all realise the goodness and mercy of God, who would not permit one soul out of the millions and millions to be lost? There was hope and salvation for all. This thought was cheering, and brought a sense of blessedness such as one of our great minds has said, is better than happiness. It would bear the strong light of reason too. Can anything decreed by God be failure—waste? Though for a time clogged, the higher attributes dormant, the finer nature blunted and choked, the spark of divinity is there unquenched, unquenchable, and ultimately will have power to animate and illumine the soul. Would that all could know this!

The villagers of late had ceased their gossip, and one more bold than the rest had set the fashion of dropping a curtsey with a "Guten Tag" when Mariana passed by. Others had taken it up, and now even the dignified Bürgermeister would touch his official hat all beribboned and smart, in exchange for a glimpse of her sweet, soul-lit face.

Moreover they were mute now on the theme of "Old Frau Schwartz." There was a rumour afloat in the Spring that somebody had actually had a sight of her by daylight, and had found that sight none so displeasing either. Mariana's grossmutter was no Bösewicht after all; but a handsome and pleasing frau. These good folk oft wondered at seeing the golden-haired maid wending her way at the same hour always, along by the Rhine, and the priests eyed her askance; but the villagers kept their opinions, and pleased themselves as to whether they should speak with her or not.

And thus things were when her birthday came round again. It was a glorious Summer morning when Mariana arose soon after the sun. She looked through her window at its soft warm gladdening beams, and thought when it sank to rest how nice it would be to rest along with it—that bright beautiful sun! All day she went about her duties with a lighter hand, a lighter heart, and her grossmutter rejoiced to see her so happy, so well.

"Mariana, thou art better to-day," she said, glancing affectionately at her.

"Yes, dear grossmutter, quite well. And now my work is done, I would play thee one of those airs thou lov'st so well, those dear old English airs. Dost know, grossmutter, in the Winter when I was ill, I used to go away, far away, and listen to those same sweet airs; but they had no zithers there; it was a large instrument with white and black keys, and a finely dressed lady sat and played in a large and beautiful room. But the lady was not happy. I felt that. Had she been happy she would not have played like that. Shall I show thee how she played?"

With this she struck a few chords, then commenced in low thrilling strains one of the simple English ballads, and soon both her own and

her grossmutter's eyes were swimming with tears. Each note thrilled the fibres of the soul, each sound was as the wail of a despairing heart, each touch the expression of an intense and inward sorrow the world knew not of. Mariana wept. By means of this music she had been brought *en rapport* with a being whom in earth-life she had never met. She shared her sorrow; she wept; and that sympathy, those tears did good. The sorrowing one felt soothed, and comforted, and relieved, though she knew not how nor why. Have we not most of us experienced the same? Suddenly in the midst of our anguish, relief has come, we know not whence nor how.

Mariana ceased, and presently commenced some other strain—original this one, and her listener raised her head, and gazed at her while she played. The music was strange—like no other: it seemed to come from afar, it was so soft and dreamy, so refined and spiritual. And Mariana's face, meanwhile, was aglow with inspiration. She looked scarcely of the earth—more like some picture of the Madonna of the old masters, so simple, so pure, so tender, withal so blessed, so content; and the music was in accordance so sublime!

But this also came to an end, and Mariana, without a word, arose and put the zither away.

Sunset drew nigh at length, and Mariana stole out to keep her tryst at the stone. So far, so hard she found it: her cough distressed her, and her strength waxed less and less; but she managed it, she kept her tryst. It was the eve of her eighteenth birthday—what would it bring? She sat upon the stone; her hands were clasped upon her lap, her large eyes—so large now compared with the small white face—gazing dreamily before her; the Rhine, still and deep and clear at her feet. For awhile she remained thus, heedless of everything save her own delicious thoughts. A soothing feeling came stealing over her, and she became steeped in reverie. In spirit she was far away, and it is wonderful how much she saw in so short a space of time; for presently she awoke with a start, and the full consciousness upon her of a presence approaching. Hither It came: whence she did not know. Now It drew nigh—was close beside, and Its influence thrilled her with delight. Her pulses quickened: her delicate cheek flushed. Such rapture could only be experienced by the presence of one upon earth. Was the time come? Was her Wilhelm here?

Her eyes grew bright as stars, and her heart beat loud and fast at the thought. Then she speaks:

"Wilhelm, art thou here?" she says, and presses his ring to her lips.

"Ach Gott! What is't?" she suddenly exclaims. In her astonishment, she drops the ring: it rolls along the stone, and over into the Rhine.

"My ring!" she cries. "Wilhelm, I have lost it; it is gone," and she wrings her hands in despair. But her attention is diverted, even the ring is forgotten. Some spell is upon her, and she gazes with her eyes fixed and fascinated over the waters of the Rhine. What is

it that she sees? Nought, apparently, but a vaporous mist arising from the river. But to her clairvoyant vision it is more. In that mist, as in some mystic vision, she beholds the form, the features of one she loves. She perceives the slow and steady evolution; the outline becoming more and more defined, the details filled in, until the whole is complete. Then a loud cry of joy escapes her—

"Wilhelm! thou art come at last."

The pine-trees rustle; the lindens wave; and balmy breaths are wafted like lovers' sighs. She fancies she hears her name breathed low in her ear—

"Mariana, Mariana!" and she thinks her Wilhelm speaks to her. She kneels now on the stone, and is gazing intently over the calm, clear water.

"Wilhelm! stay with me," she says. "Alas! he cannot. See! he vanishes already. He is gone."

Her head droops low on her bosom and she weeps.

"Wilhelm is gone. Wilhelm is dead," she murmurs. "It is his spirit I have seen; his spirit that cannot die."

Huge tears ooze from her soft blue eyes, and falling mingle with the waters of the Rhine. She experiences no great agony; only a numbing sense of sadness, not bitter, not hard, calm and still, tranquil and sweet.

And the evening shades close in: the sun has set: and still Mariana remains peaceful and alone. She thinks not at all of how she can get home. She is content to remain so. But, by and bye, as time wears on, she is disturbed by voices raised in anger in the Gasthaus down below. She awakens from her trance-like reverie—awakens to find herself weak and chilled and alone.

"Ah Gott! and this is to be a woman—to find oneself alone," she cries in the anguish of her human heart.

"And yet aught else I would not be. 'Tis sweet to be a woman, to suffer and to love. The Sunbeam may go: the Passion-Flower remains. Search well 'neath its petals, there thou'lt find its cross, its life, its love. Some day it may die; but its essence, its spirit, will live; it can *never* die. Some day—why not now, this eve of my birthday? Two years ago the Sunbeam faded and died—why not the Passion-Flower now? 'Twas my birthday then: 'tis my birthday now.

"The Rhine lay so still, so deep, so kind. I remember well that eve. 'Twas there I first was a woman; 'twas here I shed my first tears. Dear Rhine! what comfort hast thou now to give? Mariana is weak and ailing and alone. Wilt thou grant me rest? I am weary, so weary, Old Rhine, and thou art always so kind. Open wide thine arms and let me rest. The sun has set; the Passion-Flower is drooping; it soon must die. Life is too hard; its burden is too great. The sun has set; the Passion-Flower will die. Dear Rhine! take me in thine arms to rest," she passionately cries.

The pine-trees rustle, the lindens are stirred, and she fancies she hears spirit voices calling her home to rest. She gets up, takes one

long last look at the village down in the valley, with its gardens and pretty moss-grown church; then looking up into the sky repeats a simple prayer, and is about to take a leap when something withholds her by a firm grip of the gown—so firm she cannot shake it off, she cannot get away. She turns to see what it is, and the old familiar face of Nänchen meets her view. Nänchen; yet how altered! Nänchen, nevertheless.

"Ah, Nänchen, isn't really thou!" she exclaims. "Whence cam'st thou? Where hast thou been? Why did'st thou leave thy Mariana, all alone?" she asks in a breath.

The little animal makes answer by rubbing her shaggy, unkempt head against her mistress' cheek. Though absent, Nänchen had not forgot.

"Poor little one!" Mariana pitying says; "so thin, so uncared for, so old. Thou must have suffered much, Liebchen, and thy Mariana did not know! Ah! now thou can'st understand what it is to be alone! Thou art not human, yet methinks thou can'st understand. But all is over now, my Nänchen. See! the sun has set: let us also seek rest, here on this dear old stone, thou and I; not alone, but in each other's arms. Thou too art weak and weary, faint and worn. Dear one! nestle close! I would have thee take of my life. Thou art perished, hungered, and chill. Thy Mariana is drooping. The Passion-Flower is fading fast. Keep close. Press thy poor little head to my breast—so. It eases the pain, and will give thee warmth and life. And now, my Nänchen, we will rest, for the sun has set and the Passion-Flower must die. Farewell, dear Grossmutter! bright, beauteous earth, farewell!"

Two dead bodies cold and white in a close embrace were found next morning on the stone by the beautiful Rhine, and the finder recognised them immediately as those of Mariana, the golden-haired maid, and Nänchen, the pretty white goat—her fond and faithful friend.

All the good folk were anxious to be the first to communicate the sad news to their extraordinary neighbour, but alas! when they entered the cottage-home, they found nought but a corpse.

With the sun that evening, there had sunk to rest a sad and troubled life, which, like the sun, would rise again all fresh and bright to fulfil its mission on some other shore, where it would be seen that earthly sorrows are the cords that connect earth's children with that Supreme Source whence all our blessings flow. Grossmutter Schwartz was dead.

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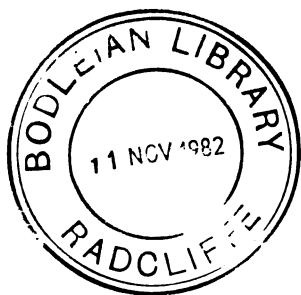
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